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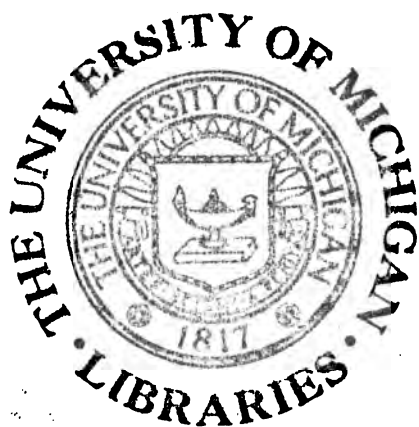
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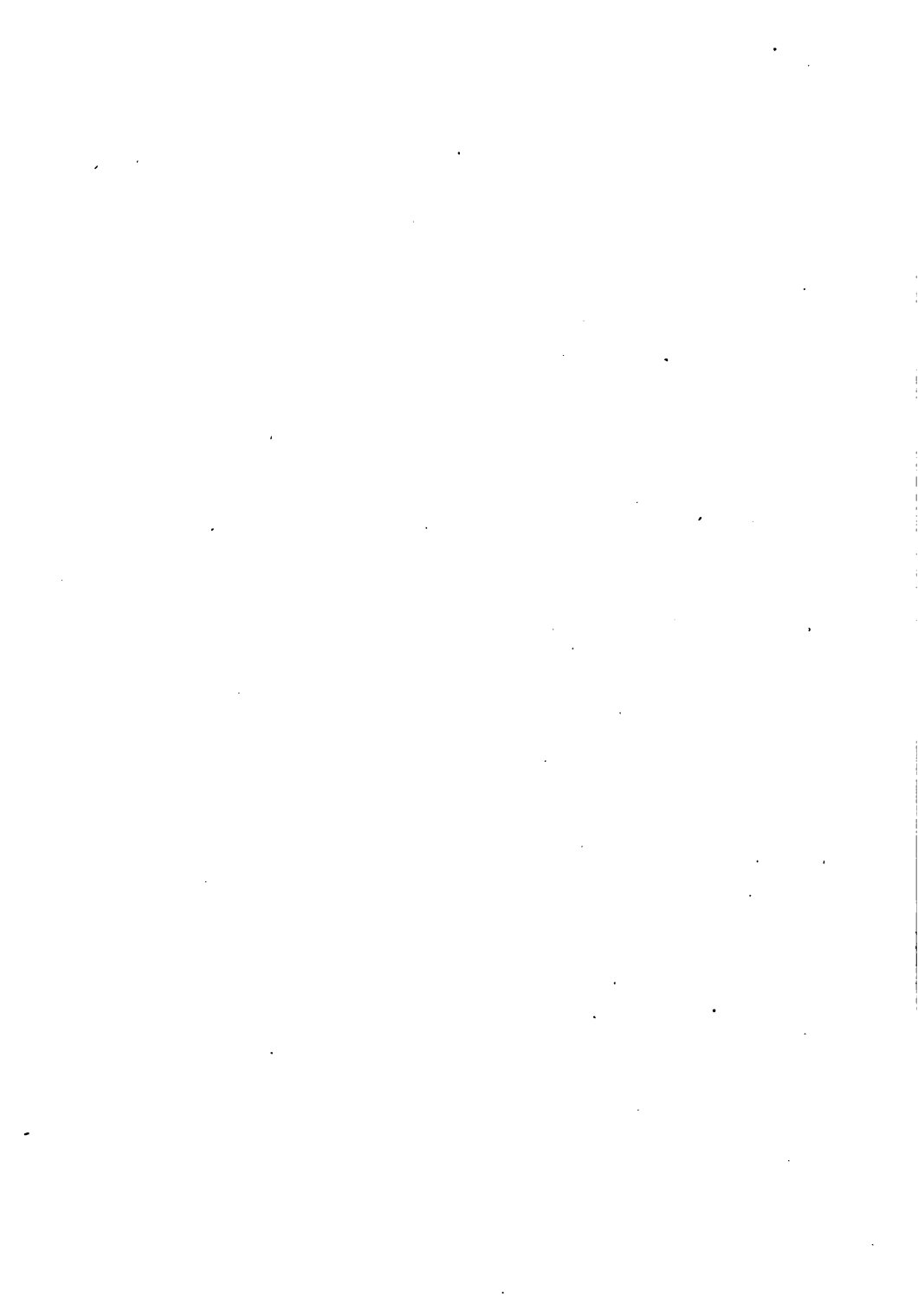
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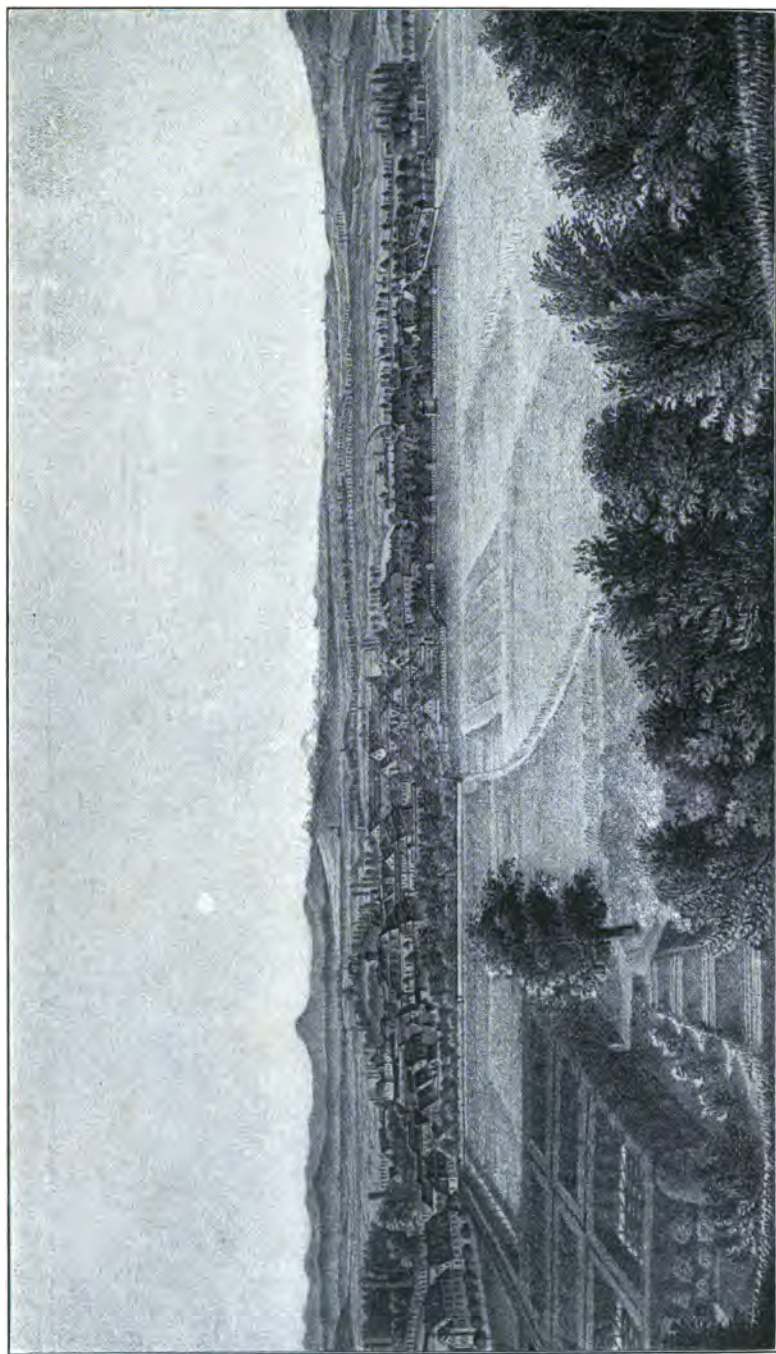
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HERRNHUT.

Fifty Years After



A School Girl Abroad Fifty Years Ago



"Oh, how the world has altered
since some fifty years ago."

—Eliza Cook

BY

MARY WILEY-STAYER

GRAD 130HR

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1899

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4/6/2006

"And never yet
Did man regret
When he was old and gray;
That he when young
Had wandered long
In countries far away."

TO
THE TREASURED MEMORY
OF MY BROTHER
Henry H. Wiley
AND
TO MY BROTHER
John E. Wiley,
WHOSE HELPFUL LIFE IS STILL
CONTINUED HERE, THIS
"Journal"
IS AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED.

Preface.

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SEARCH as we may the chronicles of time, we find no similarly brief period in the least comparable to the past fifty years, in the advancement of civilization, and its so richly abounding results. We are startled into amazement as we try to recall how, with leaps and bounds as it were, developments, undreamed of a half Century ago, have, during that short space of time come to us all along the line of progress. In the Arts and industries. In inventions, so helpful and acceptable, suddenly brought to our aid, and as suddenly and decidedly in a short time, as if ages had intervened, becoming useless and obsolete as newer and better superseded them.

With a bearing on the "Journal" I mentally dwell more particularly upon the marvelous changes in the modes of transportation, comparing the meagre facilities of fifty years ago with the luxurious comfort of travel of the present day. Then, if I do not err, the whole world's railroads consisted of some thirty-five hundred miles, transporting passengers at an average speed of about twenty miles an hour. To-day over four hundred thousand miles of railroad are stretched over the world, their comfortably improved ordinary passenger cars and richly accoutred Pullmans, rushing along at the bewildering speed of sixty and seventy miles an hour. And the wondrous change in ocean travel. The slow sailing ships the only opportunities then, aside from the one or two comparatively primitive

steamers, for ocean voyages, carrying the possibly one thousand or less number of yearly cabin passengers in their homely furnished and sparse of comfort saloons, their uncertain voyages of rarely less than three weeks, more frequently wearily prolonged into a much greater length of time, forming an amazing contrast to the wondrous steamer palaces of the various lines, American, Cunard and numerous others now scouring the three thousand miles of ocean surface in the short space of six days, aiding the some ninety thousand yearly passengers enjoying the indescribably rich and luxuriant appointments of the spacious saloons and long sweep of deck-surface on which resting or walking they continually inhale the exhilarating breeze, to realize an entrancing phase of Elysian dreams.

Yet, with it all, I invariably tone down to the assured fact that of all tourists of a later or earlier period none can, or could have enjoyed more their opportunities, than did, in the freshness of her early life, she who, with glad fidelity detailed hers in this Journal.

MARY WILEY STAVER.

Fifty Years After.



IN bidding good-bye to a friend who, with his daughter was about to start on a jaunt for his health, Dr. Samuel Johnston added to other advice "Get, if you can, a smart sea-sickness," and further on—"have your daughter keep a *journal* to help her memory retain the sights she may see, and their impressions made."

I have had the "smart sea-sickness." Without will or effort I followed that severe bit of advice, and, sitting quietly here on deck I appropriate, to myself voluntarily the other, and begin a "journal," which, aside from the letters, longer or shorter I hope to mail to you from point to point will be addressed, or so understood to be, to you my friends, for future perusal.

The present progress of our sailing, now "tacking about" to get some benefit of an adverse breeze, and again slowly sailing forward under a slight favorable one, gives me ample time to devote to the "journal" and detail our experience of ocean life.

As I wrote you from New York, the good ship "St. James," Captain Myers, did not sail as appointed on the 1st of the month. Holding ourselves ready we, on the morning of the 4th, under the pressure of a quick, decided notice that the ship would sail as early as possible after 10 o'clock, were hurriedly driven to the dock. It was a bright, encouraging morning, which, with the needful haste and necessary concentration of our thoughts to the idea of

being on time, kept our minds in healthy tone, leaving no time nor room for backward mental wandering.

This was, as you are aware, my first visit to New York and I did not regret the opportunity the three days delay gave us to see much of the city and experience its impressions upon me. Because of lack of familiarity with city aspects and city life, all was new to me and I enjoyed it. But on the dock was a new phase of life and bustling business activity, differing decidedly from the hurrying, hustling throng of Broadway.

We were soon transferred to the vessel. Glancing around I fully realized the novelty of the situation, and what the sturdy but neat and orderly looking ship with all its appointments, and with the active, busy sailors amongst the rigging meant to us for several weeks to come. I was however, immediately diverted into observing other prospective passengers coming on board, singly and in cheerful groups, and to looking down over the side of the vessel upon the mass of upturned faces of various ages and expressions, and from widely differing stations in life, all forming a sheet of mosaic that continues an interesting memory.

About 11 o'clock the steamboat having our vessel in tow, started with us slowly down the smooth bay dotted over with vessels and hurrying steamboats, which, with Staten Island on our right, and Long Island to the left, furnished a diverting and interesting sight.

A bright party of young people accompanied our New York passengers to see them off, having time to partake with us of the fine lunch spread for the passengers between 12 and 1 o'clock and return with the steamboat in the afternoon.

Towards evening we sailed through the "Narrows," a dense fog settled around us and we cast anchor for the night. On the following morning we again set sail, with adverse winds however. With loving, lingering looks we watched the receding shores slowly but surely fading, and—but a new sensation was rapidly overcoming me!

Perhaps, after all, sea-sickness is a blessing in disguise. The tyrant, masterfully tyrannical he is, no denying that fact, silently approaches and determinedly claiming our undi-

vided attention, takes us in hand, a little roughly, 'tis true, but how much the better one is for it; we uphold Dr. Johnston's advice, "Get, if you can, a smart sea-sickness." I will only add, wretched as I felt sea-sickness alone could not deter my crossing the great Atlantic.

When I again came on deck we were far out on the Ocean, my former touch of homesickness replaced by a content and subdued enjoyment of everything pertaining to this novel life, and with it the cheering anticipation of a pleasant trip to new countries and a glad return home. I sit contentedly down to my "journal" and to a now and then chance conversation with one and another of the passengers, and comparing notes on sea-sickness, I find from the despairing accounts of some, their still pallid countenances and unforgiving feelings towards the common enemy, their attacks of *mal-de-mer* were still more severe than mine.

It is possible our life on shipboard may resolve itself into a wearisome monotony, but not so yet to me. Sitting here on deck, I rest my pencil occasionally to look out over the wide spread of waters, and to watch the broken waves and dashing spray glittering in the sun as our vessel bravely pushes its way onward. Water, such a familiar object, seems one of the most simple as it is one of the most common things, but to see it in its vastness here, to look down into it and try to conceive of the life and animation which we must believe is abounding in its solemn depths, to watch the constant motion during the most profound calm, the ceaseless heaving and falling of its unbroken surface, so unbroken that not a drop is separated from the vast body, it becomes full of mystery and wonder.

MAY 14TH.

We are very comfortably situated on this good ship. The ladies' parlor is a pretty little apartment neatly and comfortably furnished, lighted from the "sky-light" overhead. Our state-rooms ranged along the sides of it, have each an upper and lower berth and needful toilet appliances. The gentlemen's parlor is a longer apartment, and is also the dining room,—all are below deck. Our boarding is excellent with table arrangements and table attention equalling

the best hotel. The cook and steward,—Peter,—well versed in their duties, and Fannie, the stewardess, faithfully attentive. We breakfast at 8 o'clock, have luncheon at 12, dinner at 3, and tea at 6.

Our fellow passengers are a kindly, courteous company, apparently no idle, flippant pleasure seekers, abroad rather for the more rational recreation and improvement than travel in foreign countries gives. Besides our own company of seven, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Frueauff, three children and nurse Sallie and myself, there are Mr. and Mrs. John Harper of the large publishing firm of New York City, with their son, a lad of about fourteen years, with his tutor, Mr. F. P. Tracy. Also ex-member of Congress (representative) Mr. Graves and wife Mrs. Graves, of Kentucky, with their son, a young gentleman just grown to manhood, and Miss Watson accompanying them as I am accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Frueauff; Miss Watson, a very pleasant young lady, shares the stateroom with me. Mr. Graves is the gentleman who while member of Congress in 1838 fought a duel with Mr. Cilly, member at the same time from Maine.

Besides those whom I have named there are other "cabin passengers." We observe there are but few "steerage passengers" on board.

MAY 21ST.

We are having most enjoyable weather, with, however, only an occasional breeze in our favor. Day after day we move moderately along over our undefined pathway, our vessel, a mere atom, the only object in all this unbounded expanse of sky and water. This, at times becomes an almost overwhelming consciousness. Nevertheless we feel there is a wondrous charm in being on the ocean, and in the enjoyment of its varied phases, the surpassing sunrises, and its subdued, lovely settings, the charming moonlights, the grandeur and glory of the sky on a thoroughly clear night, the steel polished depth filled with the glittering stars, when I feel myself entirely in accord with the German philosopher who declared he "knew but two lovely things in the universe,—the starry sky above our heads, and the sense of duty within us." And again with what keen enjoy-

ment we watch the strange, lustrous phosphorescent light which glows, and trembles, and unrolls in glittering splendor in the wake of the vessel as far as we can see. Now and then we have a view, always an interesting sight, of a vessel gliding along afar off; then again one comes within hailing distance, and again we can just see the masts of one above the horizon. We usually watch them until out of sight. Occasionally a whale, spouting, some distance off with a bit of his head and ponderous back in view. So surely does a whale draw our attention and give us diversion, that the sailors observing it, invariably give us prompt notice as soon as one appears, and the sudden announcement of "A whale! A whale!" brings us to our feet, and we make a rush for the side of the vessel indicated by the friendly sailor.

It is most interesting and amusing to watch a shoal of porpoise hurrying past and quite close to the vessel. Their apparent hurry is the drollery of it. "Ah, Meerschwein" exclaimed one of the passengers, a highly educated German on observing the first shoal hurrying by. "How so?" queried one of us less informed. The reply was "In your language the Latin touches to the name are retained, but in all languages he is known as the Meerschwein—sea-hog—perhaps from his habit, as we are informed, of burrowing in the mud for food besides preying on the smaller fishes." This interesting bit of information added further interest to the curious creatures, as we watched them hurrying by. Again we sit and watch the sailors active amongst the rigging, spreading and contracting the sails, and listen to the mournful if monotonous cadence of their voices. This singing of the sailors as they work eases the labor of drawing the ropes.

But for all these pleasing variations of our ocean life, as the days go on and the many calms and adverse winds are prolonging our voyage, time drags some. I have found through experience that reading when the vessel rocks, which it often does very considerably, brings on severe dizziness. A calm at sea, after the strange novelty has passed, becomes a trying experience. We look out over the ocean of glass, we see the sails hanging idly from the masts, the sailors unoccupied, and, although we are in-

formed that we are moving at the rate of about a mile an hour, we seem perfectly stationary, our vessel

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

We have no musical instruments on board, and as no one inclines to, or shows ability for song, music is never one of our entertainments. Various innocent amusements are resorted to for pastime. Occasionally an address for our entertainment is made. Then a discussion, the tariff and other leading political questions the subjects. In these good tempered discussions Messrs. Graves and Tracy usually lead. We had also much entertainment from two poems written, and read to us on two different occasions, by one of our passengers, Mr. Kier, a Scotchman, a gentleman returning after quite an absence from his native Scotland. These poems Mr. Kier obligingly permitted us to copy. As they describe so well some of the details of our life and experience here on the vessel, I will transcribe them.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it has fallen to me
To read a poem,—not from inclination,
But, because Mr. Tracy did agree
That, if I did so, to give an oration.
And, when I think what a punishment 'twould be
To lose a speech or e'en an observation
From one who has knowledge and can express it
Me thinks 'twould foolish be indeed to miss it.
Well, to proceed, 'twas in the month of May
The sweetest, blithest month of all the year,
From New York joyously we took our way
For London capital our course to steer.
A better ship ne'er left that charming bay
Than the "St. James" in which we thence did clear.
And which in tow an active steamer took
Our vessel down the length of Sandy Hook.
A friendly party did convey us thither
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
We spent the day most pleasantly together
And walked, and talked, and laughed and quaffed a spell.
But oh, 'tis sad the parting with each other,—
It is a doleful thing to say farewell.
The friends that came with steamer homeward sped,
And we cast anchor, sighed, and went to bed.
'Tis an odd thing to live upon a ship,
You totter so, you can not help yourself,
And if your heart's not braved unto the trip

You feel it queer to sleep upon a shelf,
Now it bounces, then it takes a dip,
And reels about just like some crazy elf.
Making you sympathize with every motion,
And quelling somewhat your wild love of ocean.
Morn came: it was a very misty morn,
No bright nor glorious sun illumined the deep,
No robe of gold did nature's face adorn,
Nor pearly dewdrops from a flower did weep;
But all around was dreary, and most forlorn
Did those appear who had awoke from sleep.
However, they revived, and in good heart
From Sandy Hook we straightway did depart.
Now for the ocean! pray what is there there
To make the poets of the world go mad!
For my part it seems exceeding bare
Of aught of interest. 'Tis true, the shad
And many of its fish are good, but where
Is the need for rhymes! "though if I had
A good one now I would not feel perplexed,
I'd give you such a stanza as the next.
The Ocean! ah, yes; 'tis beautiful to gaze upon
A world of mighty waters such as this,
To see the lights and shadows on it thrown
Which varied cloud and sunshine ever press.
Glorious when calm, when you can read thereon
A mirrored view of heaven's own loveliness.
Glorious when roused, when o'er the troubled zone
Hell's furies rage along the vast abyss.
Give me the ocean wild, the ocean free,
Earth's only emblem of eternity.
We saw some whales, and certainly they were
Both mighty and unseemly walloping about,
What pleasure they can have in life I here declare
I can not see, unless it is to spout.
We saw large shoals of porpoise hurriedly swim past,
Racing 'twould seem, yet no one seemed the last.
And likewise we beheld the setting sun
Sink low 'neath waters, and sinking cast
A parting glance as for the day, his course was run.
Well, after all, ship life is very flat
Unless it were for shuffle board and the like,
So, almost daily, we would play at that,
That is, unless some happier thought would strike.
Then, sometimes we would read and sometimes chat.
But much I fear I'm varying from the metre.
So, to enliven me I'll call for Peter.
O, for a draught that would awake the soul
To themes more worthy of this sunlit day.
But in a cabin, and with crippled wing,
How is it possible my muse should sing!

A few days after the reading of the first poem, Mr. Kier entertained us with the second one addressed to

SEA-SICKNESS.

While some enamored of the boisterous ocean,
 With daring spirit court its wild commotion,
 Singing aloud the sea, the sea, the open sea,
 And aye would live upon the blue and free,
 Finding sweet music in the billow's roar,
 Cresting each wave, and spurning the tame shore,
 While some, more philosophic, quit their ease,
 And for their health invite the fresh'ning breeze,
 While some seek pleasure and despite ship's jars,
 Will talk and laugh, eat, drink and smoke cigars.
 While some will poetize upon the deep,
 Wake with its storms, and with its calmness sleep.
 Mine be the task, though feebly to portray
 The sick'ning horrors of the watery way.
 And chief of these, Sea-sickness to thee
 Without a doubt we'll yield the sovereignty.
 Monster? what art thou? whither dost thou come?
 Disturbing us as o'er the sea we roam!
 What is thy errand, base thing thou, and vile!
 Worthy art thou to be called King of bile!
 Is it from North, or South, or East, or West!
 Sky, sea and air are pure, and all at rest.
 Is it from out the depth of Ocean's bed,
 Where many a mass of coral reef is hid!
 No, it must be from out some muddy slime,
 Or droppings from the hurrying wings of time.
 Or from some demon hidden in the blast,
 Rocking our stomachs with the rocking mast.
 Thy evil powers the gastric juice surmounts
 Thy victim sickens, and then casts up accounts.
 Did Neptune send you to receive such pay?
 What can he want with what we've stowed away?
 Why, ever since we left the Sandy Hook
 We've swallowed naught but what in greed he took.
 If e'en a bowl of soup we eat and faintly joying over
 Why e'en for that you dun us, you confounded loafer.
 And, though the table groans with dainty fare,
 For our support a morsel you'll not spare.
 And then, what other curses come with you!
 Bad head-ache, irksome nausea, and such crew.
 Just look at all the ravages on board!
 What vials of thy vengeance thou hast poured!
 On those who were the pride of New York City,
 Unfeeling monster, thou hast shown no pity,
 To those who lighted up the world of mind
 By spreading knowledge, thou we'rt most unkind.

E'en Boston's learned son you little spared
You even would not let him shave his beard.
Kentucky felt thee, he who in the land,
Made laws to sway, must yield to thy command.
The *tariff* thou didst so despise, that, smack
Thou laid its stalwart champion struggling on his back.
The wise of Philadelphia, he who did
In sickness yield his skill, you put to bed.
And over him who did instruct the young
Fiend, base fiend, you came it strong.
The strength of Georgia yielded to thy power,
And what he had, resigned in evil hour.
What fondly had been culled from savory dishes,
Pastry, meat or hominy, all went to the fishes.
You even threatened, for at least one day,
To make a good West Indian thy prey.
The strong and weak, the Gentile and the Jew,
The fair and good, you'd have them all look blue.
No country nor complexion did you spare,
For age, or sex, one sniff you did not care.
For rank you care not, you would sink the peerage,
Work in the cabin just the same as in the steerage.
And to the last you dealt a stunning blow,
Downing the victims there to stay below,
So that but now and then some straggler went
Forth from his berth, some sickly malcontent.
But there were some o'er which it would not do
To come thy game, they fairly conquered you.
Yes, they mastered you, and of those
He of New York, the champion of the hose,
The Louisianian son who ne'er gave way,
But braved it nobly on the stormiest day.
The son of Mars,—but who so well should brave!
As he, the evils of the foamy wave!
Then, there was he whom Peter called the pet,
Who went to conquer 'Bindey's,' he'd bet.
These were exceptions, but they only prove
How great their strength, and not how much thy love.
But to conclude, when ceased the troubled qualm,
When rested angry storms, when cam'st a calm,
And angry, troubled sickness did depart,
Then thou didst bring the sickness of the heart.
Go, then, thou blasted thing; leave, leave our ship,
And seek some other vessel on some other trip.
We're near the end, and though thou hast
So persecuted us unto the last,
There are moments we will ne'er forget,
Spent pleasantly together when thou didst cease to fret.
For, barring thee, all was as it should be;
We had all we wanted on the sea.

Captain and crew did all that in them lay,
To bear us safely, and to speed our way.
We soon must part, and when we go ashore,
Perchance it may be that we meet no more,
So, now, farewell; I've strung these lines in rhyme,
Chiefly to while away a little time.
One wish, 'Jim,' such a parting tribute claims,
That is, '*Success to the good ship 'St. James.'*'"

MAY 29TH, 1846.

A bright, beautiful day. A delightfully bracing breeze is driving us along at the rate of eight knots an hour, and which we greatly enjoy as we sit on deck and watch the waves rising and breaking into foam as if at play with our vessel. And, understanding, too, that the end of our voyage is nearing, we, under the uplifting influence of it all, feel ourselves aroused from the easy, comfortable listlessness into which we seemed to have settled, into an eager expectation. We are within two hundred miles of the "Emerald Isle," are too far northward just now, however, our latitude $51\frac{1}{2}$ N., Long. 15 W.

I was anxious to gain some knowledge of how they "take the log," that is, to find at what rate of speed—how many knots—miles—an hour the ship is making; and of the compass and sextant by which its course and latitude and longitude are so accurately ascertained. My comprehension was not sufficiently ready under the advanced instruction, nor the information I gained clear enough to attempt an explanation. But it was interesting and comforting to observe how faithfully and full of painstaking that duty was daily, often hourly attended to by the captain or first mate.

JUNE 8th.

At last we are in sight of land; "Land-a-hoy" from the masthead ran over and through the vessel, and hurried us all on deck to get a view, if possible, of the still distant shores, which, after some patient waiting, became distinct enough for us to define, and, as in a dream, look upon as those of our old Mother England.

The last several days have been decidedly interesting. We have dried some sea-grass to take with us, and which

has been floating in quantities around the vessel since we entered the channel. Early on the morning of the 5th a fishing boat from the Irish coast came to us, and from which our cook's supplies were replenished or added to by potatoes, fresh mackerel and other fish. Miss W. and I hurried on deck, but too late for a satisfactory look at the hardy fishermen and their sturdy boat. While still on deck and looking out over the water, one of the sailors passing handed us some "pearls," as he called them, beautiful little bones which he had taken from the heads of some codfish.

On the 7th a vessel, "The Enterprise," from Sydney, New South Wales, was spoken by our vessel, the vessel had been out, her Captain stated, one hundred and thirty days.

All day yesterday and to-day we have enjoyed a beautiful sight, being completely surrounded by vessels at various distances, some quite near enough for us plainly to see and count the people on them. Some further and still further away, others far off along the edge of the horizon. We amused ourselves trying to count the vessels, fifty and more. The captain assures us it is an unusual occurrence for so many vessels to meet here.

Our situation just now in these English waters, surrounded by so many vessels, is suggestive to the memory, and that prominent event in the closing history of the sixteenth century, the proud and confident gathering here of the Spanish Armada comes to mind. And again, on this bright calm morning with the elements so harmonious, it is hard to realize the conquered, and frightfully storm-whipped ending of that bold effort of the masterful Phillip to continue his conquests.

About 1 o'clock P.M. to-day a pilot came on board, bringing with him some late newspapers, which were eagerly scanned for American news, which a more rapidly sailing, wind-favored vessel leaving New York after our sailing away had brought. The United States Declaration of War against Mexico,—declared on the 11th, six days after our leaving, was read aloud in the "Round House" by one of our passengers, all standing around him eager, attentive listeners. "Oh, must there be war!" exclaimed one. "Never

mind, America can take care of herself under all circumstances," was the proud, cheery reply from another.

With wind and tide in our favor just now, we have hopes of landing to-morrow: Our attention is keenly alert. The "Needles," conspicuous points of rocks detached from the island and standing prominently some distance out of the water at the extreme end of the Isle of Wight, are strikingly peculiar, and greatly excited our interest and keenest observation. Slowly we drew nearer and then the island, a lovely bit of high, cliff-edged land divided our attention between it and the rather low-lined mainland of England, the level stretch of which was dotted over with windmills, all in motion.

PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND, June 9th.

At last on Terra Firma, after five weeks of ocean life! Three weeks was, on starting, the calculated limit of time for the voyage. But there is always uncertainty. As previously intimated, adverse winds and many calms caused our delay. But the voyage, now to be only a memory, an enjoyable memory, in all its details, was a safe, comfortable and most pleasant one, and in less than an hour after the end of it we are enjoying the comforts of an English hotel in the busy town of Portsmouth.

Seated in the neat and airy parlor, by an open window, from which point I have a view of a part of the town, a few bits of green beyond, and the masts of the many vessels lying at anchor, I hurriedly add these few lines to my "Journal" while we are waiting dinner. An account of the last few hours spent on the "St. James," our landing, and so on, will, I think, interest you.

This morning the greater number of us were on deck about 4 o'clock, looking out upon one of the most charming, refreshing sights. To our right, in full view, lay the beautiful Isle of Wight, with its green hill sides and valleys, handsome and thoroughly neat looking buildings half-hidden by the trees and shrubbery that surround them. Imagine the relief to the eye and enjoyment to the senses of such an outlook after weeks of gazing upon sky and water! And truly, never did hills appear quite so beautifully green.

We had a glimpse of "Osbourne House" on the slope of the island, where the Queen usually spends some weeks of every Summer. The beautiful, romantic looking Lord Seymour Castle stands in near view on a hillside, about one-half of the building completely covered with ivy.

About 9 o'clock we anchored opposite Portsmouth. Numerous vessels lay at anchor around us. Quite near were a large "man of war" and a large "whaling vessel," both having arrived this morning and anchored a few minutes before us. From the former, immediately after casting anchor, were fired three heavy, deaf'ning salutes.

As you are aware, our vessel, "the good ship St. James," (we all readily fell into the habit of thus calling her), as well as all the passengers, were bound for London, but owing to the time already consumed by the voyage, a number of the latter, ourselves included, decided to leave the vessel at Portsmouth and proceed in cars to London, a comparatively short ride, while the "St. James" would need another twenty-four hours.

The mode of our transfer from the vessel was novel. A large flat-boat (they seem always on hand) came to the side of the vessel. An arm chair with a large cloth over it was attached to and drawn over a pulley above us; the one end of the rope being in the boat below, the other end, the one fastened to the chair, on the vessel. In this manner one after another of us, after a short aerial ride, was safely and without the least discomfort or inconvenience of position, landed in the flat-boat, in which we were conveyed towards the shore, and then, divided into companies, entered several of the smaller boats that came swarming around us, in which after much noisy quarreling of the watermen, who gave no heed to the amusement they were furnishing the laughing passengers, we were rowed to the shore, and once more stood on solid ground. In crossing over from the vessel to the shore, our attention was directed to the battle-ship "Victory," of Nelson fame, and on which he, the then English Admiral, lost his life at Trafalgar, as history tells us. The numerous flags streaming from its masts made the ship very conspicuous.

Our experience of travel on foreign soil naturally began

at the "Custom House," to which place our baggage was immediately taken, but where Mr. F. had no trouble in the examining of it. Books by English authors, with an American publisher's imprint, are retained here. Mr. Graves' family in this way lost two handsomely bound volumes, one of Byron, the other Moore's Poems. I had in my trunk an American reprint of Scott's Poems which was evidently overlooked by the officials.

The good-bye waved to the few of our fellow passengers left behind on the vessel and in Portsmouth to those who left the vessel with us, was the last friendly interchange, the last indeed very possibly we shall see of each other, though each, I believe, will hold all in friendly remembrance.

LONDON, June 10th—Wednesday.

In London! What a world in itself! We left Portsmouth yesterday at 2 o'clock, afternoon. The cars in compartments was a new experience, but the ride was comfortable and we enjoyed it. At this season when nature is at her best, and with eye and sense awake to the full enjoyment of it after a term of deprivation, every weed adding to the charm of landscape, there was nothing to offend, you can imagine our appreciation of it.

The cars ran with good speed—the road through fine and varied scenery. Apparently well cultivated land, small but neat farm houses here and there, with now and then a noble looking mansion surrounded by extensive and finely shaded grounds.

Two and a half hours ride brought us to the London depot, where, despite the crowd, and the rush and the whirl, we soon entered cabs—two, our company of seven too many for one. We were first appalled by the indescribable crowd of cabs and people apparently blocking the street, hinting of collisions and all possible accidents. However, we resigned ourselves and our fate to the cabmen who, with the skill and confidence of their kind, drove rapidly and safely along.

With, eager, earnest, wandering look we tried to see everything at once. I soon recognized the tremendous dome of St. Paul's Cathedral high in the air, with the vast

city cowering low for miles and miles; the air was clear, far more so than, from the reputation of London atmosphere we had been led to anticipate. We soon reached Waterloo Bridge, one of the finest of the five splendid ones spanning the Thames. As we approached the bridge and moved along into it, the thought most weighty and full of wonder, was the astonishing crowd always moving but never lessening—no delay, no disputing. No two conveyances on a quiet country road could pass with more ease than did our conveyances glide through the amazing mass. The crowd, too, on all the streets, more especially the wider ones is beyond conception. In crossing the bridge we observed how the river below us was crowded with steamboats and craft from everywhere, and of every imaginable shape and structure. We caught the glad sight too, of the dear "Stars and Stripes," the proud emblem of our own loved land.

At the rate we hurried along, and with the deep interest in all we saw, the ride to our lodgings here with kind "Sister Mary" did not seem a long one. The rare interest and excitement of the day over, we sat and rested, and thought and talked of home from where we had letters the hour of our arrival, and which, as you can readily imagine, we so gratefully enjoyed, and if there is magnetism in thought or magnetic influence in its yearning earnestness, you were surely thinking and talking of me in that selfsame hour.

This morning early, after a night of complete refreshing rest, Mr. Frueauff having special business matters to attend to, Mrs. Frueauff, with bright, eager Master Freddie and myself, realizing that time was precious, bravely started out sightseeing with no other guide than a small, barely six inch square, *rubber* map of the city, purchased at a near book store, directing our steps at once to the "Parks." With some slight knowledge of the city retained from her brief visit to London ten years ago, and her unfailingly clear reading of the tiny map in her hand, Mrs. F. had no difficulty. Walking slowly through the crowded streets leading onward we reached the *Strand*. The amazing swarm of humanity in this street was surpassing! We had supplied ourselves with a little English money on starting out, to

meet emergencies, a needed guide, or cab, or other, as well as to make a few purchases, should the temptations which we were informed would beset our pathway overcome us. We stopped now and then to look at the magnificent display of goods in the windows, and noticed the trading on the street from the aged hawker of plaster of Paris goods to the little girl with pins for sale, as we cheerily pressed along. The "penny," equal to two American pennies, is evidently a leading coin. "A penny," "Only a penny," we hear at every step. We were proof against the pressing offers to lay in a stock of penny merchandise, pretty pictures, little curios and so on, which might, however, have served as mementos of our walk through the *Strand* on this, our first day in London, until suddenly I remembered I needed some pins, and an earnest, sad-faced little girl was richer by "A penny," and my need supplied. Again a tremendously large basket of exquisitely beautiful medium sized shells proved too much for me. "A Penny, ma'am," "Only a Penny." The brief trade was soon concluded. Three pennies added to the man's funds—three of his beauties in the bottom of my hand-bag, and I hurried along with my mementos of our walk through the *Strand*.

Reaching St. James Park, we soon forgot the crowded streets under the keen enjoyment of quietly walking amid the flowers and trees, noble looking trees that have stood for so many years uninterruptedly growing and growing, and widely shading the ground and cooling the air. Many refreshing little artificial lakes of water on which swim different kinds of water fowl, add variety, while the groups of children playing on the lawn, and the numerous companies of promenaders give much animation to the place, and the happy birds undisturbed in the trees carry us in spirit right into the country.

At the western end of the Park stands Buckingham Palace, the Queen's City residence,—she is there at present we are informed. Green Park is much inferior to St. James in beauty, and appears much less frequented. Passing the Duchess of Kent's, St. James' and other Palaces we reached Hyde Park Corner, before passing through its fine entrance we stopped to look at *Apsley House*, the home of the Duke

of Wellington and a gift to him from the Government, and standing quite near to the entrance to the Park.

An interesting as well as amusing bit of local history is associated with *Apsley House* worthy of repeating and is as follows. "As George II was one day riding on horseback in Hyde Park, he met an old soldier who had fought with him at the battle of Dettingen. After discoursing with the old veteran for some time, the King asked what he could do for him. "Why, please your Majesty," said the soldier, "my wife keeps an apple stall on the bit of waste ground as you enter the Park, and if your Majesty would be pleased to make us a grant of it, we might build a shed and improve our trade." This moderate request was immediately granted, the shed was built, and the old woman prospered greatly. In the course of years the old soldier died, and the lord Chancellor who was looking around him for a suitable place to build himself a mansion, fixed his mind on this very spot. The old woman was much alarmed to see her shed pulled down, and preparations made to build a large house where it stood. She hastened off to her son, who was an attorney's clerk, to ask him what she should do. Her son who was shrewd enough to understand that great advantage might be gained by remaining quiet, advised his mother to say nothing upon the subject until the mansion was completed. No sooner was the building finished, than the son called upon the lord Chancellor to complain of the trespass upon his mother's property, and claimed a recompense for the injury his mother had sustained. When the Chancellor saw that the claim was just, he immediately offered a few hundred pounds by way of compensation; but this was refused. The old woman following the advice of her son would not settle the affair on such easy terms. After some deliberation, she demanded a ground rent of four hundred pounds a year, and his lordship at last agreed to terms, and it is said that to this day *Apsley House* yields a ground rent of four hundred pounds yearly to the descendants of the old apple woman."

A fine bronze figure of Achilles stands conspicuously inside the entrance of the Park on a granite pedestal, it was

erected in honor of the Duke of Wellington and is very striking.

It is in vain to try to give you an idea of the beauty and charm of Hyde Park, or to define its attractions. It is said to cover three hundred acres of ground. Three hundred acres of magnificently shaded ground with miles of driving road, crowded this fine afternoon, as I imagine it is every fine afternoon, with costly equipages and fashionable occupants, gay-liveried footmen in close attendance. On another road ladies and gentlemen on horseback riding gracefully and fearlessly draw equal attention and admiration. Children in large numbers happy in play are a pretty sight. Nurses sitting with their tiny charges on the lawn, or on the benches under the magnificent elms seem comfortable and content. The Serpentine River as an artificial stream is called, is a leading and beautiful attraction. Reaching the opposite extremity of the Park we took a cab and reached our lodgings about 5 o'clock.

LONDON, June 15th, 1846.

We are on the eve of leaving London where our stay has, chiefly for my benefit and enjoyment, been so kindly prolonged. We have had six busy, most delightfully busy days of sight seeing. The weather was greatly in our favor. Instead of the drizzle and fog we were led to expect, and which is so peculiar to London, we had the most agreeable weather which we are assured is rare, that the weather has been unusually dry, so many successively fine days have not passed over the city in a long time, and that a little longer sojourn would perhaps give us opportunity to see some of the haze and gloom mostly so prevalent.

Without confining myself to troubling with the dates or days given to the various sights and scenes visited, I wish to write out the details while resting these last hours of the day, of which details I kept an accurate memorandum. I write more fully than perhaps many do or would care to trouble with doing. But all is so new and full of interest to me, and I wish to hold as much of it as possible, and, although I know my sojourn in London will be an abiding

memory, I shall, I'm sure, find the details I here transcribe in my "Journal" helpful reminders.

I have barely referred to our temporary home life here. Through correspondence by Mr. F. with his friend Mr. Wm. Mallalieu, a resident of London, the very desirable lodgings were secured to us in this building, the long time residence of the late elderly Count Reuss, many years a prominent and helpful member in the Moravian Church, and whose still unsettled estate retains his long time house-keeper "Sister Mary," who with respectful cordiality welcomed us to her care and to her handsome comfortable rooms and good boarding, and to her thoughtful attention to our needs, relieving us of all care. The good woman still laments the death of "the dear Count," and whose Christian kindness to all, she loves to dwell upon, and, as opportunity presents, draws our attention to the numerous reminiscences of him, arm chair, desk, books and so on.

On the morning of the 11th Mr. F. engaging a guide, we hastened to be on time at the "Parade Ground" to hear the music, (two bands were in attendance,—) and witness the daily parade of the soldiers. In our glad enjoyment of the surpassing music, and the dazzling appearance of the soldiers, we were amply repaid for the effort made to get there in time.

From the parade we went direct to the *Polytechnic* Institution, which, as I understand was originated and established for the advancement of the Arts and practical Science in connection with machinery, manufactures and so on. The different apartments abound with innumerable articles wonderfully curious and interesting.

In the hall of manufactures the busy printing press and untiring machines of every description, and looms in hurried motion, gave to the room from end to end, a look of most bewildering industry, and hinted of unlimited ingenuity and its possibilities.

The "Great Hall" is filled with undreamed of curiosities, models of every conceivable invention, samples of cloth or fabric hundreds of years old, specimens of geology and,—but why go on! While in the gallery of the "Great Hall" we stopped a few moments to listen to a lecture on electri-

city. Lectures on Physiology, Chemistry and so on, are daily delivered and free to all. Altogether a visit here is not time misspent.

Our next visit was to the *Colosseum*, an immense building on Regent street. A large dome surmounts the building containing the celebrated Panorama of London, to see which was the object of our visit. Stopping a bit to admire the handsome sculptured figures adorning the large entrance hall, we ascended the long winding stairs and were soon standing in the balustraded gallery, looking with astonishment and admiration upon the singularly beautiful work of an artist's skill, the painted Panorama of the vast city. The two western end-turrets of St. Paul's Cathedral just beneath where I stood were marvelously deceptive,—to believe they were painted representations and not stone, cost an effort of the mind. The Panorama is a view of London as we would have it from the dome of St. Paul's. It was sketched by Hornor from a scaffolding erected above the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, where the artist worked several hours every morning before the coal-smoke and mist had settled over the city, it was then painted by a different artist. The innumerable turrets and domes, the mass of buildings, the winding river with its bridges, and ships, and boats so correctly represented made a picture worthy the enthusiastic admiration of the crowds hourly gathered to look upon it. We descended and entered the conservatory where I wished heartily for more time than we were able to give to the enjoyment of wandering among the large and beautiful collection of birds and flowers kept here, but we hastened through a lovely walk to the Swiss cottage, a small building with four apartments fitted up in the way of Switzerland dwellings, and from a recessed window we had quite a romantic view of the wild nature of that country, rocks, pointed crags, water falls, little lakes and rough walks, all of which gave us an idea of the noted country. All this is intended as, and certainly is an additional attraction to the Colosseum. This Colosseum I will add, stands in the western end or western part of London which is the newest and most fashionable part of the city.

Continuing on through Regent Street we entered the Park—Regent Park—and so on to the *Zoological Gardens*, one of, if not altogether the greatest collection in Europe; indeed, as we were assured, equalled in no country. Here, as at every place of interest to which we go, were crowds of people, visitors, sightseers apparently from everywhere, passing remarks in various languages. Troops of boys and girls full of life and enjoyment, and indeed many of ready appreciation, showing patient, keen interest in it all, and many enjoying to the full the, to them, rare ride on the big tame elephant, the keeper and elephant equally obliging to the lively crew of young folks always on hand. We conclude the life and noisy fun around him, and to which he so largely contributes, becomes such a part of that good tempered elephant's life that he would feel lonely and life a burden without it in his confinement there. Birds and animals and creatures of every kind and variety in nature seem collected in these vast gardens. Our visit here took much of our time, but we enjoyed it all so much. Regent Park is extensive, covering over three, almost four, hundred acres we are told.

We took a needed and refreshing rest in Regent Park, and having my pencil and note-book always with me, "I worked while I rested," jotting down my notes and reflections which I transcribe here.

One is overawed by the vastness of London, and so wondrous and varied are its attractions, and so enticing, that it is only through an effort one hurries on. In connection with this fact I again recall a thought of the massive minded Dr. Johnston that "When a man grew tired of London he was plainly tiring of life, as London offered all that life could crave," and indeed such might be the case, that all things that life, from the highest to the lowliest class, can wish for are here and within reach. It has been said, too, that it is the boast of England that London is the leading city of the world. Well, if it is not, which city is? Extent, population, trade, grandeur and all earthly glory, London is the synonym of it all! I wish I could give you an idea, if but a faint one, of the aspect of some of the leading streets. I have referred to the Strand, with its

ceaseless human flow. And I am wondering can there be in all Europe another street equal in architectural grandeur to Regent Street! And Rotten Row—odd name for one of the most fashionable driving streets in Europe, where each strikingly handsome equipage is, in all its details a representation of beauty, and style, and fashion, and grandeur of the upper class in life. The name Rotten Row is a corruption of the original name of the street *Route-du-Roi*—Route of the King, it being originally the favorite of royalty. Piccadilly and Fleet Streets! Perfect and rapidly moving panoramas! With their stores and shops and natives of half or more than half the nationalities of the globe. Chinese, Turks, in their native costumes, Hungarians, very picturesque, Kaffirs and so on taking part in and adding to the bewildering bustle. The names of these streets have been familiar through reading of them, but now I have seen them! Conveyances, or those persons seeking transfer in them, and pedestrians find great comfort in the thorough paving of the streets.

In connection with our sightseeing, we made a point to take in Trafalgar Square—besides its beautiful Parks London has numerous wide, handsome squares, which, though on a smaller scale than the grand parks previously visited, help to furnish refreshing breathing places and are invariably attractive and interesting, and Trafalgar Square is a notable one and from which many streets diverge. We could make but a brief visit to "The National Gallery," one of the great leading galleries of the city, and open to the public more than half the days of the week, and having on exhibit in its favored galleries chiefly the most valued ancient pictures of the leading artists whose names can never die. I can only deplore my lack of ability and clearness of understanding of true art as represented in that splendid gallery. In Trafalgar Square appropriately stands a magnificent memorial of Nelson, a column of great and beautiful proportions.

"Madame Tussaud's Wax Works" are at present recommended as one of the attractive exhibits to sightseers. Her extremely large collection consists of many leading historical and other characters, many dressed in their original clothing, standing, sitting and reclining, people of various

prominences and of different nationalities. The figure of Napoleon dressed in a suit of his very own, draws much attention. Crowds of people were here as everywhere. I did not feel myself in accord with the general opinion of this inanimate show.

We did not fail to visit the tunnel running under the Thames, a tremendous piece of work, by many at first, and for a long time, considered utterly impracticable. But a clear insight into the great work by the keenminded civil engineer, Mr. Brunel, his surpassing skill, and long, persevering labor, and lo ! what a triumphant result, an unequaled passageway very near entire completion ! Our visit was to us very interesting. The entrance is lighted by a dome surmounting the circular building over the mouth of the tunnel. Entering, we descended the stairs. The floor of the tunnel is some seventy feet below the surface. There are two wide arched passage ways, they are walled, and look assuringly strong and compact, the whole length is beautifully and effectively lighted with gas. The air was cool and agreeable. The music from several musicians seated near the end was truly enjoyable, as the sound came softly and sweetly through the long arches.

Our visit to Westminster Abbey will be a memorable one. We entered at "The Poet's Corner," the usual entrance. The eye, at once wandering down the great length of the sublime vaulting, knows not where to rest as it sweeps over the bewildering maze of surpassing architecture ! We first gave our attention to the renowned space in which we stood, the far-famed "Poet's Corner," silently looking from one bust and one great name to another. At our feet we read, "Oh, rare Ben Johnson !" and I mentally recall his lines :

" Whom death marks out, virtue nor blood can save ;
Princes and beggars, all must fill the grave."

We quietly wandered on, the subdued light harmonizing with the solemnity of the building. In soft tones we drew each other's attention to one and another of the wondrous tombs, and the effigies lying in restful slumber on them filling the side chapels. We did not fail to give close ob-

servation and thought to the tombs of Queen Mary of Scotland, and Queen Elizabeth in opposite Chapels. The beautiful, misguided Mary, the proud, powerful and not perfect Elizabeth! We slowly pass along, pausing here and there to study some effigy and read the name, history all the while leaning over me and whispering in memory's ear.

In the Chapel of Edward the Confessor is shown the oaken chair in which the English rulers for the last several hundred years have been crowned. Under this chair lies the famous stone on which the Kings of Scotland were crowned. We were shown into a chapel where a certain order of Knights formerly met. It is impossible to describe the solemnity and chilling gloom of that apartment, the motionless banners perpetually hanging over those forever vacant seats. There is a lack of meaning and of suggestiveness in it all.

But, linger as we may and yearn for further opportunity, time dictates, and we slowly pass out from this wondrous building, so grand in its own individuality, and holding within it so much that is precious and world-famed! The very ground is sacred for centuries; a church site since King Seibert's time, 616 I think, and earlier that of a Pagan temple.

The British Museum is a marvel of wonders! Old and young, serious and gay, throng its many vast apartments. Of all places this is the most confusing to the mind, and paralyzing to the pencil or pen. And yet, after the first dash of amazement, we readily accommodate ourselves to the situation, and begin our study and enjoyment of wonders. From the earliest and all through the intermediate ages down to the present we see wondrous samples of nature, and of the curious works of human invention and make. Countries, and cities, and people through ages were preparing curios for this museum. No entrance fee is charged. Soon after entering our attention was attracted to some manuscript or books vast in size and in exquisitely finished bindings, all the transcribing or printing, 'twas far more beautiful than the finest style of printing, had that art been invented), down to the last detail by hand. One marvels

at the talent during those blighting dark ages, when those painstaking monks full of genius and industry and devotion gave years and years in their cloisters to their loved and beautiful work!

The *Mummies*! Pitiful remnants of human bodies! They start one to thinking vigorously. Ah, those ancient people in their effort to defeat decay, and to give perpetual earthly repose to the preserved bodies of their loved and honored dead, preserved them only to be lifted ages after ages from their well secured tombs and conveyed over rivers and seas to be deposited in modern Museums, conspicuous curiosities of the lost art of embalming! May the art continue perpetually lost!

Samples of stone covered with Babylonian writings ages before the advent of our Saviour. Inscriptions on stone, purporting to be grants from the kings of ancient Bible times! Stones on which records were inscribed. Looking on these samples of laborious chronicling, this bit of pencil in my hand and the paper in my common bound "Journal" assume a precious value, and I tighten my grasp of them in rich appreciation as with another glance at those ancient evidences I make mental comparison of time, and labor, and conveniences! Just as we were about leaving the Museum we had the unexpected pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Harper and family, our companions de voyage. A brief exchange of mutually pleased greetings and of experience in sightseeing, and we were again lost to each other in the throng.

From day to day as we went on our rounds of sightseeing our guide was attentive in pointing out various public buildings, of which "The Bank of England" of prominent reputation on Thread-and-Needle Street, "The Mansion House," residence of the Lord Mayor, and in passing our attention was specially drawn to "Christ's Hospital," a charity founded by Edward VI, we noted with much interest the blue-coated boys exercising in the grounds and we thought of Lamb, and Coleridge and others.

With eagerness we directed our steps toward the "Tower of London." Dreading the crowd we avoided a free day, cheerfully paying our shilling entrance fee. One of the

warders took us, with another party of two, in hand. I think he accepted us as a quiet, observing group, eager for the information he freely and courteously gave. The "Tower," or rather an accumulation of towers, is in fact as well as in appearance, an ancient building, founded, though some statements contradict this, by William of Normandy (Conqueror) 1066-1087, who, though finding it decidedly to his interests to conciliate his people, built this fortress, or the original part of it, to keep them conscious of his power also. Whatever uncertainty may circulate around the date of the founding of it and the founder, the "Tower" was on hand to give aid to and absorb into its existence some of the darkest events in English history, and which hang an abiding shadow over it.

The chief entrance takes us at once into the "Horse Armory." Here in a long row are figures representing some kings and many knights in heavy armor on horseback, while placed along the walls and on the ceiling in curious arrangement were ancient war weapons and trophies of war, most frightful looking and of every conceivable style and shape, and the most cruel instruments of torture that human ingenuity could invent. To think of life in those days!

In "Queen Elizabeth's Armory," she, Elizabeth is represented standing beside her horse as at Tillbery, when addressing her gathered army, a page is standing near holding the reins of her horse. In this Armory are displayed weapons and the armor of her day. Said the warden, "Be pleased, Miss, to touch with your hand this block, and this," touching with his finger a round, smooth, handle-like piece of wood leaning against it. Believing it had a history, without for a moment conjecturing what, I softly touched the brown, smooth block, as he began his explanation. "It is," he went on, "the block on which Queen Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Gray and others laid their heads when beheaded." Oh, helpless, unhappy subjects of the cruel tyranny of that period! "And this is the handle of the axe." I did not touch it. Here, too, amidst the weapons and trophies of war, were iron shackles and instruments of torture that made the heart shiver as we tried to associate them with the frightful tyranny and pitiable suffering of their day.

We can imagine with what gratitude the English people of the present time appreciate their enlightened government and bless the good young Queen, who, with Christian culture and acquired wisdom to guide heart and brain, is to-day at the head of it all.

We entered the cell, stooping our bodies to get through the low entrance, in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined. To think of his confinement during twelve years, or thirteen, I think, long, weary, dragging years! The cell proper, ten feet long and eight feet wide, formed in a wall leading off from a room with outside windows, had no light excepting that which passed from this room through that low entrance. This is the so-called White Tower. This great "Tower of London" consists of a number of towers, one after another added at different periods. We were not taken into the "*Wakefield Tower*," also called the "*Bloody Tower*," where the two unhappy Princes Edward 5th and the Duke of York were put to death by order of their uncle, Richard III. And only the windows of the room in the "*Brick Tower*," and in the "*Beau Champ Tower*," where Lady Jane Gray and Anne Boleyn were confined were pointed out to us. In "*Martin Tower*," or, as now called, "*The Jewel Tower*," are kept the Regalia of England, the crowns, and swords, sceptres and other costly items, all valued at \$15,000,000. The most costly, and beautiful of the four or five crowns is the one made for the present Queen. Upon the whole the collection is a magnificent spectacle. The royal baptismal font is amongst the collection. Golden and ivory sceptres, St. Edward's staff of pure gold, golden plates and cups of state and so on. Referring again to the crowns, the smallest of them was the one pointed out to us as that made for Anne Boleyn. We look at the exquisite piece of work, and think of gratified ambition, of the beautiful head crowned, and in an instant flashes the pitiful thought of the again uncrowned head resting for a brief moment on that cruel block up stairs!

But we pass out from "The Tower of London," gratified that we have seen this world-famed fortress,—and passing out carry with us the memory of the beautiful, glittering grandeur representing royalty,—and carry with us too the

memory of the thousands of its strange, spirit-stirring emblems of the cruel past and the painful reflections they suggested. Again out under the calm sky enjoying the rich inheritance of free air, and freedom of thought and action, we walk on, and the eye and mind take up new and enjoyable themes at every step.

Our visit to St. Paul's Cathedral will remain an undimmed memory. I can give you no idea of its vast, magnificent proportions as we slowly approached it walking up the street leading to the great wonder. "An epic in stone," said one of our company. Nor can I give any hint of my sensations as we stood beneath the towering dome, vast arches and pillars surrounding us, and each and all harmoniously filled and adorned with the marble statues and busts,—beautiful works of sculptural art,—of many of England's distinguished dead.

This Cathedral we are told is exceeded by only two other Christian Churches, St. Peter's in Rome, and the famed Cathedral of Milan. We expect to see neither of those two, we shall be content to have seen this one. Some one near us as we still admire and marvel under the great dome states the fact that St. Paul's Cathedral differs in a very marked way from any other in Europe in that it was planned and built under and during the lifetime of one Architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and entirely under one Contractor. There seems however, as we look around at the interior adornments, too much of miscellaneous representations branching off entirely from the exclusively religious subjects and bearing on war and worldly glory, forgetting the great building was dedicated to Love and Peace, and to the Prince of all Peace.

We ascended into the library, the floor of which is beautifully inlaid with different colored oak and is very attractive as one enters the room. In the apartment opposite is exhibited the model of the Church. The curious "Whispering Gallery" at the base of the Dome interested and amused us. Our guide standing at one side of the Gallery with his lips close to the wall, whispered several sentences which, one after another of us applying our ears close to the wall, distinctly heard with the sensation that it was whispered by

close contact into our very ears ; the half of the immense circular surface was however between us and the guide.

While looking at the wonderful painting by Sir James Thornhill in the ceiling of the Dome, we were reminded of an experience of the Artist while working at it. Stepping backward to study the effect and discuss it with a friend standing near he unconsciously reached the very edge of the scaffolding. His friend seeing the fearful danger seized a brush and made a determined show of an intention to daub the painting. The Artist sprang forward to save his work and thereby saved his life. The view from the Dome out over the City and off to the encircling hills is altogether overwhelming! The buildings massed together with the crowded streets running like narrow black lines in every direction, the crowds of people, animals and conveyances drolly dwarfed, the noises coming up in a dull, unbroken hum, and as we look a little southward at the crowded bridges and the many vessels with their perfect forest of masts, crowded steamboats starting from almost every pier up and down the glittering streak, we recognize in it all the busy Thames winding round and round and downward and as the old-time poet, Denham, says of it,

" Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity."

Between St. Paul's and the Tower stands the monument commemorating the great fire of 1666. The beautiful Parks, patches of refreshing green, and the now tiny squares add their share to the view. One from here can more especially appreciate the genius and perseverance of the Artists of the "Panorama" in the Colosseum.

"Still higher" is an approved motto, and almost unwittingly we were carrying it out. When looking out over the City from the Dome we seemed, indeed were, higher than any object in sight. Our guide led us still upward until the foot of the last flight of about a half dozen steps had been reached, they leading into the "Ball." Here a sort of reaction set in. Should we go on! The company the guide had in charge consisted of several others in connection with our party. "Most all of the young travelers like to go on," said the sympathetic guide. "Folly," with

a pretended frown, said the uncle of the one young lady. "Ascend, if you wish," cheerily said the other gentleman to his daughter. All smiling encouragement, three young ladies from widely separated homes were soon seated in that Great Copper Sphere over three hundred feet from the ground! Although sitting but a few moments, there was time for an interchange of information. Said, in a soft tone, the daughter of the cheery Father, "We start for home in the North to-night. I begin teaching as governess very soon. I have so enjoyed London." Said the other, "My Uncle and Aunt are in no haste to go back, and I am glad; I was so sick coming over, we live in Dublin." I simply smiled assent to what was said, and was asked, "Have you far to go home?" "To America," I replied, putting my foot on the step as one of our waiting friends reached out the hand to help me down. A sympathetic "Oh" followed me from the depths of the "Ball" and the two young ladies came quickly after.

Our first and only Sunday, June 14th, in London was a pleasant one. A calm, bright June morning, like many and many a bright Sunday morning in America. Nature was kind, no rain, no clouds, no chilling winds. The sweet bells chiming from far and near; unheeded, unheard indeed during the obtrusive, absorbing roar of the week-day noise, although a sweet chime in our near neighborhood here often charmed us into attentive listening and enjoyment of them as in our evening rest we sat by the open window. Later on the louder, persistent ringing and clanging of the innumerable church bells was heard calling to the worship of the great and good God who above all rulers is ruling and honored here.

In the morning we attended in the Moravian Chapel, Fetter Lane, the quiet familiar service, carrying us in spirit back to our dear Lititz school home and the familiar church service there. In the afternoon on towards 3 o'clock, we were moving with the crowd toward St. Paul's Cathedral. The sweet, wondrously sweet singing of the choir boys, and their appearance,—a charming picture,—was most enjoyable. The sermon and service claimed attention.

We had been invited to tea and a quiet evening with Mr. and Mrs. Peter La Trobe and family; it was the only evening we could give to quiet, pleasant intercourse with that cultured Christian family. They planned our joining them in a picnic at Greenwich Park to-day. After some further sight-seeing this morning we met the La Trobe family at the wharf, and after a short, pleasant ride on a steamboat down the crowded river, landed at Greenwich.

Our eyes rested eagerly on the one prominent object, the Observatory, standing on the highest ground, the very highest spot in the Park. Like some of the other noted buildings in London it does not stand, as it were, on original ground, as for instance St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, each standing on the site of some previous building, earlier Christian Church, or pagan temple. This Observatory, built in the latter part of the seventeenth century, stands on the site of an old-time, fortified tower. Long familiar with it through school instructions as a point, the leading point of reckoning, we gleaned through those instructions no special knowledge of its history or individual character as Royal Observatory. Its first Superintendent, a learned man, and keen, accurate astronomical observer named Flamseed, continued until his death, forty-three years, at the head of it, and was succeeded by the great Halley, who continued in the position until his death, twenty-three years, and always a learned, earnest astronomer succeeding. From the first the institution established its famed reputation which has been uninterruptedly sustained. A large hospital stands here on the grounds, founded by William and Mary as an asylum for infirm and disabled sailors, who find it a quiet retreat. It is large enough to accommodate some three hundred pensioners. Passing through the building at noon we noticed while at their dinner enjoying their hot soup from generous bowls, how aged, toil-worn and weather-beaten some of them seemed, and later it was gratifying to see them enjoy their leisurely rest under the trees.

In the large and elegant hall in the hospital we noted the walls decorated with painted portraits of many distinguished naval characters, and a variety of other beautiful paintings, chiefly marine battles and other scenes of the sea. A

great number of miniature vessels, relics associated with the memory of Lord Nelson and others, are also exhibited here. We walked on through the Park which is very extensive and beautiful. Deer, quite tame were grazing in all parts of it. We stopped to pluck a few leaves from the large oak tree which was pointed out to us as the one amongst the branches of which, as history somewhere relates, Charles II concealed himself when fleeing from his pursuers. The trees of the Park are chiefly oak, some of immense size making a delightful shade in the cool of which we enjoyed our lunch, and then proceeded to *Blackheath* beyond the Park. At the gate stood troops of women and boys with donkeys which, for a trifling sum they offered for a few miles' ride.

From the Heath we looked out over the richest and most beautiful scenery I think I ever looked upon. In the distance peeping over the trees were the turrets of the castle, where Edward the *Black Prince* entertained his captive King of France.

We returned to London in the cars. In a cab from the depot to our lodgings we had quite a lengthy ride, but, as usual enjoyable as many objects of interest were pointed out to us, amongst which the dusky gloomy walls of *Newgate Prison*. Reaching our rooms we sat and rested, talking over the events of the day, of our delightfully interesting stay in London, and of our expected starting for the Continent to-morrow. Alone in my room later I gave a few finishing touches to my already packed trunk, and then, still thinking of our London enjoyments, truly thankful for our good health and freedom from accidents and worry, I, whispering a "good-night" across the Ocean, lay down to sleep.

ZEIST, PROVINCE OF UTRECHT, HOLLAND,
July, 1846.

Early in the morning of the 16th of June, we left London, taking the cars to Blackwell dock, and there the steamboat for Holland, Rotterdam our objective point. Gliding down the Thames we were soon in the Channel or properly the North Sea and the white chalk cliffs of the English coast

rapidly fading behind us. We anticipated sea-sickness but happily escaped. The weather was extremely fine and the water calm, the voyage consequently was comfortable and enjoyable.

There were quite a number of passengers on board, and of several nationalities. An English lady in middle life, somewhat assertive, plied me with many questions, amongst which as to our public school system. Feeling unequal to the ponderous question I referred the lady to Mr. Frueauff, with suspicion that our schools were hardly conducted under sufficient system to encourage conversation on the subject.

Also, amongst the passengers were two gentlemen in middle life from Stuttgart, Wirtemberg, who readily engaged in conversation with Mr. Frueauff, and with him exchanged statements as to the business and objects of their present travel, and learning of Mr. F. as to the group of us with him, and that I, just from school life was traveling for the further extending of my education and to enjoy the advantages as well as the pleasures which foreign travel gives.

One of the gentlemen who in early life had visited America, after some further conversation with Mr. F., addressing himself to me earnestly suggested that, on our return trip we go by way of Stuttgart, and there, in their "beautiful city, rich in educational advantages," we visit his family, and I then remain a year or two years with them and attend school, at the end of which time his daughter, but little younger than myself, should return with me to America to spend a year there for *her* educational improvement, all of which would gratify him exceedingly.

The gentleman spoke English well. He gave me his address, written while conversing with me, and to which he added for my reference the address of Herr —, State Secretary of Schools. Thanking him truly for his kindly and very earnest proposition, which quite impressed me as an unusual interest in me from a stranger, I assured him that it would be so contrary from my original plan and to that of my parents who instructed my return in the fall, that I could not see best to accept it.

Late in the forenoon of the 17th we were steaming along in sight of the low line of the Holland coast and were directly informed we were entering the mouth of the river *Maas* or Meuse which is very wide and to one unfamiliar, seems like a continuation or part of the Channel or sea. With steady moving onward, our steamboat announced in Rotterdam, we realized we were nearing the end of this short and very pleasant voyage.

Rotterdam is situated on the north side of the river about twenty miles from its mouth. As we drew near we were convinced of the fact that we were approaching a city of importance. The great depth of the river here gives to the city every commercial advantage, the largest vessels sailing right up to the warehouses along the river wharves to take on or discharge cargoes, the canals or water-ways running into the city adding to and extending the facilities. Also, the harbor is pronounced one of the best and safest on the Continent.

In a people so enterprising, and industrious and appreciative of these great advantages, we recognize the basis of the life and activity on the wharf as we approach and descend right into the midst of it.

I had an odd experience here. Whether from a sudden slight dizziness or a tremor of the body the continued result of the motion of the steamboat, I could not quite keep my equilibrium for a few moments after stepping on to the quay, and after three or four steps forward, would, have fallen, and in such event brought destruction to a basket of wondrous strawberries standing near; but, clutching the arm of one of our party, and the holding for the moment my other arm by the kindly smiling woman keeping watch over her berries, saved me, and gave me an opportunity to get comfortably over the sensation. My English "thank you" was no doubt, as to the language, Greek to the woman, but which she understood by intuition, as her short nod of acknowledgment, and further expanded smile sufficiently proved. But those strawberries! A revelation in fruit culture. I could never have imagined strawberries grown to such size! Several large baskets, such baskets as are used in the transfer of fruits stood

together all uncovered. They had just been brought down the river by the thrifty country folk on a lately arrived boat for the city market. Flowers, also were in abundance for the same purpose of sale at the markets, I concluded.

On the wharf, and a little apart from the crowd, eager and expectant, stood Mrs. Frueauff's sister, Mrs. Bellwitz and her husband Rev. Bellwitz, and here in this meeting of the two sisters—meeting for the first time in seventeen years—they having been separated six years prior to Mrs. F.'s going to America,—properly began the realization of the main object of this trip and visit to Europe, namely, for Mrs. F. to once again see her relatives, her aged father in Herrnhut, and her sisters.

We had time for dinner in Rotterdam, a good, enjoyable dinner. At the table we drank some of the celebrated *Seltzer Water*. I did not relish it. Also we could give some little time to a walk through part of the city. Though novel, it was very interesting. Beautiful shade trees abound. The canals or water-ways running through the streets with the necessary drawbridges, the gable end of the houses facing the streets, and their peculiar variation from the perpendicular—the upper stories leaning or projecting considerably over the lower ones, all are entirely new as city features. The architecture is not handsome.

Our walk was mostly through the business part of the city. We were assured that if we had time to visit some of the newer streets, mostly of private residences where more wealthy and stylish citizens have their homes, we would see much to admire, but our time was limited. The river Rotte, which, with the dam have given the city its name empties into the Meuse here.

Rotterdam was the birthplace of Erasmus and a bronze statue, liberally inscribed, is erected to his memory here. As we remember Erasmus began life under the Dutch version of his name given him in infancy as Gerrit Gerritz, but Latinized it into Desiderius Erasmus and under that name his fame has come down through the years as a learned man and to an extent, reformer, helping, and again, by some stated, hindering the brave Luther.

The fancy of changing names into Latin if in their own

tongue they did not seem so agreeable, prevailed quite largely in that early day as for instance Philip Melancthon, Luther's earnest, faithful helper, whose name originally Philip Schwartzerde—in English would have been Philip Blackearth, both names,—Erasmus and Melancthon were certainly improved by change to Latin.

Here, on the very verge of the Continent we realize to the full we are in a strange land. In England with the English dress similar or entirely as our own, the English language constantly heard and always available, we had not that keenness of feeling of a stranger amongst strangers, but here the change is so decided, physiognomy, style of dress, even the step and gait, and above all the language; in the orthography of which it would seem the b's and d's, b, j's and double oo's and whatever the alphabet can contribute to harden the sound, abounds. All this you will acknowledge with me is amply convincing. But I shall like Holland, have always read with deep interest the history of and admired the country and people; A brave enduring people.

Holland has a marked history among nations. Her enemies and oppressors powerful and varied. Compelled through the ages to fight for possession and rights,—the Ocean and their fellow men. Binding rivers, draining lakes and limiting the seas. Fighting with untiring energy, and conquering, their great natural enemy, the Ocean, and watching with the "Eternal Vigilance," which alone can keep him at bay, and from repeating at first opportunity his frightful work of destruction such as history can record of no other country. But neither can any other known country on the globe call, as Holland can, upon so powerful and efficient an ally in case of invasion by human foreign foes as the past has proven. Ah, Spain remembers!

And who can presume to ignore their unflinching faith in God, the faith that armed and supported them in their fearful struggles against human oppression, their battling for secular and religious liberty—which they recognized as the basis of all good, enthroning the Bible to guide and rule them above all rulers. A Bible loving, a Bible reading people. The doctrine of Calvin prevails, but every

variety and form of Christian worship is tolerated. The complete Bible was translated, printed and read in their own vernacular long before the English secured to themselves the same privilege and enjoyment. Yes, Holland has a proud, brave record.

But I must hasten to inform you of our further onward movements. Our baggage had been submitted for examination, our passports inspected and officially certified—in England the passports were not called for—and at almost half past two o'clock we took one of the steamboats for a three or four hours' ride up the river. It was a somewhat slow ride and had the promise of being dull but the afternoon was a bright, pleasant one, and we had fair opportunity to see the country and note the landscape, which observations the low coasts or shores facilitated as we steamed along, and the ride was really not wearisome. The industry and prosperity of the people is fully in evidence. The grain fields and meadows, and here and there people, and their horses and cows and windmills near or further off but always in sight, a canal here and there starting from or emptying into the river, I was always at loss which, now and then a village with people moving about and again stopping for a look at our boat passing along. All these objects together relieving each other and the whole from tedium, and having a decidedly picturesque effect, and as such I hold it agreeably in my memory as I write. About six o'clock we landed from the steamboat at the village of Vreeswyk. Our stopping off there created something of a sensation evidently. A number of the villagers, men, women and children hurriedly gathered at the landing as the steamboat moved towards it. Also a goodly number, nine of us, "men, women and children" exchanging remarks, and discussing our baggage in German and English, seemed as decided a curiosity to them as they to us. While waiting for the conveyances to take us to Zeist, one of the women living near, courteously, by signs more successfully than words invited us into her home. I seated myself on the little porch for the better observation. Their day's work was evidently ended and many of the villagers were seated in social groups around the doors enjoying the evening,

cheerful and entirely content apparently, and decidedly good mannered in their by no means showy, but very identifying costume. Our hostess soon came out of the house and with friendly effort tried to entertain me by pointing out various objects in the village, the church, and several of the more distinctive buildings, and some of the larger canal boats lying along the shore of the canal which ran through the village. No doubt I would, through the kindly efforts of the good woman, have gathered some interesting details of Dutch village life, could I have understood the language. But, alas! We each started in our very infancy under a different mother tongue, learning a different alphabet and keeping up the line of difference all through, unconscious of any disadvantage thereby until this sudden meeting proved us helplessly stranded. I tried German, rather timidly, conscious of my imperfection in that language, but equally with English it proved a hopeless failure, the Dutch and German languages being perfectly distinct from each other. Through pointing in the distance and the raising of her eyebrows as if to aid the inquiry, I concluded the woman was asking me if we had traveled far? At a venture I replied slowly "America." "Agh, agh, Ammarigue!" was the reply and seemed to increase her efforts to entertain or interest me. The conveyances ready we bade adieu to our Vreeswyk friends and commenced our ride to Zeist, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bellwitz. We had indeed a delightful ride, the evening a charming one. Beautiful shade trees, thoroughly full grown trees they seemed, lined either side of both canal and road forming as it were, long, interminable avenues which we greatly enjoyed as we admired all. Many hay-makers, male and female were still at work in the fields here and there, a pretty sight.

Our road ran for a long distance by the side of a canal, and wound round and about with it over the unbroken level. As we approached the city of Utrecht the general aspect greatly changed, from the humble unassuming peasant life, in their curious style of dress, to that of wealth, gayety and fashion. One could scarcely realize that those two extremes of life existed so decidedly within so few

miles of each other. Handsome equipages filled with the gay and fashionable, accompanied by their servants in bright livery rolled by, reminding us of Hyde Park and Rotten Row, London's fashionable drives. We passed very many beautiful homes near and in the city, with the charming surrounding of trees, and sod, and flowers, all proving the advantages of wealth, and culture, and ease of life.

Utrecht is quite a leading city, the capital city or county seat as we might perhaps explain, of the *Province of Utrecht*, one of the seven Provinces of the Netherlands. It is a city of prominence, historically and geographically, of some forty or more thousand population. Here, too, is one of the three Universities of Holland. Holland is to the front in education. Besides these three large universities there are, in several different cities, three similar smaller ones, and other schools of minor degree where the elements of knowledge are taught, and public schools abound.

I am most comfortably situated in the "Sisters' House," only a door or two from the parsonage, the home of Rev. and Mrs. Bellwitz, with whom Mr. and Mrs. F. and family are visiting. Also here in the "Sisters' House," a large, roomy, airy building, is located the Young Ladies' Boarding School. Wherever we stop with Moravians I shall anticipate the same pleasing experience of close contact with the schools. I do not know if people generally are aware, as I am, of the work of the Moravians in the line of education.

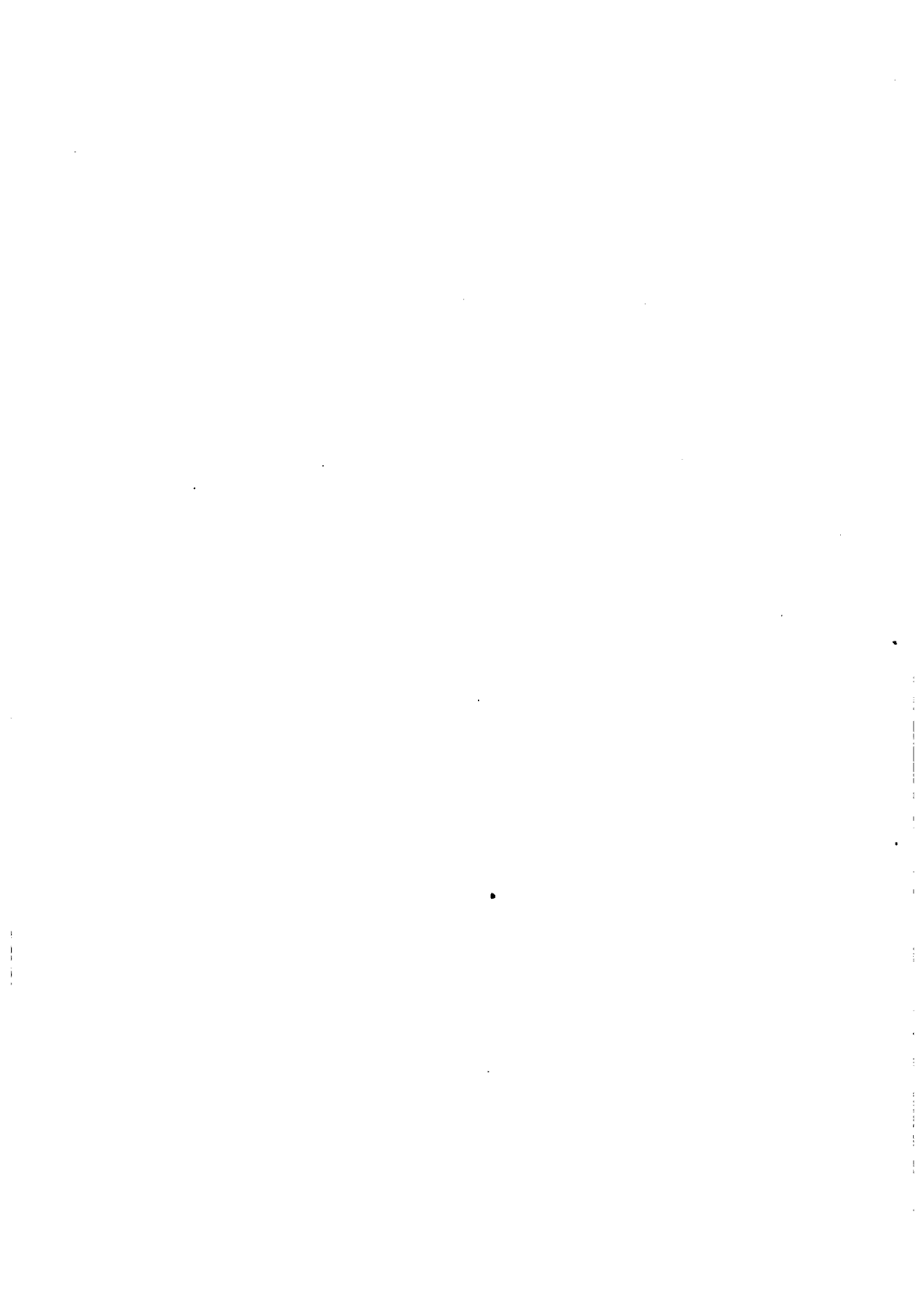
The Moravian Church being a Church of service, it early added to its missionary duties that of earnest educational work. Parish schools soon developed into boarding schools, all based on that alone which can serve as the foundation of all true human teaching and human living, the Gospel of Christ. Also, the Moravian schools approach near to home life and home training, and gladly have parents of every protestant denomination in the United States, sent with unwavering confidence, their children to the Moravian institutions, there to receive, as far as possible, that Christian training and culture which alone properly prepares them for the duties which modern life demands.

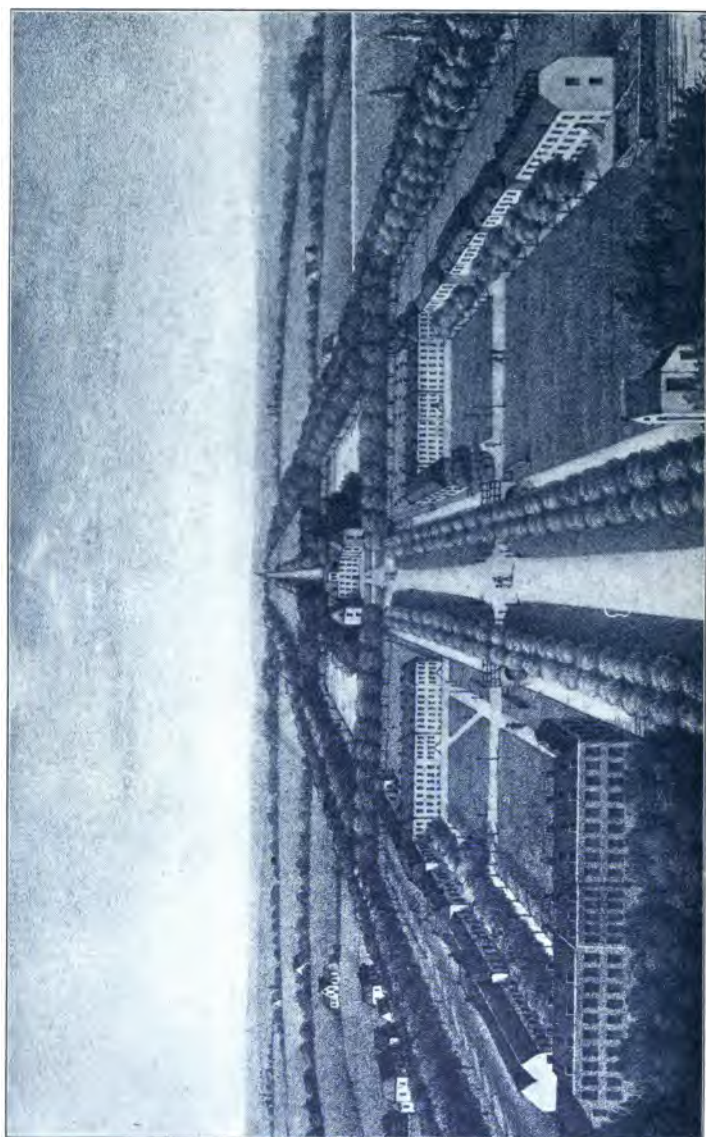
Zeist, the home for nineteen years of Mrs. Frueauff, is a

most charming village, exclusively Moravian, at least the southern part, yet by no means shut off from the world, the public highway which you reach by a few steps, running near by. But the moment you are in the village the world seems far away. So quiet, so apparently free from rude intrusion, from the harsh tones and sounds that predominate in village life. The general aspect of the village is beautiful, is simplicity itself, but not commonplace, and with its fine shade trees, sod-covered squares, lovely flowers, and neat, quiet homes, and above all the educated, polite people, Zeist seems to me a thoroughly ideal village. It is built in the form of a large square. Where the "Sisters' House" stands on one side the "Brethrens' House" is located on the other opposite. All the houses are of brick and uniform in size and general appearance. Surrounding the village is the most delightful driveway, and walks shaded by handsome, stately trees, their branches arching and touching overhead form the most charming avenue.

At the head of the village, and a short distance away, stands the "Schloss," also of brick, the home of Herr Huidekooper and family. I would also add that the German, not the Dutch, language is used exclusively here in Zeist. The inmates of the "Sisters' House" and school give me very kind attention. A day or two ago the head preceptress of the school and matron of the institution invited me to tea in their room; they had also invited, for me to meet, two young ladies from the "Schloss," daughters of Herr Huidekooper, and former pupils in this boarding school; they and their parents are not Moravians, but members of the Reformed Church (Calvinistic Church). The young ladies are bright and well educated, very pretty with beautiful, healthy complexions. Both speak English, the younger of the two rather quiet and reserved or timid in manner, the older one very cordial and cheery and very intelligent and ready in conversation. She congratulated me upon having my home in so large a country, a country covering so large a space on the globe, while her country, wee little Holland, she laughingly said, could scarcely be seen on the map.

Cooper's Novels have reached here and have been read





ZEIST.

in their original language by these two young ladies. The older one spoke readily of the interest and sympathy they had excited in her mind for our Indians. Alas! I had to admit the unhappy fact of the neglect and injustice of our Government towards the Indian. The people generally here do not yet clearly understand the vast extent of our country, how far the east, monopolized by civilization, is from the west,—the home of the rudely driven Indian—nor the slow and wearisome travel from one point to another, and I feel assured this young lady could not in the least comprehend how it could be that I had not come more into personal contact with the Indians. And under the influence of her fresh, enthusiastic feeling, I fear, in her own mind she marvelled that I and all civilized citizens of America were not individually at work for and striving to come into personal intercourse with the poor Indians. She added, she would like so much to see them and do something for them. Cooper's Novels are having effect.

ZEIST, 27th June, 1846.

I spent yesterday with Miss Laurentia von Dalman, a young lady residing here in Zeist—a relative of Mrs. F.'s—we spent the day enjoyably together, in reading, conversation and sketching; for the latter Miss Laurentia has an aptitude, and had had careful instruction. During a brief walk in the garden we picked from the vines a few strawberries, which, after arranging in a saucer, Miss Laurentia, after our return to her boudoir, proceeded to sketch and color for me to retain as a remembrance. The generous dish of strawberries on the tea-table led to our sketch being brought forward, the parents giving ready praise to our work and its object.

That we might have time for a walk in the country with Mr. von Dalman, tea had been ordered very early. We took a long walk, the evening—indeed the evening had not yet really begun—was charming, breezy and refreshing. Out on the long straight road we leisurely walked, enjoying every step of the way, and noting every object. Everything, however insignificant apparently, seemed to invite

attention; everything naturally does in new places, and, too, the view was so wide and unobstructed.

The distant windmills tossing their arms like threatening phantoms warning us back. A canal boat came gliding towards us across the meadow as it were, the canal just then not visible. A stork sitting on a building a little way off. A distant bird gracefully sailing through the air towards us, then turning seaward, Mr. von Dalman deciding its resemblance to a sea-gull. The soft green meadows and wide fields stretching away and away. Men and women here and there and groups of cattle, and over it all the strangely full, rich atmosphere, toning away the commonplace look of things, and with the subdued sunlight and tender blue of the sky, giving to the whole an indescribable softness and harmony of tone.

Stopping to look at the flowers in the little yard in front of a farm house, a small cottage-like building, the good woman of the house observing us, courteously invited us in. We, trying not to disturb the flowers, daintily stepped through the narrow, short path to the door, the only entrance door and leading into the kitchen, thence we were guided into the room.

But that kitchen! That apartment alone, with its spotless floor, those clean-scoured wooden tubs and buckets, with their brass hoops or bands over an inch in width encircling them, bright and glittering as if a practiced burnisher were constantly on hand, the woodwork everywhere as clean as mortal hands could make it, confirms all I have ever heard or read of the neatness and cleanliness of the housewives of Holland. Mr. von Dalman could converse some with our hostess in the Dutch language, and informing her I was a stranger in Holland, she at once evinced a kindly desire to give me knowledge of their domestic homelife. In the room thorough neatness prevailed. The pretty curtains at the windows had an airy effect. The floor of the room was paved with brown and white stone. A large fire-place extended the whole length of one side of the room. At one end of the hearth was a curtain which, drawn aside, revealed an elevation about three feet from the floor, on which was neatly arranged bedding, and to which

the woman drew my attention as their spare-bed. Soon, with all the ease and kindness of a practiced hostess, she brought in some bread, fresh cheese and milk, which we greatly relished.

When about to leave, seeing us give some attention to a sound coming from some near place as we stood for a moment in the kitchen, the woman opened a door which, to my amazement, led into the little barn where three men were threshing and two winnowing grain! Unquestionably that winnowing mill was constructed to conform to the prevailing idea of cleanliness, else why so little dust!

That the people of this country are neat and cleanly who can gainsay? It seems a thoroughly admirable habit, characteristic of high and lowly, and I can not understand why it is more or less a disturbing thought to many travelers who make of it a standing cause for criticism if not ridicule. Why not be cleanly! We know at what elevation cleanliness stands, second in degree! Besides, with water everywhere at hand, and, as I imagine, help and time plenty, and methodical habits easily holding the virtues in training, why so overwhelmed with astonishment at this habit of cleanliness! And again, why should foreigners visiting Holland, by their special and often unfriendly notice of a prevailing habit, and a good one at that, possibly originate some doubt as to their own home habits!

Sincerely thanking our hostess for the kindness shown us we bade good-bye and retraced our steps to Zeist.

The first three days of July will always be an enjoyable memory. Bright, interesting days, during which we visited the cities of Amsterdam, Haarlem and The Hague. On the morning of the first the cars, which run quite as rapidly as in England, or with us at home, soon carried us to Amsterdam. While yet a distance from the city I was impressed by the sight of it, with nothing to obstruct the view as we eagerly looked over the wide level and saw the city, a compact collection of buildings, steeples, ship-masts and trees rising out of the fields!

Old-time travelers in writing of Holland would dwell upon Amsterdam, one of the, if not for a time entirely the leading commercial city of the world, and enlarge upon it,

its peculiar location and wondrous substruction, and its canals and so on, which, with recitals heard from time to time from an elderly friend, a native of the great city, and who loved to dwell upon its characteristics, early made impressions upon me. But for all this early reading, and hearing, and enjoying, never in all my youthful indulgence in fanciful possibilities, were any so wildly far reaching as to include a visit to Amsterdam! Yet, lo! this morning we glided into the city in the most matter-of-fact way, alighted from the cars and at once directed our attention to sight-seeing. After a walk through several of the leading streets under the charming, stately trees, observing the oddity of ships, canal-boats and carriages side by side in the heart of the city, we visited the "Stad Huis" or "Palace," considered the finest building in the city. It was built at an enormous expense, a matter of no surprise when one is informed that, besides the tremendous cost of the more than thirteen thousand piles for its foundation, the building from the foundation up is constructed of foreign material, free-stone, the cost of getting and importing which for so vast a building was a serious matter. It is, though plain in architecture, a strikingly imposing building.

We were shown through it by a friendly, interesting guide, a once soldier, a relic of Waterloo. Passing through various apartments we finally reached the "Throne Room," a royally grand room, indeed. The walls and ceilings beautifully painted and frescoed, as also are those of the receiving hall, dining hall and others. The guide readily assented to the idea of our sitting for a moment in the royal chair—"The Throne," a great armchair covered with heavy, soft crimson satin and standing on a platform covered with velvet of the same rich, warm color, two similar but smaller chairs standing on either side of it. In this room King William holds his Councils.

The private apartments used by the royal family when here, are handsomely, elegantly furnished. Rich draperies hang from the windows and surround the beds with stately effect, and rarely beautiful tapestry covers the walls. The ball room is a long, splendidly proportioned apartment, the ceiling beautifully arched and of wondrous height. As we

moved on through the building we observed the profusion of marble statues, extremely beautiful, and many paintings.

The royal family, we are informed, spend comparatively little time here. This building, "The Stad Huis," was not originally intended for a royal residence or palace, nor was it used as such until Louis Bonaparte when made King of Holland by his brother, appropriated it to that use.

Before ascending to the beautiful Cupola we paused to listen to the chiming of the bells, the finest, sweetest chime in all the Netherlands, perhaps in northern Europe. Surely, in this chime the citizens have a perpetual enjoyment. The fretted mind and troubled heart can not but become softened and righted under their sweet, pleasing tones.

To look down from the Cupola into the very large square in which the building stands upon the great crowd of people hurrying through and across is in itself an interesting diversion. The aspect of the city as viewed from here with its crowd of buildings, stately trees, masts of vessels and streaks of canals furnish an attractive, interesting, though unique, picture. From this high point we had a wide, unobstructed view far into the distance. Our eyes caught sight of those smooth, quiet waters with the pleasantly buzzing name, the Zuider Zee, that aggressive inland sea or bay which gained its ambitious expansion through the terrible irruptions of which we read, overwhelming those many villages and thousands upon thousands of citizens! Through such frightful experiences came the wisdom, and determined perseverance, and mechanical skill which led the people to secure themselves and their loved country from the repetition of such harrowing calamities, by the construction of those wonders of human effort and human industry, the world-famed dikes and sluices, and dams now bordering sea, and lakes and rivers.

The numerous fishers' towns along the shores, and on the islands of the Zuider Zee, are, we are told, well worthy of a foreigner visiting. The families in their homes, costumes and general habit of life being singularly interesting. But time will not permit to us that treat.

We had a glimpse of Saardam or Zaan Dam, noted as the town where Peter the Great lived for a time to familiarize himself with ship-building.

We next visited the exchange, a recently finished building, handsome and stately, also built of freestone, and, compared with its surroundings, very modern in appearance.

We had time to visit, though to our regret, not much time to spend in the noted museum, for here in these large halls, are treasured many of the masterpieces of the ancient and modern artists. Of all the rich collection our attention was especially directed to the famed "Night Watch."

We did not fail to go to see the "Old Church,"—the St. Nicholas, noted for its antiquity rather than as being one of the city's special objects of interest, but to me it was an object of very special interest. Plain and homely in exterior the interior of the Church presents some striking features. The beautiful windows, the work of three centuries ago, are exquisite, as fresh in coloring as if done but a year ago. The small, round pulpit standing in the middle of the church is a remarkable evidence of human skill and untiring labor. It is of oak and most wondrously carved,—years and years of labor! The floor is of stone, and no stoves in the building. At one end of the church was a large pile of small wooden boxes lined with metal; in these are put coals of fire and hired to those who wish them to place under their feet during service.

With another walk under the delightful trees in the afternoon, before directing our steps to the depot for Haarlem, we concluded our visit to Amsterdam. In this, our last walk, as all through our one day in this well-built, interesting and clean city, we were accompanied by a friend of one of our party, a citizen who steadily exerted himself to contribute to our entertainment and enjoyment. In expressing to him my admiration of those trees and delight in walking under them, and telling him I had already written to my friends at home of the fine trees in Holland whose native soil does not greatly produce them, so extensively planted and cultivated, adding perpetually to comfort and ornamentation, he promptly and laughingly replied, in his careful English, "Ah, yes; tell them in America, we so love trees here that we continually walk under them and on them." Then, with serious earnestness the gentleman explained how the foundation of every building in Amster-

dam was *trees*. This whole district, in location so surpassingly suitable for a commercial city and city of residence, is really a marsh of sand, and salt, and peat, and any house erected on so weak and insecure foundation would sink out of sight. "Therefore," he continued, "we have to resort to making piles of trees, tall trees, some fifty and more feet in length, pointed at one end and securely cased with iron and driven down through sand and peat until they reach more solid ground, the upper ends sawed off even and banded with iron to stand the fierce driving of them downward. On these we build our houses. "In other countries," he added, "the foundations cost the least, in ours they are the most expensive part of the buildings." After this very interesting and surprising information concerning the trees thus forming the substructure of the city, he repeated again laughingly, his previous amusing assertion, "So you will understand it is true, we live on the trees and under them."

Truly Holland is under many great and serious disadvantages, yet, as a people most persevering and never seriously discouraged. The very fact of the existence of Amsterdam under the above circumstances is an evidence, and a most convincing as well as most astonishing one, of the power of unyielding industry, to which there seems no limit with these people.

Also, on my referring to how much I had seen that was old and wonderful since I am on this side of the Atlantic, while in our country there is but little, along the line of civilization at least, of the antique which gives a charm to so much that tourists see in Europe. "Yes, yours is a new country." Mentally I echoed, yes, I know, as the thought of her seventieth birthday just at hand flashed to my mind—"And we seem old, but when you get further into Europe,—into the German countries where, Geographically, they have had a hold for ages, you will see much that is truly ancient." And this seems surely so, for, as history is looked into one need not go far back for the origin of Amsterdam, not much if any beyond the thirteenth century I believe; a fisherman's village about that time.

The name originally Amstel-redam from the river Amstel, and the dyke or dam, the name Amstel from a nobleman, Count Amstel, a man of large means and influence who located there, building himself a castle and drawing others. The river Amstel runs through the part of city.

We reached Haarlem about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, stopping with relatives of one of our number, and through our brief stay obtained I think a true idea of an almost ideal Dutch home. The family are evidently people of wealth, their house handsomely and stylishly furnished, but in perfect taste, while their home habits and conduct are those of true refinement.

We spent part of this very agreeable summer evening walking leisurely through some of the leading streets, and in the parks, observing the people and enjoying the music, several bands were playing. Returning to our friend's house we were glad to rest.

I do not wish to grow remiss in the matter of my "Journal," but at the end of a day's busy sight-seeing when I wish so much to rest, it is a weariness to pick up the pencil, and I sometimes mentally argue the matter as to the need for so much detailed writing about our going from place to place, assuring myself that, with the clear, vivid impressions I cannot forget. And again, as experience has already given intimations, new scenes following and still following, the first gradually weaken in the memory, and they, with interesting local associations connected with them will be hard to recall, while, if written down no difficulty can exist to trouble the memory in the future. The latter thought has weight, and picking up the pencil I renew the work with an industry which I imagine Dr. Johnston would fully approve, and which I question if Peppys himself could out do!

July 2nd.—I had a sound, refreshing sleep, and slept far into the morning. The kind lady of the house knowing yesterday had taxed us, especially indulged me. Her gentle tap at my door with the friendly question "Gut geschlafen?" awoke me, and at once gave me an inkling of the situation. I hurried down stairs; every one had eaten breakfast; a rich portion reserved for me. How kind to a

perfect stranger have these people been! We early took an extended walk through the city. It has a population of some 25,000. A rather plain city, with the odd, old time look which the style of architecture more than anything else, I think, gives. There is much to draw attention and interest one. More than all else the great cathedral of St. Bavon is the leading attraction. Its wondrous organ with, as we are told, eight thousand pipes, some say less, and sixty or more registers, is said to be the largest in northern Europe.

For the gratification and enjoyment of the people—the public in general—the organ for several weeks during this season is played three or four days of the week in the afternoon, this, fortunately being one of the afternoons we gladly attended. The organist is an aged man and blind.

The interior of the church is vast. Space and distance abound. Waiting for the music to begin I gazed from wall to wall, from nave to transept and back and forth through the line of columns running along the length, and wondered wherefore such a waste of space! Why confine so much of what should have continued outside air and light within brick walls! But again, I reflected this church was built ages ago and not for the present day worship. The people were rapidly gathering in, high and lowly, from city and country, natives and foreigners, all crowd in to enjoy this rare treat,—free to all,—no entrance fee. The crowd was tremendous; every inch of sitting and standing room occupied! After all the apparently great waste of space was only overhead. The first tones fairly take one's breath, deep beyond conception, slowly rolling and rising and swelling and pealing they bewilder and overwhelm, but as the wondrous sounds took form in the beauty of the richest music, and the mind toned down and became thoroughly receptive, the enjoyment was complete. All is beyond the power of telling. The last performance the "Thunder Storm,"—Ah, why did I question as to space overhead! No matter of wonder that the people crowd in and in profound silence listen, and with quiet subdued manner walk out and away!

On leaving the church we renewed our walks and sight-

seeing. We were taken to the "*Hout* or Haarlem Wood" to look at the monument erected to the memory of Laurens Janzoon Caster or Koster on the spot where early in the fifteenth century, 1423, perhaps, during a Sunday afternoon stroll it is related he amused himself cutting figures and letters on the body of a beech tree which at once suggested to his mind the idea of wooden letters or wooden type, which he afterwards cut out and printed several pages. A workman in his employ carried the secret away with him to Mayence or Mainz. This information was detailed to us while looking at the monument and surroundings. Several German cities Mayence and others claiming the honor of the invention, pronounce Caster a myth, and I believe always have, but at the present day I think the public generally accept Caster as the inventor of the wooden type, and accord to Guttenberg and Schäfer the completion of the invention from the wooden blocks to the metal and movable type. The contention however between the cities for the honor of the original invention goes on, and will no doubt to the end of time, while the world with unlimited gratitude will continue to reap the benefit of the invention of an art more useful and enjoyable than any other in the possession of humanity.

Late in the afternoon we took the cars for The Hague, (La Haye, 'sGraavenhage) the capital city, greatly surpassing Amsterdam and Haarlem. A city seemingly of ease, and leisure and refinement, and free from the oppressing influence always resulting from the necessity of toil and worry, and competition in trade and labor, and yet full of healthy, cheerful life and activity. Under this happy phase reminding one of the individuals abundantly supplied with wealth and leisure, needing only to give thought to their own lives and the enjoyment of them.

At the end of this our one day in the lovely city, I write this conclusion, admitting that through previous conversations with friends my mind was the more ready to take in the facts speedily made plain by observation. The location of the city was originally a hunting seat, proving its very beginning founded on ease and self enjoyment.

It is comparatively a small city, population about sixty

thousand, the seat of the General Government, and the leading home of royalty. It is said to be one of the most handsome, best built and cleanest cities in Europe. Fine residences abound, and, as in Amsterdam and Haarlem, excepting the two or three in the former of freestone, all are of brick. And as appearances seem to show improvements wherever we have been, somewhat less so perhaps in Haarlem, the "Come, let us make brick," might be a standing call of need. Stone and native wood are scarce, but nature always provides, and here has substituted abundantly an excellent clay from which they industriously "make brick and burn them thoroughly," and rear their buildings, most desirable buildings, handsome in style and often richly ornamented, for the Hollanders are adepts in applying art. All this with the accessories of smooth, often very wide, delightfully shaded and always clean streets, avenues running through the middle with the carriage roads on either side, justifies all that has been said in praise of the city. Also, we can have no doubt in pronouncing it "one of the most handsome cities in Europe." The Parks greatly surpass those of Haarlem, which, while there, we so much admired. A beautiful little lake, the Vi—well, I have forgotten the name; and further, I should be unequal to the orthography of it, though only of six letters, and then, too, I could not pronounce it—I pronounce nothing here; I find myself mentally trying sometimes, but vocally never. This little lake is a gem, regarded as one of the attractions of the city. On the edge of it stands the curious, strange-looking old palace of the Binnenhof. Near this palace, or its precincts, is the famed museum in the Mauritshuis (Maurice House), formerly the palace of Prince Maurice of Nassau. Here are treasured and exhibited some of the best and most famed pictures of the Dutch school of art. Ours was the only group of persons on hand to be taken through at that hour, and had, as it were, the guide quite to ourselves, and unobstructed views of the paintings. As the guide's hands and words directed we looked at one and another of the works of genius, and then paused with him before that world-famed picture of Potter, "The Young Bull." Some one has said, "It is not a specially attractive picture, but so

true to life one must admire it." De Amicis, the Italian writer, says of it, "It lives, it breathes;—with this bull Paul Potter has written the true *Idyl of Holland*." Napoleon Bonaparte recognized its superior merits when, in foraging through Europe, he carried this painting amongst his spoils back to Paris, although we are informed Holland pleadingly offered \$40,000 to have it left here. In the Louvre it was recognized the fourth in merit amongst the great collection there during the time it was held possession of. With decided gusto the guide related to us of his, on one occasion conducting a party through the gallery, amongst whom a young man conspicuously professing himself an able critic, declared as he walked up to the picture to brush a fly off the bull, that he could not understand the foolish enthusiasm over such ordinary work, that—but the fly did not move! It must be a dead fly, as he quite touched it to rub it off; lo! the fly was neither a live nor a dead one—the genius who painted the bull painted the little fly so perfectly natural on the side of that wondrously lifelike animal as to thoroughly deceive and suddenly abash that would-be critic. The picture represents a true Holland scene, a group of cattle with the bull conspicuously in the foreground.

The ride back to Zeist on an early evening train was a pleasant one. The evening leisure of the peasantry gives them opportunity to gather more or less at the stations to enjoy the diversion of the trains coming in and going out. They, the peasantry, are always an interesting and mostly picturesque sight, and their unconsciousness of the fact leaving them natural in manner and conduct. Also, they always seem orderly and well behaved.

I have enjoyed Holland. I came with no anticipations, as the visit and sojourn were not on my list of expectations. I came, too, with a mind healthy and unprejudiced toward the country and people; I found the country full of surprises, full of the unexpected, and it is, I think, the unexpected more than the anticipated which usually yields the pleasure. Although Coleridge may not have greatly admired Holland and its people, he was evidently impressed with the country when he suggested that "Holland and the Netherlands ought to be seen once by all travelers,

because there is no other country like it—a *country made by man!*"

History urges upon us the idea that the character of a country impresses itself invariably upon its people. That one possessing the variety of rugged mountain, hill and valley, creates more of pride and of enthusiasm, and stronger love of country than a dull, flat, unvaried country can possibly do. I imagine this cannot apply to Holland, with its flat, unbroken surface, void of the slightest semblance of mountain or hill. And yet, if not a jubilant, self-extolling people, they are a home-abiding, a home and country loving people, furnishing but few if any emigrants seeking some other country, one in which they could prosper more or love better. I conclude the above theory somewhat at fault.

ZEIST, 7th July, 1846.

Our time for leaving Zeist is at hand. To-morrow we bid good-bye. It is not merely a feeling of sentiment that influences me, but one of sincere appreciation and regret in parting from those who have been so courteous and kind to me, and whom I shall see no more.

HERRNHUT, KINGDOM OF SAXONY,
31st July, 1846.

After a week of travel we are here! A week of unbroken travel over hills and through valleys, across "Bäche," brooks, and rivers, through "Districts," "Duchies," "Principalities" and "Kingdoms," or, summing all together, a week's travel through Germany. Germany, however, being more of an expression, an indefinite "Geographical Expression," under which the distinctive divisions referred to come, and governed by rulers of as many distinctive titles. We journeyed from the western far toward the eastern borders, comprising many miles, and through a great variety of scenes. "Dörfer" and larger towns so old time that it seemed as if in a dream we were riding straight through antiquity, and again through cities, while apparently steadfastly retaining much of the old, gave strong showing of modern life and new industries. And the variations as numerous and wonderful of people, and language, and costumes, and habits of

life were an attractive and curious study. The odd dialect differs some, often indeed greatly in each district. Every thing we saw was new to me, and more or less attractive and diverting, relieving very much the tedium of the long rides. Nothing was familiar or homelike through day and night but the sun and clouds, and the moon and stars.

We traveled "per Post" perhaps two-thirds of the way. Railroads are as yet only here and there, and of necessity we had to resort to traveling in coaches per horses.

It is said if you wish satisfactorily to see a country "walk through it." I imagine that for such result the mode which we adopted comes very near the "walking through it." "Traveling Post," in the years long past, fulfilled the idea of speed; but after some experience in steam traveling imagine the difference when hundreds of miles are taken into the thought, with post horses!

Railroads are being constructed, and eventually will be running in many directions across the wide country, but as yet in many districts, as one gentleman, a German, facetiously explained, "The steam is still in the tea-kettles." I believe we branched considerably off from the usual route of travelers or tourists. In order to the sooner reach and secure the benefit of a partially finished railroad at Hanover we journeyed considerably northward.

We left Zeist on Wednesday morning, the 8th, accompanied by Rev. and Mrs. Bellwitz and Miss von Dalman, increasing our number to ten. An hour's ride in the cars took us to *Arnheim*, a town of considerable size, situated towards the eastern border of Holland. It rained steadily all the way. Here we took dinner. The long table was crowded with travelers, Dutch and German, full of life and animation, and free and cordial in conversation. We hastened from the dining room to the omnibus waiting to convey all going eastward to the steamboat. The one conveyance and the crowd rushing from the hotel toward it suggested a problem! Ushered in first, as it merely happened, and taking our seats at the extreme end, we had time and good opportunity to observe the others eagerly pushing in, the decided physiognomies, and the various expressions of countenances, some thoroughly good-humored, others fretted and vexed.

Finally, with laughing from some and scolding from others, all were accommodated, two standing outside on the drooping steps, and the baggage of the whole company overhead—imagine the strength of that conveyance! We started for the steamboat half a mile away. Towards evening we arrived at *Emmerich*, and there spent our first night in Prussia. Here our baggage was submitted to another examination and our passports received their second stamping or legal certification from the authorities.

After tea several of us took a walk through two or three different streets of the town, finding however little to interest we soon returned to the hotel. Two young girls, "strolling musicians," wandering from house to house each with a harp, had just entered and commenced playing, sweetly accompanying the instruments with song, which gave us a half hour's enjoyable entertainment.

Early on the following morning we again took the steamboat. The morning was bright and glowing after a hard rain during the night. The country along the line of the river was rather monotonous. The passengers seemed cheery, engaging readily in conversation with each other. Friendliness and sociability seem prominent characteristics of the German people, as they were of the Dutch. After a two hour's ride from *Emmerich* we landed at *Wesel*.

Our stop at *Wesel* was brief, and naturally we could not see much of the place. It is a fortified city here in Rhenish Prussia, situated at the confluence of the small river Lippe with the Rhine.

There our new mode of travel began. We at once took "*Post*" and moved onward, not "from Media Post to Egypt," but from *Wesel* towards some mysterious somewhere. For the time my comprehension was at fault, and to me we seemed utterly adrift. However, ample knowledge existed in our midst and my mind was not disturbed.

Already I realized the variety of foreign travel—travel on the Continent where a day's journey takes one into a different country and amongst a different people, using a different language, and garbed in different costumes. During twenty-four hours the low lands of Holland gradually receding gave place to gently rising ground, and as we moved along,

easily-ascended hills and wide valleys early gave me an agreeable idea of the general aspect of the country of Central Europe. The soil, quite naturally, is more or less diversified. But husbandry, as I understand it, seems at its height all through, the land showing cultivation carried on with thorough knowledge of farming. But you are wondering as to how "traveling Post" impressed me. Like so much of our experience, it was new to me. As the horses in their trappings were brought out, and the drivers, "Postillions" I think I dare not term them, as they did not sit on the horses to drive, but on the seats, with their horns attached to cords swung round their necks, waiting for us to get into the ponderously built conveyances, all standing in their completeness for the onward journey, I saw before me a new picture, old-time enough as a whole and in detail, but as new and curious to me as if originated but a week before. We climbed up and into the conveyances and were off. We early gave attention to and passed comment upon the roads—the "*Chaussées*"—turnpikes, splendidly macadamized. As memory flew back to the dear home land and recalled some roughly jolting turnpikes and the dirt-packed township roads, good and agreeable in fine weather, but during Spring and late Autumn intolerable, almost impassable miry quagmires, while in extremely dry weather one thinks of the simoons of Sahara. Rapidly reviewing these facts we readily admitted our people could, with advantage, study the art of road making here.

The sturdy old Romans impressed a lasting benefit upon modern Europe through their attention to road making, and consequently the public roads, the great highways between the leading centers here, as well as the minor roadways are a national concern. Government officials attend to the *Strassenbau*, the building and care of these roads. Smooth and even almost as floors, they are wonders of skillful work. Of generous width, raised, if on low levels, above the adjoining ground, with trenches for draining, and where masonry is necessary for culverts or other purposes, there is no danger of weakness. Firm, solid work is compelled from those employed. The sides of the road wherever they slope, are covered with sod, having a pretty effect, but

more with the idea of saving them during heavy rains. The crowning finish as we look ahead and glance backward is the miles of trees planted in beautiful line along the sides of the roads. Here and there long stretches of Lombardy Poplar, then again of Maple or other, and again fruit trees abundantly continue the line. At the end of every mile or two one sees a small bank or bench of clay covered with sod, on which now and again a weary foot-traveler would be seen resting. The whole of the long ride from Wesel to Hanover city was over a road as perfect—applying the term perfect does not seem to me an exaggeration—as I have here tried to describe.

The material in the way of little heaps or ridges of coarsely broken stone piled here and there along the sides of the road for repairs is always in sight, ready for the road-repairers to break fine. As we rode along we would observe here and there men busy breaking up the coarse stone, which, it being men's work, seemed the correct thing. But after passing several such groups of them busy with their hammers, but who very naturally took time for a moment's glance at us in our two conveyances and the accumulated baggage on the tops or roofs of them, we saw at one spot, at work all alone, with heavy hammer in hand stooping over the ridge of stone, pounding and breaking them fine, in worn, faded garb, with handkerchief cornered and drawn over head and ears, and tied under her chin, a woman! Never raising her eyes, nor turning her head the slightest to give us one glance! Too busy breaking stones to repair the road that we and others might ride with ease and comfort over it! "Poor soul!" "Too bad!" "A *Woman* breaking stones on this Grand old highway!" were our various exclamations. What can she know of hope, of any of the cheering sensations that sometimes touch and enliven the human heart and mind, that brighten life and ease labor! "She is trying, with her few Pfennig of pay, to keep the pot boiling on some lowly hearth not far away," said one of our company with a smile a shade sad, for we all appreciated the pitiable sight.

Just then one of the unattractive "Dörfer"—villages—of which we passed so many along that extended highway,

came in view, and almost immediately the declining sun fell upon the faded, old-time buildings, beautifying them beyond all human touch, and giving a picture which brought from us earnest exclamations. The beauty was ours to enjoy, but no amelioration nor softening did that glorifying sun touch bring into the hard, everyday experience of those lowly people, whose lives from beginning to end run through such a narrow, soul crushing groove! Before we reached the village the beauty had faded away, and the final impression, the one which remained with us as we drove on, was that of the old, weather-worn, time stained buildings, with the tired looking women seen through the open doors, or going in and out and the poorly clad, quiet little children playing about, and stopping to gaze in wonder as we passed, all of which sombre picture will long continue a memory in my mind.

Very many of the villages give evidence of poverty, and hard, unvarying living. Every thing looks old. No improvements in the way of building or repairs. All seems hopelessly stagnant. Upon the whole, the German peasantry and the German villages, at least those which we saw, compare very unfavorably with those of Holland.

Now and then we would suddenly come upon a man or two or a woman, and again a couple of half clad children, all indeed most indigent, and miserably clothed and mostly barefoot, who would follow us quite a distance with outstretched hands begging alms; most pitiable creatures, all of them.

The land is mostly divided off into small plots—patches,—often apparently no larger than a Pennsylvania domestic garden with the various products of the country, grains and vegetables. No fences are seen anywhere. We would see here and there a shepherd watching his flock on some grass plot or low hill side, and frequently a boy, sometimes a girl, sometimes a woman, with her knitting watching one or two cows grazing, or a flock of geese to keep them off the neighboring patch or tract.

We reached Münster the Capital City of the Province about 11 o'clock on the evening of the same day on which we left Wesel, and started on our journey again the

next morning. Münster is a strongly fortified city, and has a decided prominence in history. Here was signed one of the two noted "Treaties of Westphalia"—the final treaty—a little less than two hundred years ago, October, 1648, and which terminated the "Thirty Years' War." A Congress commencing negotiations for this "Peace" having been held here some five years previous. We stopped over night at the "Münsterischen Hof"—Hotel Münster. A handsome folding card, printed specially for the hotel was handed me by the proprietor just as we were about to leave in the morning. On the outside of the card is a very interesting perspective of the city. Inside a clear map of it with the strong wall minutely defined, and the leading buildings of the city named with a few words of description and information. I will keep the card as a memory of our brief stop here.

The city is situated near the Ems river, and was in ancient days the capital of the sovereign Bishopric of Münster as it is now the capital of the Province. Münster is also somewhat noted for its manufactories, and as a city of considerable trade. Also here is largely carried on the trade in the almost world famed "Westphalia hams," of which, naturally, we had some for breakfast. We much regretted we could not see more of the historic, old time city,—the Grand old Cathedral, the noted church of St. Lambert, and the prominent Gothic-built "*Rathaus*" or City Hall in which, is the "*Frieden Saal*" or Peace Chamber wherein the historic "Peace of Westphalia" was signed, but, with still much of our journey before us we dared not delay.

As you will have gathered from my statements we usually rode late into the night, which was, beside the time gained, and a helpful advance toward the end of our "travelling Post," thoroughly enjoyable. The weather was pleasant, and the evenings charmingly moonlight. Our coachmen or drivers would occasionally break the silence by music from their bugles, really sweet toned and well performed, which pleasantly diverted and entertained us. Thus, aside from the weariness of sitting, the long, long ride was not entirely monotonous, or void of enjoyment.

Also, it will further interest as well as amuse you I think, to learn that at the "relays" every certain number of miles—the change of coachmen as well as horses and conveyances, we would sometimes, as at first starting, be furnished with two conveyances, then at another change one conveyance with *two* apartments, and again one conveyance with *three* apartments! Picture in your mind if you can, the build and style of either of the latter two! Four horses in place of two were furnished when we were all in one conveyance.

Leaving Münster early we lost no time on the way, and late in the afternoon passed through "Porta Westphalica"—"The Door of Westphalia," a narrow pass through two mountains or a peculiar break or opening through the range, affording room for the unobstructed continuation of the road from Westphalia into the kingdom of Hanover.

We spent the night at the old, time-worn and also fortified city of Minden situated on the river Weser. The city is somewhat prominent in manufactories, most notably that of pottery. Early on the following morning, the 12th, Sunday, we were again on our way, our direct destination being the city of Hanover about forty miles distant, and reaching there in the afternoon. After a much enjoyed dinner and a refreshing rest, we, as was our habit, started for a walk to see somewhat of the city.

Observing a crowd of people all moving hurriedly in one direction, and with one aim apparently, we almost unconsciously followed and soon came upon a large gathering collected in an enclosure, one of the Parks, I judged, and where what seemed a large Fair was being held. The people full of life and animation gladly, as it seemed, joining in the amusements of dancing, promenading and so on. The citizens of Hanover are, judging from that, not scrupulous as to the manner of spending the Sunday, and literally live out the idea that "the Sabbath was made for man," for use according to his own feelings. Under the abiding influence of my Presbyterian instruction I could not take home to my mind this idea of Sabbath enjoyment.

I do not conclude that these people with conscious disregard transpose the day from a holy day into a genuinely

merry holiday. Long time custom and lack of restraining influence must perhaps be borne in mind. Also under the consideration that the Germans as a people, are a hard-working class, one is led to judge them with some additional liberality. The six working days are working days indeed, days of toil and close confinement to mostly hard, unrelaxing labor, and when the seventh is at hand, the leading thought is rest, if this active gaiety can be associated with that word, and recreation, the churches lose favor, and before realizing it they have ceased to be a church-going people. True, many of that crowd may have been at church in the morning. But, under any view, this manner of Sabbath enjoyment made an impression upon me.

The Lutheran religion I am informed, prevails mostly in the kingdom of Hanover, but, as I am also told, there are a large number of Calvinists, some Moravians and Mennonites, and numerous Jews.

Hanover, situated on the river Leine is a handsome city of some forty thousand inhabitants. The influence of English rule we concluded was in evidence, and we heard during our brief stay more English spoken, than I think we may in proportion hear in any other city which it may be our fortunate fate to visit on the Continent. The royal palace is a handsome building, besides there seemed so many beautiful private residences. We retired early and rested well, prepared for an early morning start. We were indeed glad for the change in our mode of travel. Taking the cars very early in the morning, Monday the 13th, we were soon flying,—it seemed like flying after our long rides by "Post"—over the country. The passenger cars or coaches on the continent are, as in England, divided into compartments, and in that detail differ widely and unfavorably from ours at home.

After a ride of about forty miles south-eastward we reached the city of Brunswick,—(the German orthography and pronunciation Braunschweig) in the duchy of Brunswick.

Brunswick city is situated on the Ocker river. I remember it, as in geographical history we were informed, one of the, in the early ages—Middle Ages,—leading cities of the

famed Hanseatic League. We are informed the city is more than ordinarily rich in ancient monumental architecture and of which is the church of St. Basil, founded in 1172. We wished much for, if but a few hours here to spend in the city but we could not delay. At this point, Brunswick, we changed cars, and after a cup of coffee in the depot-salon where ample facilities for lunch were provided, were soon again flying onward.

While yet at a distance from the city of Magdeburg,—capital of the former duchy of Magdeburg, now of the *Province* of Saxony and situated on the east side of the Elbe, we saw far above the city walls, and turrets, and steeples, and roofs, and trees the high pointed spires of the famed Gothic Cathedral, said to be a surpassingly handsome structure, built between the years 1200 and 1350, and was entirely unharmed when so much of the city was burned by the conflagration from that terrible storming of the city in 1631. Oh, what a history has Europe!

Our train was soon gliding outside the walls of the massively fortified city, stopping only for the usual exchange of passengers, and then again hurrying on over the plane towards Leipzig.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we stopped off at Gnadau, a Moravian town of some six hundred inhabitants, about half way between Magdeburg and Leipzig. We enjoyed the calm quiet of the place, the true Moravian atmosphere prevailing. Rev. and Mrs. Bellwitz had friends and acquaintances amongst the people here. We were all cordially received and pleasantly entertained, were shown much that was interesting, the church and other leading buildings specially appertaining to a Moravian town. In the large "Saal" the "Prayer Hall" of one of the buildings we felt much interest in looking over the long rows of portraits of some of the many Moravian men and women who were prominent as some of the leaders and helpers at various times all through the earlier and later periods of the church. The calm, sweet female faces pictured represent each a once earnest, loving worker, full of spiritual devotion, self-denial, and efforts for good in whatever direction the Moravian lines were thrown out, and which to an extent

find acknowledgment here, the names and former position being noted under each portrait.

Also, at the present day in that quiet town almost lost one might conclude in the very heart of Europe, is regularly received and acted upon, knowledge of their far away Missions in Greenland, the West Indies, South Africa and others, besides their quiet but active work at home in the way of close attention to the education and culture of those under their charge in their schools for young ladies and children.

Having again the advantage of an early train on Tuesday morning we had encouraging hope of reaching Herrnhut in the evening. With adieu to the kind friends of Gnadau, we hurriedly boarded the train and were again on our way. On and on, and Leipsic—or, again giving the native orthography and pronunciation *Leipzig*—was reached. There we made no more than an ordinary stop, and then rushed on towards Dresden still seventy miles distant. Our whole course from Hanover has been south-eastward. The country for a long distance until nearing Dresden, beautiful Dresden, is level, and but for the numerous large towns and many villages through which we passed and saw in the distance showing a thickly populated kingdom, and the fine looking well-tilled surface of the land, might have seemed dull and monotonous, but on the contrary was extremely interesting.

I was kept continually on the alert to observe all I could, and get some sure idea as we hurried along, of these old, but to me very new, far away countries.

We saw quite clearly in the distance the city of Meissen situated on the Elbe about fourteen miles from Dresden, and widely noted for its manufacture of surpassingly fine porcelain, the manufactory established early in the last century, utilizing for the purpose we are told, (having read considerably of the city, I am glad for the information volunteered me as we journey along),—the very ancient, immense castle once the residence of the *Margraves*, for Meissen has an old time history as once the capital city of the Margraviate of Meissen.

Also in our conversation we comment upon the fact of

this country of Germany being so peculiarly divided or cut up into variously ruled divisions,—Principalities, Duchies, Electorates and so on, and giving such irregular outline, and some parts of a district entirely cut off and lying between other territories, making the map of the country very confusing to a foreigner, especially one accustomed to the well defined, clearly outlined map of the United States which seems so easy to study and understand.

I do not know that the term *Margraviate*, originally comprising the section of county along an extensive frontier, with an appointed ruler, who as Margrave ranked high politically and socially equally with princes,—has any longer any significance. Also, we note the spires of the Cathedral, and through it was given us some further details of the city's history, as once the seat of an ancient Catholic Bishopric existing until late in the sixteenth century. The Cathedral was described to me as, though very ancient still standing in perfection in its supreme grandeur of Grecian Architecture. Oh, those sublime old Cathedrals! built to endure and standing in solemn grandeur over all Europe! Built too, with an expanse for hundreds and thousands to worship in. Certainly religion and faith were not lacking. Ah, those mysterious "Middle Ages!" when, as some assert, "praying and fighting" were the alternate of life! Surely opportunity was provided for the former.

The spire of the Meissen Cathedral is in the same style, but considered not so fine as the spire at Freiburg which latter is pronounced the finest in Germany. The spire is a leading feature in Gothic Architecture. I believe I will see nothing that will so impress me as have the grand old Cathedrals and their airy spires, and those marvellously colored windows! Is there anything amongst all the inventions and works of men to equal them!

Stop of train was made at Dresden for refreshments. Here as at the city of Brunswick and at the depots of places of note all along the way, where stops for lunch or refreshments were made, were long saloons filled with small tables and chairs, abounding refreshments and ready servants for the benefit of the traveler during the brief delay.

Soon we were again speeding along,—on to Bautzen, at

which city the rail-road at present terminates, but is rapidly being finished to completion on to Löbau, Herrnhut and further southeastward, southeastward as before intimated, being our steady course from Dresden to Herrnhut, our final destination, and which, through our greatly appreciated rail-road opportunities, we had been rapidly nearing.

Bautzen, in early years officially termed *Budissin*, we are informed, is situated on the river Spree about thirty miles distant from Dresden, and has a population of about ten thousand. As we neared the city I had a good view of the old and very interesting looking Castle of Ortenberg, built on the rocky heights at the northern end of the city. Also here is the battle ground of a victory of Napoleon in May, 1813. Where did not that war genius roam and fight before fate finally tripped him at Waterloo!

Anxious, to reach, if possible, Herrnhut the same night, we could permit ourselves no delay at Bautzen, although, as we were informed, it is a city of much interest, having some noted buildings, and large manufactories, notably of superior linens, large paper works and so on. Industries seem to abound. At Bautzen we again resorted to "Traveling Post" on to Herrnhut.

At Hochkirch, about five miles southeast of Bautzen, we came in touch with a reminder of the "Seven Years' War." Here the Prussians were defeated on October 14th, I think, 1748. Our coachman drove slowly and pointed out to us the cannon balls deeply imbedded in the walls of the church, and also in the walls of the hotel a trifle further on, and which are all left undisturbed. The name of the town is derived from the church and is well named *Hochkirch*,—High Church—because of its elevation, the town being located on very high ground, sloping pleasantly to the level and the church closely edging on the road stands on the highest elevation. Passing through the village on that calm evening of the 14th of July, 1846, the quiet tone of the evening and the fading sunlight overshadowing it and the wide country around, it was hard to realize it the scene of that historical conflict within a fraction of one hundred years ago!

Passing quietly through the small city of Löbau, situated

about fourteen miles southeast of Bautzen, and noted for its active trade in fine cloth and linen, we hurried on over the remaining few miles, and reached Herrnhut, the extreme limit of our journey, about ten o'clock in the evening.

Herrnhut, the original seat of the Moravians, a town of about twelve hundred inhabitants, is situated in a most charming section of country between the cities of Löbau and Zittau. One drops into many very enjoyable walks around the town, and from the "Altan," on the summit of a near hill,— "The Heinrich's Berg,"—of easy access, the eye taking in a most beautiful view of distant mountains, valleys, streams and villages, and low encircling hills. Beyond all a far distant peak of the Giant mountains is clearly discernible.

With a wee German maiden for my companion, and whose polite manner and intelligent chat when she sees I am not writing, quite win me. I enjoy from my comfortable resting place on this same "Altan" the fine outlook. I recall that which I have read historically of this people, and further learned since in their midst, and making note of it may interest you.

Their church organization previous to the settling of one of the colonies here in 1722, dating back to 1457, but whose original conversion running much further into the past, reaches those long persecuted, cruelly driven people who, enlightened by the rays emanating from the teachings of Wickliffe and Huss learned and persistently held on to "The Truth which made them free," and who, though suffering disruption, and perpetually driven from point to point, seeking refuge under more friendly governments, were never entirely disbanded.

Colonies settled in Poland, Bohemia, Moravia and elsewhere. It was a colony of those Christian worshippers, barely over twelve in number from Moravia,—hence the name Moravian,—to whom that humane, pious man, Count Zinzendorf, offered here in Saxony a tract on one of his large estates,—the Estate of Berthelsdorf,—the tract then an uncultivated section, now a hint of paradisiacal beauty.

Looking out over the peaceful charming prospect, and recalling their long, distressing unrest, I am thinking of the abounding gratitude with which they must have accepted

the good Count's offer, and of how truly they could have adopted our pretty Indian motto,—“Here we rest.” Their consistent, appropriate Scripture mottoes, however, seem more thoroughly in place. “In an acceptable time have I heard thee.” And “In a day of salvation have I helped thee.” And again, “Your heart shall rejoice, and your joy shall no man take from you.”

Count Zinzendorf was the son of a Saxon Minister of State, and was born in Dresden. A mere child yet when his father died, he was brought up by his grandmother, the Baroness Gersdorf, a highly educated, Christian woman. Grown to manhood the Count had no inclination towards politics, the pious influence of his bringing up steadily clinging to him through all his earlier years,—his student life at Halle, and afterwards at Wittenberg. And later on when he, by accident as it were, met one of those persecuted members, Christian David of the original sect of Moravian Christians, and learned from him of the situation of his distressed brethren the Count invited them to locate on this section of the Berthelsdorf estate.

In thus befriending those people Count Zinzendorf was in no sense ambitious to become the founder of a new sect, nor as such has he ever been recognized, but came into view as a Christian sympathizer, patron and protector, to those sorely tried, patient ones, and at once becoming one of them, an earnest, capable leader and worker with them,

At the very start, in settling here, the Moravians gave evidence of their interpretation of Christ's religion by their quiet, but earnest, untiring industry in good works, and in aiding and hastening the missionaries to “Go forth; to them that are in darkness,” winning the confidence and favor of those in whose midst they were at last so happily and restfully located.

I am here, as I was in Zeist, pleasantly and comfortably located in the building in which is the Young Ladies' School. The main part of the building with two extended wings chiefly enclose the large court or yard entered from the street. The building is a very large one of marked appearance and of leading importance as furnishing room for many required purposes. The school rooms, “Sisters’”

rooms, official rooms in which the superintending sisters hold their meetings and so on.

One of the rooms is retained by the Countess Einsiedel, head official "Haupt Pflegerin," who comes not daily but once or twice a week perhaps, from her private residence in the town to meet here with the other sister officials in charge, to receive information and discuss the duties and requirements of the institution in its various branches. The Countess, who has long been a Moravian,—perhaps all her life,—of this I have not learned, is deeply interested in the duties and works of the Church, is elderly, seems to me indeed quite aged. I had been informed of the Countess, and, as was sometimes her habit when strangers sojourned here for a time, that she would no doubt send some day for me to come to her in her room when in the building, and which, after a time, she did.

The "Sister" bringing me the intimation conducted me thither, and after introducing me retired. Seated on a low settee the Countess extended her hand, and directing me to a low chair near her, at once in quiet tone commenced conversation. She gives the impression somewhat of rigidity of manner and habit, yet one is immediately conscious of a measure of kindness. At once she questioned me in a friendly way concerning my home, my parents and family, commending my courage in thus, in my early years, "die jungen Jahre," taking so far a journey. She seemed interested and pleased at my expression of enjoyment of my school-life at "Linden Hall," the Moravian Young Ladies' Boarding School in Lititz. "But you are not Moravians," she replied, meaning my parents and self.

"Ah," I said, "that is quite a secondary consideration. The Moravian schools are mostly filled with pupils from other Church denominations. Of the over one hundred and twenty boarding pupils at Lititz scarcely six were Moravians. As the other Protestant Churches have as yet but few boarding schools with us, parents readily avail themselves of the opportunities the Moravian schools afford."

Continuing, the lady suggested that, now that I was in Germany, would I not like to remain a year and continue my education in this country! I explained that my parents had decided I should return with Mr. Frueauff's.

On my rising to leave, the Countess also rose from her seat, slowly crossing the room to the door with me, possibly to relieve me from the thought of some exercise of ceremony on my part at leave taking. Kindly consideration and a superior manner of behavior predominates with high and low. This is very noticeable, and nothing is more agreeably pleasing.

I saw no more of the Countess Einsiedel, excepting on one or two Sabbaths I saw her sitting with the other lady officials and minister's wives on the pulpit platform and facing the audience. It is one of the church rules or customs that those ladies in their official capacity occupy those seats on the platform during church service on Sundays.

The church service here naturally is in the German language, the audience chiefly Moravians, at times quite a number of country people in their peasant costumes, chiefly Lutherans, church-loving people, who, when possibly having no preaching in their own little church, which I observed standing amongst the trees in the western end of the village of Berthelsdorf, come to service here. Sedate, earnest people, cordially recognized and courteously treated by the congregation.

The Moravian Sisters here still wear, as they do in Zeist and in all the Moravian towns in Europe, I think, the little white caps adopted in an earlier day, and which detail of church requirement was discontinued by the Moravian Church in America early in the century, in 1818, I think. They are small white caps, resting lightly on the head, with the identifying colored ribbons looped under the chin; white worn by widows, blue by married ladies, pink by unmarried ladies over eighteen, and the young girls, beginning at twelve years of age, wear crimson. These caps are of peculiar make or formation, and are only worn on church occasions and not in daily life.

The burying ground, "Gottesacker," a large piece of ground on the broad slope of a hill, the "Hutberg," with its walks, which are kept in perfect order, and shaded by the great, beautiful linden trees, is as charming a spot, more beautiful indeed than any I have ever seen, for the resting dead, and as any can be conceived. In the center of the

ground are the graves of Count Zinzendorf and his two wives—the Count was twice married, his first wife, Erdmuth Dorothea Countess Reuss; his second, Anna Nitschmann, a lady of marked ability and long a leading worker in the Church before her marriage to the Count. Only in their central location and in their raised tombs of three gray slabs of stone, the inscription on the top one, do these graves differ from all the others. The custom here, as in the burying ground at Lititz, is to bury the dead in the order of their dying, no distinction, except that the male dead are buried in successive rows on one side of the ground, the female on the other side. The small stone slab resting on each mound, with inscription of name, birth and death—sometimes an added verse of Scripture, or a few lines from a hymn—is all the tribute, all that is needed indeed. In referring to this custom of the Moravians in burying their dead, one after another side by side as they die, one can not help the perhaps weak, but very loving human wish to be buried by the side of one's own kin, one's very own.

The view from the "Hutberg" is also very fine, not quite so wide nor comprising so much detail as from the "Heinrich's Berg," but very fine.

"The Berthelsdorf Castle," the once residence of Count Zinzendorf when staying on his estate here, is situated about a quarter of a mile from Herrnhut, only a few minutes walk which I like to take over the well kept, delightfully shaded road.

Mrs. Frueauff's aged father, now more than four-score years, is the senior member of the Educational Department of the Moravian Church, and is appointed to reside there. Berthelsdorf, in conjunction with Herrnhut, is the fountain head of the Moravian Church, and here every ten years the great Synod of the Church is held; then the bishops and leading appointed officials of the Church, in whatever part of the world situated, meet.

Here, in this visit to her aged father, Mrs. F. is enjoying the resulted aim of the long journey over land and sea. Father Frueauff's usually small household, consisting of himself and an unmarried daughter, Miss Louise, and his

grand niece, Miss Theodora Frueauff, is now largely increased through this happy reunion of the aged father with his children and children's children. Mrs. Stengård and husband, Bishop Stengård and two daughters, young ladies grown to womanhood, all from their home in Niesky, a Moravian town of some seven hundred inhabitants, across the border in the Province of Silesia, in Prussia, where Bishop Stengård is pastor, and good Rev. and Mrs. Bellwitz who accompanied us from Zeist, and with Mr. and Mrs. F., children and nurse the gathering is considerable. Father Frueauff is still in good health, remarkably so, with intellect clear and keen and sympathetic, engaging readily in conversation and in harmony with all. Bishop and Mrs. Stengård are well on in years, highly educated and most kindly. The daughters, Miss Ernestine and Amalie, are young ladies of culture, and very cordial and companionable. All are people with whom one feels it a glad enjoyment to be associated.

I was invited to spend the second day after our arrival here with Bishop Herman's family. They are Americans, and it at once seemed homelike as I sat in their midst enjoying their early, sympathetic kindness. The two grown daughters are charming in manner and very patriotic American ladies, loving well their German home and German associates, but looking eagerly forward to their return to America. Bishop Herman was appointed to reside here for a time and then return to American Church supervision and duties. A married daughter, wife of Rev. Emil de Schweinitz, and family live in America.

Mrs. Herman, now a lady nearing or altogether fifty years, repeated to me (I had been informed of the fact previously) her experience when a young lady, as very or entirely similar to my own at present, she making a journey from America to Europe with Rev. Dr. and Mrs. L. D. de Schweinitz (Rev. de Schweinitz a minister of the Moravian Church), as I am now journeying in the care and companionship of Mr. and Mrs. F., their ultimate point then as ours, Herrnhut. Mrs. Herman locating during their stay in the same building, as boarder and lodger, in which I am now so agreeably located.

The Germans lay much stress upon birthdays, always

observing them. Without the faintest idea or slightest thought on my part, mine on Sunday, the 2d, was made pleasantly memorable to me. Meeting one of the teachers in the hall, I, after greetings and an exchange of comments upon the beauty of the morning, incidentally remarked it was my birthday. After thanking the lady for her sympathetic wishes, nothing further was said or intimated. At church in the morning and absent with friends the remainder of the day, I gave no more thought to the birthday. Returning to my room about sunset I was surprised, extremely so, on opening my room door to see the teacher of the morning with a class of girls of the school standing in order, almost encircling the room. The moment I entered they commenced singing a pleasant birthday song, no one looking at me or at each other, but each intent, with sweet, earnest face, void of the slightest shade of amusement or levity, upon her part of the singing. I stood quietly until they had finished, after which was an individual greeting from each, I sincerely, lovingly thanking them for this touching effort to honor my birthday. It was a sweet, kindly act, characteristic of their lives and habit.

I am diligently attending, or trying to, to my music. Am taking lessons from a cousin of Mrs. F.'s, Miss Rudolfine Kölbing, a lady some few years my senior. Miss Kölbing is a charming lady and a fine musician, living here at Herrnhut. She gives me instructions at her home, having an excellent piano. Close attention is given to music here; no careless piano playing is heard, and no indifferent practicing is tolerated. Thoroughness indeed in every branch of study is the continual aim and requirement.

Also, I am trying much to improve in the language. But if I made no effort at all, I could not but gain some under the fact that I hear but little else than German. I like the language, there seems a polish in it as there is in the people using it. Refined and educated people soften into pleasing modulation any language however harsh the original may seem. They listen in the most courteous way to my conversation, expressed in a kind of *pot-pourri* of now and then a sentence in fairly good German, then a word of "low German" or "dialect" picked up somewhere,

and again a liberal sprinkling of "Pennsylvania Dutch," gathered up in my native State, all of which can not but impress them as very droll. The kind of medley one hears in the various "districts" is never heard here. Saxony being distinguished for purity of the German language, I listen in surprise to the pretty and thoroughly correct speaking of the language by the children here, and quite envy them.

One needs to become accustomed to a new style of living before feeling able to testify with justice as to enjoyment or objections. I have a very comfortable and pleasantly located room here in this large, airy building. The furniture is somewhat unique, especially the stove, a high, purely white porcelain-like and peculiarly, if simply constructed piece of work, built evidently "to stay," to stay right here in the room, as these stoves, I am told are, most sensibly too, never, unless grown defective, moved. I am thinking of some stoves at home, in country homes and villages, black and heavy, unadorned and unadorned, shifted about during Spring and Fall housecleanings, adding the proverbial "last straw" to that specially wearying labor. Carpets are not in use, rugs sometimes placed here and there. The floors are kept faultlessly clean. The chairs are comfortable. I frequently see arm chairs, but rockers never. I have seen no rocking chair, I can not recall seeing any since leaving America. This seems odd. The knowledge of their aid, to ease and rest has not yet developed here. I suddenly found myself drawn into championing the merits of that amiable piece of furniture in one of the conversations recently with my new friends in this place, who say they can not comprehend the use of it, or how it came to be invented. I assure them, or try to, that the advantage of the rocking chair can only be learned through the using of it. And that it was not invented for idle women or women overburdened with leisure to rock time away, or perchance by its swing and sway only to soothe her weakened, easily disturbed nerves. But a good rocking chair through its comfortable construction, its easy restful holding of the person and within convenient reach of the really tired woman, helps greatly towards the resting of the body

and the reviving of its strength. And further, that the resting or sitting in it does not in any degree tend to the changing of the erectness of the figure, nor lead to a careless or unlady-like attitude in sitting. Upon these latter points, with great good judgment, much stress is placed here.

The ladies admitted their lack of familiarity with that kind of chair and of knowledge of its benefit as we Americans describe it, disqualified them for a true judging of its merits. One lady laughingly remarked, that, though I gave a very good and earnest explanation of the comfortable use of the rocker, I was in no degree so tart as was her Uncle who came from America to attend the last General Synod, and who seemed so continually to miss his comfortable rocker, that he asserted no country was thoroughly civilized that did not introduce and would not use the rocking chair!

The German food is mostly new to me, and their cookery in many details very different from ours. But I enjoy it. Nothing seems carelessly cooked nor indifferently served. Their meats always nicely done and relishable. No matter where we dine, at hotels or in private families we have soup for dinner, and it seems to me never two alike. We have almost daily as a side dish a certain red berry, the "Preissel-beeren," not common with us, perhaps not known, and to which our cranberry we think comes nearest, smaller somewhat than the cranberry, but prepared in the same way, stewed and well sweetened. I relish them exceedingly. Rye bread, great long rather narrow loaves, is much used, but white wheat bread in the form of small rolls called "Semmel," "Zwieback"—(twice-baked) is a novelty,—then split through the middle and laid back in the oven for a second baking or kind of toasting, hence the name *twice-baked*. They are intended specially to be eaten with coffee. One or two "Zwieback" with a cup of coffee furnish quite a breakfast.

I have made the acquaintance of several of the ladies who having no residence in the town, have their rooms here in the building. I enjoy their society and the benefits I have through their conversation. Miss Louise Kölbing a

cousin of Mrs. F's. also about her age, and a fine painter in water colors, gives me very kindly attention. I go often to her room and work at my painting under her instruction. Much attention is also given to embroidery here. Embroidery on linen is greatly in vogue. Beautiful designs and the finest working of them are constantly seen. The German ladies have always rather led in this refined work. Also embroidery on canvas with the beautiful patterns finished in those bright colored, enduring Berlin wools. With this work I became familiar at Lititz, all the patterns used in the school there, as also the worsted or Berlin wools were imported from Europe. This rare linen embroidery is new to me, but with the abounding kindness of those around me, my opportunities are many.

I fall easily into acquaintanceship with the people in general here, and am frequently invited to their homes. I am, I understand quite often referred to by many in their conversation with each other, when they cannot readily recall or pronounce my name, as "die junge Amerikanerin"—"The Young American."

A day or two ago I was invited to spend the day with Mr. Just's family, the daughter, a lively, pleasant young lady, sometimes calls for me to walk with her. We take walks, always interesting to me, through and out of the town, she pointing out many places of interest. One of these walks I will always associate with a friend of Miss Pauline's who recently became engaged and is soon to be married to a Missionary lately returned from the Mission field in South Africa. Their departure is near at hand. Said lady, the daughter of Missionary parents, was born in the West Indies, but was educated here, and, until recently a teacher in the school. She is greatly attached to Herrnhut; but duty calls, and through love for the Master she promptly heeds.

Friends from a distance were visiting Mr. Just's family amongst whom a young lady from Görlitz, a city in Prussian Silesia, of some 50,000 population, noted for leading literary institutions as well as large manufactories. The young lady is a fine musician and a lively conversationalist. Though professing herself incapable of conversing in Eng-

lish with any degree of respectability, she spoke it quite well, with however the usual strong showing of the German tongue. She hoped that I found the German language easier to learn than she had found the English, which she considered a much more difficult language for a stranger than the French. I explained, that, hearing nothing but the German here facilitated my learning it, but that the use of the articles—der, die and das, or the using of them properly in their connection with nouns troubled me greatly, and would, I am sure, always trouble me from the fact that one can only learn them properly through long and familiar hearing of them used, while in our language a distinct rule for the *Articles* simplified their use, and gave no room for error.

"Ach, ja. Too bad! It is a serious fault in our grammar books! The use of those three little words so perplex foreigners." The lady complimented me on my ready using of the third person "Sie" in place of "Du" in conversation. "Yes," I replied "I caught that quickly, I like it."

I also have made the acquaintance of a Norwegian lady boarding at the "Gasthof" the Moravian Hotel. Mrs. Macholm a widow in middle life, a lady of ample means, and of culture, and with the same courtesy of manner so noticeable here. This true courtesy of manner of which I have observed much since on the Continent, prevails largely in social and private life here. Not the artificial politeness so generally met with in the world, and which, because so superficial, repels more than wins, but the truly kind manner dictated by genuine sentiments of the heart, emanating from a steady, kindly regard for and good will towards others, and towards humanity in general under all circumstances in life. There is, indeed, far more in this matter of true courtesy than many people seem to think.

Mrs. Macholm is a Moravian spending much of her time here in Herrnhut, going back now and then to her Norwegian home in the old city of Drontheim. She speaks English fairly well, and presses me to call to see her whenever I can, which I usually do sometimes spending an hour or more with her in her pleasant rooms, enjoying her conver-

sation and music, for Mrs. Macholm is also a fine musician, and readily complying with my invariable request, always playing two or three fine airs with great exactness and much expression, and always before playing drawing on her hands a dainty pair of black mitts, and which she again takes off as soon as she leaves the piano stool.

Her piano, a very fine one, Mrs. Macholm brought over with her from Norway, considering those manufactured there superior to the German make. Understanding that I am travelling with Mr. and Mrs. Frueauff for my individual benefit, Mrs. Macholm says "Why not visit Norway! There you will see so much that is also most truly interesting, and the scenery unlike any other in Europe."

"Ah," I replied, "If we went to see all these wonderful European countries, when would we ever get back to America!"

"Yes, it would prolong your time, but you are young, and are now in Europe, and may never get here again." I admitted it was so, but explained I could not deviate, nor indulge my longings to see, and still to see.

The lady's questions and remarks bearing on myself were kindly and well meant, and from no idle curiosity. Her approval of education as a means of enjoyment, and an un-failing aid towards usefulness led her to dwell upon it, and encourage it. On explaining to her that, not being endowed by nature with any special talent, I thought teaching might be my occupation.

"Ah, yes, very good; you can be very useful," was her reply, and added "It is always best too, for young people to engage as early in life as possible, in some useful, helpful work." It was clearly dawning upon the lady that my life had not been mapped out to be one of individual pleasure.

This meeting with strange people in strange lands, people with new and unfamiliar faces, new ways and speaking a language it keeps one on the strain to understand, people in no way connected with your life, is a strange experience, and one might conclude would bring about a feeling of loneliness, sad and hard to endure. Such, under different circumstances, as for instance in a strange land, amongst a

strange people barely touched by the brightening progress of the age, with cold reception based on suspicion and in-born dislike of strangers, would be the case naturally enough. But not so with the broad base of civilization and culture upholding all, and with the unfailing, readily visible Christian feeling, and fellowship outstretching hands and opening hearts to receive. Therefore, excepting for the frequently recurring memories of home and sometimes anxious thoughts as to health or sickness there, everything tends to and nothing mars enjoyment.

Taking a leisurely walk to Berthelsdorf yesterday in the early evening or rather late afternoon, the sun as it were, as leisurely nearing its setting, I came in close personal touch with several peasants, three in quick succession. The first a man passing me, who had been to Herrnhut, or beyond, with rather hurried tread, or tramp of feet I might say, as the step of the peasant is unusually heavy, with a small package in his left hand, in his right a few twigs or branches blown from the trees by the sudden brisk wind of an hour previous. I recognized the little branches as those I had just passed a few steps back. He quickly changed the branches to his left hand to enable him to touch his well worn hat in recognition of my evening greeting. He hurried on picking up hurriedly every tiny twig in his way. Next a rosy faced girl came into view as I looked ahead, on her way towards Herrnhut, the quaint little old time basket carefully carried in her hand, looking as if it had been carried by a generation or two of little girls before her, her mother and grandmother, no doubt.

The substantial make of every thing in peasant use hints of the expectation or intention when made, of long service. Or, briefly, everything is intended to wear well and last long. Especially is this so in clothing, in men's more particularly so, perhaps. In Hanover, as here in Saxony, we did and have observed and commented upon the older and younger men, dressed in the well preserved old-time, high wide crowned hat, and long coat, the valued inheritance from father and grandfather, and which again may descend to the next following. It impressed me as very odd looking, indeed pathetic, showing how unvarying is life amongst

them, and one wonders and doubts if the head of the grandson under that ancient inheritance holds any brighter or more advanced ideas than did those of the father and grandfather before him! How can it, his life running along in the same deep, dull groove!

But I must go back to the third peasant of my evening walk, a woman,—a toil-worn woman. Her age? Who could guess the age of that sun-browned, wind-beaten, wearied looking, yet patient face! Yet, apparently, not really old in years. She was coming diagonally across the recently harvested, and, as it appeared to me, already well gleaned wheat field bordering on the road, stooping every step or two to pick up a stray sprig of wheat. Grading my steps to meet her as she would reach the road towards which she was coming with the view of crossing it into the field bordering on the opposite side, her nearest way to her home.

Accepting my evening greeting and advances to converse with her, she indicated by pointing in the direction of her home in the western and further end of the "Dorf." In reply to my question, for the asking of which I apologized, as to the heads of wheat in her hand, if for her chickens? She replied, "Oh, Jammer, nein, in Kaffeemühle mahlen, für Kuchen backen!" (Oh, dear, no. I will grind them in the coffee mill and bake cakes!") Poor woman! Gathering the handful of heads of wheat to add to her table supplies. On a par with the man of a little while previous gathering those bits of broken branches for fuel!

Thus it seems only through this most rigid economy, and the hardest, unremitting work, that they can exist at all. And yet, peasant life in Saxony seems a shade better than in some of the other parts of Germany. But, indeed, everywhere there is apparently but little to cheer life, and nothing to incite ambition, or stir the intellect of those patient, enduring people.

Some days after the one spent so agreeably with Mr. Just's family in their home, I was invited to join them in an excursion to one of a number, of the neighboring hills some distance from the town, and noted particularly for the pleasant grounds and fine outlook, or wide view of the

country. Two comfortable conveyances were in requisition, and the weather again favoring us, the ride was extremely pleasant. The view was fine, indeed, and many hearty exclamations gave evidence of its full appreciation. The Germans, I continually observe, never lack in ready acknowledgement of their enjoyment of and in comment upon what pleases them and gives pleasure. No one at any time seems afflicted with weariness in any degree or any direction. They seem possessed of most happy feelings, inborn or cultivated, whichever! After a greatly enjoyed lunch and some further walking about we returned to Herrnhut.

The country about here nearer and further off is noted for recreative excursions, little pleasure jaunts, "Kleine Partieen," as expressed here, places full of interest and novelty, especially to a stranger to whom all is so new. Some mountain giving opportunity for pleasant rides and a social gathering for refined enjoyment, nothing rude or boisterous is ever observable, yet no one dreams of restraining the animated, cheery conversation and merriment of those gathered on these enjoyable occasions. The ruins of an old castle conspicuous on some elevation. An old abbey in decay since the Reformation. A small watering place in some charming valley closely walled in by hills. Such are some of the agreeable and easy of access points for those enjoyable "Partieen," through which the kind and thoughtful people here contribute so readily and truly to the enjoyment of their friends and guests.

And here I wish to give the details of an excursion made before the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Bellwitz for their home in Zeist, the carefully noted memoranda of which I had mislaid, and which, just now unearthed, takes me back to the 19th of July when a note from Mrs. F. instructed me to be ready to join the family in one of those "Partieen" early on the morning of the 20th.

In two well filled comfortable conveyances we were driven eastward, perhaps properly south by east, towards Bohemia, in happy exhilaration of spirits, through the fresh morning air, and under the influence of the prospective enjoyment of visiting places of more than ordinary interest.

Our baggage consisted of several hand satchels, containing a two days' needs, handkerchiefs, toilet supplies, and so on, which, immediately on reaching the Bohemian line, we, in quick obedience to the requirement, handed to the official standing in readiness. He went through the manœuvre of opening and glancing into the harmless little samples of baggage with obliging speed, and then promptly raised the barrier, a something resembling an awkward looking toll-gate stretching across the turnpike. A few onward steps of the horses and we were *Bohemians!* "*Zigeuner!*" "*Gypsies!*" exclaimed one and another of us. This country is by some stated to have been the first home of that mysterious, wandering class after their entrance into Europe.

We had charming weather and good roads through a pleasing country, gently undulating and well cultivated, enclosed by the distant hills, on the height of one here and there stood an old decayed and still decaying Castle with its windowless openings like great stern, unshrinking eyes looking steadily down and across the intervening distance at us, we as steadily returning the look as we talked and wondered about those same old relics of feudal days. The sky also was so beautiful all morning, mottled into a lovely softness by the snow white, fleecy clouds sailing about over the clear, deep blue, and which continually drew our attention.

Soon the town of Friedland, our first point for special sight seeing during the pleasant jaunt, came into view, and a glint of the Wallenstein Castle flashed towards us through the trees. To visit this castle was our leading object in this section of country.

Friedland on the small river Wittich and near the Prussian line, is a town of about 3,000 population, of much more prominence years ago when in the days of the great Wallenstein's active movements it was the important Capital of the Duchy of Friedland, this district,—the whole of the duchy belonging to and controlled by that wondrously successful and much envied warrior and from which he derived and held the title of "Duke of Friedland." We stopped at the leading "Gasthaus," a fine and thoroughly conducted hotel. We had time for some little rest, and then promptly re-

sponded to the summons to dinner, which, with ready appetites we had been expecting, and hoping might not be delayed, nor was it a minute beyond their regular hour. A most excellent dinner, abundant and varied. Any doubts we may have had as to the chances of so many unexpected guests, speedily vanished, as at hotels of this character a chance extra guest, or two, or *eleven* made no difference.

I wish to refer specially to one of the dishes of that bill of fare, *chicken dumplings*. That unfortunate fugitive king of whom we read and before whom, her unrecognized guest, his country hostess set for his dinner the dish of *apple dumplings*, was no more surprised to find an apple so completely, and to him mysteriously walled without break or seam within that bit of pastry, than were we, myself any way, on gently opening the rich flaky casing, a soft round ball on each plate, to find a perfect chicken,—diminutive but perfect within. Whether a small “spring chicken” boned, or parts of a larger chicken skillfully folded, and overlapped, and shaped into nice imitation, we could not tell. It was an odd but delicious culinary novelty. A rich dressing still further improved the relish. We were completely won over to this new preparation of chicken, and against all the various modes known in our cookery,—chickens boiled, chickens roasted, chickens baked, broiled, fricasseed or however, we unanimously voted *chicken dumplings*. One of our party who has traveled much said he never met with this mode of cooking chickens anywhere else. It seems peculiar to Friedland, and a specialty here where, in season, they have them almost or altogether daily at the hotel.

After permitting ourselves a little further rest we walked to the old but interesting “Wallenstein Castle,” the once property and sometimes residence of “Count Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland,” romantically situated on a near hill easy of access. The castle is still in fairly good preservation; is at present in the possession of one of the family who however, as we are told rarely visits it, and who it seems does not feel sufficiently interested in it to keep it in improved repair. But the castle is not entirely vacant, the man having charge occupying part of it. At the draw-

bridge spanning the deep moat, we were met by a guide who conducted us through the silent and deserted apartments. We recall the historical fame of the renowned Count, the great and successful warrior as well as thoroughly educated, scientific man, rich in fame, rich in learning, and rich in the wealth of worldly possessions. His landed estates, amongst which was Friedland, were numerous and vast.

Several tables, a few faded, satin-covered chairs and sofas, constitute the furniture of the rooms. In one large hall is much armor besides many trophies of war. In another are many still well-preserved, fine paintings. A large portrait of Wallenstein hangs conspicuously on the wall. The guide permitting, the little organ in the chapel was opened and one of our number, Miss Ernestine Stengård, seated herself before it. I imagine no sweeter performer ever seated herself there, nor more delicate fingers ever glided skillfully over those time colored keys. The once rich, glad tone was gone, and the first touch brought forth as it were, a wail of distress over the vanished glories, and of neglect during the long, silent, desolate years that have followed. It seemed easy to associate such thoughts with and to give such interpretation to those melancholy tones.

As Count Wallenstein died,—was murdered in 1634, I think, on his estate near Prague,—this castle with much or all still belonging to it, has had over two hundred years existence. The castle, we are inclined to think, was not, or may not have been built by him, the property, the Duchy of Friedland, having been an additional gift as reward for his unequalled military services.

It brought serious reflections to stand in the narrow, gloomy cell in one of the turrets of the castle into which the guide led us. "Oh," I gasped, "What horror to be fettered and confined here!" "Yes," solemnly replied one quoting,

" . . . to fetters thus consigned,—
To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom."

Ah, those turrets which give beauty and harmony of outline to the grand old castles everywhere, and finished with an artist's touch as they tower high in the air, also give

testimony of the cruelty of unrestrained power. As I look at them after this standing on some great height, I cannot sigh over their decay, thinking of the stony, closet-like dungeons, their massive walls enclosed,—dungeons but a step from a banqueting hall, or drawing room, or other!

We enjoyed the fine views from every outlook of the castle. Writing our names in the stranger's album, and plucking a few wild flowers from the vines on the castle walls, we took leave.

We meet no tourists here. This, as many sections of country, is not generally much known, or if so, counted perhaps amongst out-of-the-way-places, too tedious of access. And yet full of interest and well worthy a tourist's attention is so much of Central and Eastern Europe, abounding in historical associations, in literature and art and surpassing scenery, with the stamp of age everywhere.

Returning to the hotel we gathered up our wrappings and satchels, and were soon on our way to Liebwerda, a charming little watering place slightly southeastward from Friedland. The western sky was taking on its evening colors of gold and red as we entered the quiet little valley, which through its several springs and native beauty has become a place of attraction. The low sloping hills, excepting where the road winds into the valley, entirely enclose it. Two hotels accommodate, or try to, the people who resort thither for a longer or shorter stay. We drove up to the one specially recommended to us, a large building pleasantly located on rising ground, and after some uncertainty and discussion as to accommodations for such an additional number to their already very considerable crowd of guests, we were instructed to alight.

After a light supper we walked to the springs, strongly mineral, lengthening our walk somewhat further, and then returned to the hotel, where, seated on the long, wide veranda, we became interested in looking at the people promenading, and seated in groups on chairs beyond the veranda, and on the grass plots, the excellent band playing almost without intermission. We greatly enjoyed the evening. All the guests give the impression of having come for rest and the quiet recreation more particularly pertaining to

such a retired place. All seem people of means and excellent character and standing, their quiet dignity, perfect manners and kindly courtesy adding to the charm of this lovely place. We had very good rooms, most tidy and comfortable, for the night, resting and sleeping well.

The heavy rain which came on in the night continued slightly until about 8 o'clock the next morning, the 21st. After the rain the heavy mist lying very softly low down along the sides of the hills and slowly ascending, was a pretty sight from the veranda, where we again sat after breakfast. The sun at last asserting itself, we hastened to be ready for starting, and were soon on our way to Haindorf, an exclusively Catholic town, situated in a neighboring and just as charming valley, about a mile distant, leaving Liebwerda about 10 o'clock. This Haindorf valley is extremely narrow, completely excluded by the hills from the outside world, and as nearly like Paradise, it seemed to me, in its reposeful beauty, as any little piece or part of earth can ever be. We were particularly struck with its rare beauty as we descended the road down the slope of the hill, and which was further heightened by the soft mist resting on it like a thin veil through which the green covering of the hills, the trees and shrubbery appeared so charmingly visible.

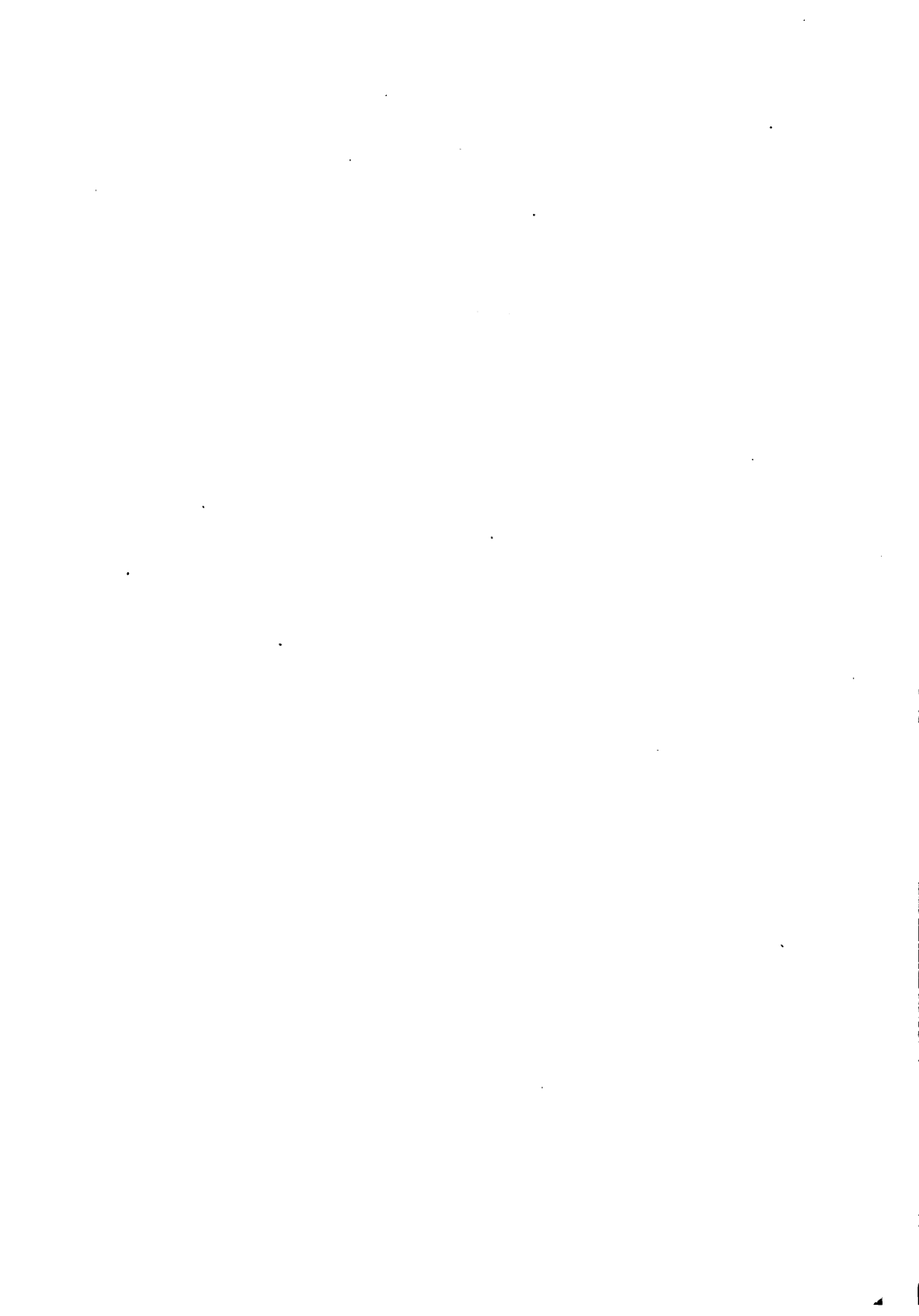
In this place we made but a brief stay, desiring chiefly to see the cathedral and monastery. We walked directly to the latter immediately after alighting at the hotel. An unfriendly monk took us in charge, guiding us through the monastery at a rate of movement bordering on a rush. He more particularly chilled our desires at the entrance to the church where the gentlemen of our party, each one a minister of the Moravian Church, promptly removed their hats. Our guide immediately observing that Bishop Stengård kept on his black scull cap sternly instructed him to remove it. Bishop S. pleaded the bald condition of his head, (the change from the warm out-door air into the cool, almost chilly air of the church was very perceptible,) with no effect, however, upon the guide, who immediately himself made a lurch for the cap. Bishop S., however, with a slight bow, at once removed it himself. The church has a

rich, extremely handsome interior. Along the walls of the piazza of the cloister or monastery are placed numerous altars and images before which almost constantly some passer-by is kneeling,—some of the inmates or again some passing peasant. And along the road-sides also crosses and sometimes crucifixes are numerous, and all the peasantry, all dwellers in this section of country, for this is an exclusively Catholic section, in passing pay their devotion to these divine symbols of the Saviour,—the men slightly raising their hats, bending and crossing themselves, the women crossing themselves and bending the knee as they walk by. This we frequently see as we ride along. Such was their bringing up, their careful instruction in early life, and their unvarying faithfulness is exemplary.

We did not tarry long in this beautiful valley, wishing to give ourselves as much time and opportunity as possible on the "Oybin," for which point we started briskly after leaving the hotel at Haindorf. We were not long in reaching the frontier when, crossing without detention, we were again in Saxony, and shortly after reached Zittau, quite a prominent city on the river Neisse, and near the Bohemian line, and specially renowned for its manufactures. It is not an extensive city, rather medium, of about 10,000 population, but a city of importance in itself and has ownership or control of many villages, over thirty, of thrift and various industries.

Zittau has numerous attractions—fine public buildings and private residences, handsome streets, fountains, bridges and public gardens or pleasure grounds. St. John's Cathedral was lately renewed and re-consecrated four years ago—in 1842. It has a stately, imposing appearance. The interior is comparatively plain, but vast in space. The beautiful altar piece representing St. John, the Evangelist, by a Berlin artist—Rosenthal—is considered very fine. The towers (it is double towered) are of unequal height, but so connected that the warder, or towerman, from his little elevated room can detail to you the fine view from the high tower and at the same time strike and tone the clock bell from the other or lower one.

Also, our attention was drawn to the "St. Peter and St.





THE STONE STEPS
Leading to the Summit of the Öybin.

Paul" church, re-built in 1598, but which we did not enter. Also, we observed the "Weber Kirche," built in 1488. Think of the age of so much that we see everywhere! Also, the so-called "Böhmische Kirche," which now holds the twelve thousand-volume "State Library" and museum of wondrous curiosities. Also, there is the very "Old Frauen Kirche," apparently the oldest of them all, with its extremely ancient altar, and almost innumerable memorials. We made some purchases as reminders of our visit and then drove on to the *Oybin*. (Pronounced Oyween.)

We soon reached and alighted at the little village or "Dorf," nestling at the foot of "The Oybin," after which the village is named, and almost immediately commenced the ascent up the most wonderful flight of stone steps cut out of the solid rock. There was very apparently in those far-off days some one at hand specially gifted with the genius closely bearing on the science of civil engineering who conceived, and directed to completion, the beautifully curving line of steps from the foot clear up to the summit, where was quietly located this otherwise inaccessible retreat.

This ascent was made secure by the "upper" and "lower" doors, ponderous doors, set, each in a massive tower built across the steps, one at the foot, "the lower door," the other about half way up, called "Das obere Burgthor a. d. Oybin." "The upper mountain or citadel door of the Oybin." This upper door was the strongest and final point of defense against any intrusive effort to reach the mountain summit. The fragmental parts of this latter tower still standing in their beautiful decay, and through which the steps gracefully curve, give a specially picturesque character to that particular bit of beauty.

As nature identifies, or seems to, each larger or smaller spot of the earth with some distinctive aspect, so she has "The Oybin," a high, rock-bound, round shaped mountain, some 500 feet above the valley and 1,597 above the North Sea level. Its special history dates back to the early years of the fourteenth century, about 1310, when Heinrich von Leipä built for himself as a retreat a small "Jagd-Schlösschen"—"Hunter's Castle." His successors however proved themselves genuine "all-round" robbers, and establishing

the then bad repute of the beautiful "Oybin," gathering a numerous band, enlarging the building and making for themselves a great stronghold of the mountain. Their reckless and continued depredations in the country round far and near, distressing, destroying and robbing proved them a perpetual terror, which finally roused the people to determined resentment. The citizens of Zittau, even then the city was of some prominence, appealed pleadingly and persistently to Emperor Charles IV, reigning also as King of Bohemia, to which latter this section then belonged. The Emperor heeding their plaint the days of the bold outlaws were numbered. Although resisting with great strength the terrible siege upon their stronghold, they at last surrendered and fled.

The Emperor, in return for the brave, unyielding aid of the citizens in the siege, at once presented "The Oybin" to the city of Zittau—the year 1364—reserving for himself the privilege of building a summer castle on the highest point. The city still rejoices in the ownership of the mountain, and the people continually make many excursions to it in fine weather, to enjoy the recreation it gives, and the entrancing view.

The Emperor built his castle, as the stately ruins high on the summit prove. Also, he almost immediately conceived the idea of locating a monastery on the mountain on a beautiful plot just beneath the height on which the castle stood, and in 1384 "The Celestial Monastery" stood there a masterwork in all its grandeur and completeness, ready for the company of monks, whom the Emperor at once established there, and of whom generation after generation continued to occupy it and live out their quiet lives until the Reformation, and by their exemplary industry and true helpfulness in aiding and instructing, through their superior intelligence and clearer understanding, farmer and mechanic and all others into better methods of doing work, gave to the lives of all the humble, struggling ones within their reach a brighter and more encouraging touch.

Soon after the abandoning of the monastery and the entire vacating of the mountain, a fire, the possible result of careless hunters scouring the grounds, or other cause, broke



THE O'BIN MOUNTAIN.

out destroying the buildings partially, and greatly aiding time in its preliminary work of decay. Still much of the remains of the grand old Abbey stands there in unbroken, impressive solitude. Its stately doorless, windowless, roofless walls, with here and there shrubbery—some almost grown into trees, with their roots in the crevices standing securely in their increasing growth; wild vines creeping and twining at free will, rich moss and fern here and there, beautifully outlining seams of the wall, all as a whole making a picture hard to describe. And, as if further to prove to us the varying beauty, the latening sun piercing its rays through the trees and branches edging the mountain, threw a sprinkling of glittering light over the broken walls, and then slowly and unperceptibly moving into favorable position dashed a sweep of golden splendor over the ruins and the enframing rocks, and thick growth of the various trees, oak, beech, pine and others, giving us a picture of pictures to remember.

The eastern end of the Abbey was at first built close up to, or rather entirely against the solid rock, which immediately after its completion and occupancy was found to be a serious mistake, the heavy, solid mountain rock so weakening the tones of the choir that the sound of the music was scarcely propelled even to the middle of the church. The only acceptable remedy suggesting itself was to make a vacancy by cutting away from the wall a width of about three feet of the rock, which tremendous piece of work was at once undertaken and accomplished with the most satisfactory acoustic result. Through this fully three feet wide passageway between the still standing eastern end of the church wall and rock we walked, and while standing still for a moment in it and looking from the base up to the great height, tried to realize how stupendous was the work!

Proceeding somewhat beyond the northern terminus of this passageway, we came to the so-called "Maiden's Leap," a romantic story of a young girl fleeing from a prospective marriage with an undesirable lover attempted to leap across the chasm, fell, was rescued, and so on.

Our attention was directed to the so-styled "Emperor's Bed," a piece of shelving rock where, in the cool summer

breeze he lounged and slept, we are told, and to "The Emperor's Chair," quite a comfortable-looking stone seat where he was wont to sit and enjoy the wondrous view of the deep wide valley with its varied beauty lined by the distant hills, of the charming perspective of Zittau, and of the mountain tops still higher than "The Oybin," the more distant ones sloping sociably into Bohemia. So beautiful is this mountain ornamented with these rare old ruins considered, that it is said hardly anywhere in Germany or even in Italy can its equal be found, excepting, it is admitted that in the forest of Thuringia "*The Paulinzella Kloster*," a mountain monastery there, compares favorably with it.

Our party on all occasions prove themselves ready with some happy always appropriate thought applicable to the passing moment, and binding the memory of that flying moment with loving associations. Therefore, at the suggestions of one of the number,—I think aged Father Frueauff, they gathered once more inside the Abbey walls, and standing grouped together in earnest, respectful attitude sang, each one joining, the sweet, never old "O Sanctissima," their voices mingling and blending tenderly, touched the encircling old walls which had, no doubt, re-echoed the same sweet hymn chanted or sung almost on the same spot by the Abbey Choristers ages before, and escaping through the doorless entrance and broken window openings "kissed the trees and stones" and better still, floating heavenward, I thought, looking through the roofless opening up to the blue sky arching over us. I moved a few steps away the better to view the esteemed, loving group and to more fully enjoy their singing, and wished so much I could have a picture of them as they stood there. It was an impressive act, a beautiful farewell to the grand old ruin.

A very small cottage stands on the plateau some distance away from the ruins, furnishing refreshments to those desiring, we partook of some, and as the time for leaving was at hand we turned towards the steps, and descending without further delay we were soon once more in our conveyances.

Riding away towards the setting sun, we turned to look, and turned again for still another last look at "The Oybin" standing in its lonely grandeur, with the melancholy ruins

towering high on its summit, true witnesses to the wondrous, varying history of the enduring old mountain, and which from their height seemed solemnly looking after us as we rolled away in the distance.

Riding steadily along over the twelve miles still before us, we reviewed the enjoyments we had just had, and referred to the pleasure of sitting so happily together in friendly converse during this pleasant evening ride homeward, each realizing that final separation was near. Again came the sudden suggestive thought of giving expression in song to what was naturally the leading feeling of all the party, and some one suddenly started in clear voice Kotzebue's beautifully tender "Gesellschafts Lied"

"Es kann schon nicht immer so bleiben,"

in which every one instantly joined in both conveyances, as the drivers slackened their pace and we rode along almost side by side, all singing together in truest harmony of time and tone to the end of the seven four-line stanzas.

We reached Herrnhut about 10 o'clock in the evening greatly pleased with our never-to-be-forgotten two days' "Partie."

HERRNHUT, August 29th, 1846.

Your letters are promptly and gladly received, how gladly you can hardly conceive. In less than a month from now our visit here in Herrnhut will have terminated. God grant we may all happily meet again, my dear home friends. Our return route will be somewhat southward, via Leipzig to Frankfort, the whole journey between those two cities will be "per Post."

But I am anxious to relate to you our recent and special visit to Dresden, then on through Saxon-Switzerland, and thence to the grand old city of Prague, Bohemia, the whole comprising seven days. We left Herrnhut on the morning of the 20th (August) reaching Dresden about noon. We were fully conscious of the precious value of time to us, and immediately after dinner keenly gave our attention to sight-seeing. We were in fine tone for it, having kept this anticipated visit steadily in view ever since our arrival in Saxony, as one of our leading detours from Herrnhut.

The people are justly proud of their Capital city which has won to itself the name of "The Florence of Germany" and is indeed a beautiful city, giving that impression at once and decidedly; beautiful in its whole as a city, and beautiful in detail. Through its unequalled location in a sweeping curve of the Elbe, Dresden has too the advantage of the most charming, varied environments. The city lies on both sides of the river, one of the most handsome bridges on the Continent connecting it. Looking out over the beautiful spread of country on that charming afternoon, we recalled the historical fact of the fierce battle between Napoleon and the determined allies but little over thirty years ago, 1813. Questioning the guide I look as he points southward to the place of battle on the wide plane and up the heights, and in connection with this we recall how often this quiet little kingdom having in itself no need nor desire for war has been the battle ground for others; its central location the reason it would seem.

As one of the leading attractions of the city we made our first visit to the wide-famed "Gemäldegallerie," Picture Gallery, pronounced the finest in northern Europe. Who, without some previous sure intimation or understanding can form any conception of this wondrous, amazing collection! A collection of only the very finest paintings! I am at this moment wishing not for the brush of an artist but for the pen of one, that I might give you some worthy account of our visit to this surpassing gallery, and while looking at, admiring and enjoying and yet realizing my great lack of innate ability as well as lack of culture to see the great merit which secured to these paintings their proud place here, and to the artists lasting fame, I am also wishing not that Art might be brought down to my understanding, but that I could be lifted up to it, to the better appreciation of the beautiful here. I think I shall never lose the memory of some of these pictures. Friends accompanying us are familiar with the most noted and direct our attention especially to them, and our guide is patient and well informed.

The first "Saal," "hall," A, has mostly the works of French Artists. "Noah's Offering" by Poussin, and the

remarkable painting "The Flight into Egypt" by Claude Lorraine, draw constant attention. In hall B I was quite taken with a picture by the Spanish Artist Murillo "A Young Girl Counting Money," her face most life like and full of earnest thought I shall remember.

Amongst the Dutch and Flemish Artists in the next "Saal" was a wonderful picture by Albrecht Dürer "Christ led to the Cross," one cannot escape the strong, saddening influence of this picture. "The Burgermeister of Basel with his family kneeling before the image of the Virgin and Child," by Holbein, draws much earnest admiration. In the painting by Rubens of "Saint Hieronymus" kneeling before a picture of the Saviour, his faithful lion lying asleep behind him," one is impressed with the loving worship of the Saint, and then with the mute, faithful attachment of that love-bound lion.

Hall F. f. seems to hold the leading gems of this vast collection. Here hangs that painting of paintings the original "Madonna di San Sisto," pronounced the very pearl of the whole Gallery, painted by Raphael in 1520, when Italian Art was at its height, and whose genius and industry—what is genius without industry—added wondrous lustre to that brilliant period. It was purchased for this Gallery in 1754 by Augustus III, and for which he gave 17,000 ducats and a copy of the Original. In the picture the Virgin Mother with the Christ Child in her arms, is floating or resting as it were, on airy clouds; besides her on her right kneels Saint Sixtus, on her left Saint Barbara. Under or below the clouds are wondrous angel heads and faces while in the back ground between the soft drapery of two green curtains are innumerable cherubims. The countenance of the Madonna is sweet and angelic beyond all imagination and the face and head of the Child Jesus is a marvelous conception.

Also here hangs Correggio's painting of "The Holy Night," painted so long ago as 1522, and is universally considered his best. The picture is a night scene representing the Virgin Mother drooping lovingly over the crib in which the Saviour Child rests. Shepherds are earnestly observing the Child; beneath, angels float, and in the back-

ground stand Joseph and some shepherds. The picture or the leading part is mysteriously lighted by the body of the Divine Child. It is a wondrous conception. And the "Magdalen" also by Correggio is a rare picture.

These wondrous, world-famed painters were assiduous worshipers in the religious requirements of their church and kept their minds constantly toned to the glorious subjects they selected and which evidently were the only kind they could enjoy and expend their time and genius upon. Artists have the privilege of sitting in the different "Säle" to copy paintings. One earnest worker a lady, was copying the Raphael "Madonna," and her well advanced picture drew much quiet, admiring notice.

We next visited the "Grüne Gewölbe," Green Vault, under which name the building has from the beginning been known, the name originating from an apartment painted in green and ornamented in various shades of the same color in which apartment Grand Duke Augustus deposited a most valuable private collection of treasures and thus laid the foundation of this vast Government Treasure house. Here are the priceless jewels of the Kingdom, rich and varied beyond conception, unequalled it is said, in collection and value by any other in Europe.

Augustus II, surnamed the Strong, elector of Saxony and King of Poland, a man of learning and fine taste and of much travel, established the strength of this building and gathered wherever he could very many valuable treasures, each of his successors whenever possible, adding to them. The finest jewels of every description and variety and works of Art in silver, and gold, and bronze, and ivory thoroughly bewildering the imagination, and suggesting over and over the "Arabian Nights."

The first apartment is devoted chiefly to bronzes, over one hundred individual figures and groups, many copied from ancient statuary. The "Crucifix," in this room, by John of Bologna was especially asked for by one of our party and promptly pointed out by the guide. The expression of the face, and indeed the whole figure of the dying Redeemer so full of expression, such expression as has never been seen on human face, draws tears from the eyes of the onlooker.

As an evidence of how genius will assert itself, I must also especially refer to a representation of "St. George and the Dragon" cut out of solid iron by a blacksmith of Nuremberg. The conception of his brain overflowing with genius, found immortal expression through hard working though deft blacksmith-fingers.

The next was the apartment of ivories, an amazing, bewildering mass of ingenuity and labor. Ivory is in itself always a beautiful material, but so many of the articles were vastly further beautified by the ornamental touches of gems and gold, each piece too representing the finest and purest ideal, nothing crude in sentiment or workmanship.

In the third apartment was a display of Mosaics, Mother of Pearl, coral and so on. Most exquisite tables of Mosaic. Two of them were of jasper inlaid with precious stones of colors which I could not have conceived in stones, forming fruit as well as flowers amazingly true to nature. It would seem as if all the treasure houses in Europe had been drained of their jewels. Gazing at these beautiful stones I was thinking of the "Foundations of the wall of the city garnished with all manner of precious stones." Beautiful bits of enamel painting caught our eyes here and there. From hall to hall we went. A perfect blaze almost from floor to ceiling of glittering gold and precious stones formed into goblets, vases, caskets, and tables inlaid with gold and silver, some of the goblets of untold value made of the finest gold and most costly precious stones: globes and vases out of the finest crystal stone. From that city of the "Middle Ages" fame, old Nuremberg, always noted for its curios in manufactures, are clocks and watches, and many peculiar figures made from pearls and diamonds; Do you imagine I am dreaming, or letting my fancy run wild? No, truly not. I am only moderately stating or trying to, facts. Could you but see this wonderful place: Valuables enough to buy a kingdom or to pay the heavy debts of one.

The famous silver egg of which some one had spoken, was shown to us. Opening it a golden yolk was seen, this being opened a little golden chicken appeared. A spring, hidden somewhere about the tiny chick, being touched, a

brilliant little crown of Poland surprised us, again on opening the crown a sparkling diamond flashed into view. This was the limit of the silver egg's curiosity, excepting a small vacant space at the one end of the egg intended to hold perfume, and this explained it all. The *silver egg* was a scent bottle for a queen, otherwise a royal toy, a brilliant costly toy! Costly it seems to me, not because of the material of its make up, but because of the tremendous waste of rare genius, of valuable time and of wondrous workmanship.

The eighth and last hall out-did all the others in its display of precious, priceless valuables. A representation of the Golden Fleece made entirely of precious gems is a marvel of brilliancy to which our guide and guide book in my hand drew our attention and, but again I imagine I hear you cry out "She is dreaming: She is dreaming:" No, but I am gathering material to dream about through years and years to come, for these are things, real, tangible, to see once in a life and then dream about to the end of time. After referring to one more object, a marvelous one, (I conclude our visit to the Grüne Gewölbe,) the throne of the Indian King, the great Mogul Aurenz Zeb, of the finest gold and enamel, elaborately adorned with Egyptian Mythological figures, over one hundred, the whole glowing and glittering with jewels, all the work of a goldsmith of the preceding century, Dinglinger, an especial adept in his chosen and loved art, that of Goldsmith.

Our visit to the Military Museum was interesting, Remarkable relics and curiosities abound. Many treasured reminiscences of Augustus II, surnamed the Strong, elector of Saxony and King of Poland, are to be seen here. His iron cap weighing 25 pounds, his heavy, tremendously heavy armor, and so on. His muscular strength seems to have been most unnatural; many incidents of it related. The broken horse shoe, an unusually heavy looking sample of horse-shoe manufacture, broken by him with the thumb and finger of one hand, was shown us.

Anything, any article of dress however trifling in itself if associated with the memory of some great personage, becomes a conspicuous relic. This is why a military hat

worn by Peter the Great is treasured here; and the shoes worn by Napoleon at his Coronation by some means procured, and held as a relic here.

The Museum of Natural History has in it wondrous attractions of great interest. But, alas, how can one in our brief time see even one-fourth of the leading attractions of this charming city; I failed to refer to "The Zwinger" with which these Museums are connected, or part of which they seem. The name "Zwinger" seems as confusing to a stranger as do the buildings and vast grounds. Started originally as an entrance court to a palace planned to be built by King Augustus I, it developed into the most magnificent, confusing mass of architecture, situated in a most beautifully adorned stretch of ground. A Gallery with six pavillions and three wide portals encircle three sides of an extensive square in the midst of which is the recently placed—1843—"Denkmal" or memorial to Frederick Augustus the Just, surrounded by the four symbolic representations of Wisdom, Justice, Kindness, and Piety.

The Royal Library seems a most extensive one. Works on history abound, it would seem, indeed, as if history were made a specialty. The complete history of each country is to be found in the library. Many rare manuscripts are treasured here, and some of the first books which appeared in print are amongst the interesting relics.

In passing we stopped to view the "Frauenkirche" the Church of Our Lady with its strikingly massive, very round dome entirely of solid stone and because of that fact a noted curiosity. The Church is Protestant, built 1764-1784. On this Church or dome is the leading city clock, of strong, clear, far-reaching tone, and the fire signal arrangements.

We made a special visit to "Die Katholische Hofkirche," the Catholic Court Church, or Church of the religion of the rulers of the Kingdom. The outside view of the Church does not, we understand, draw much favorable criticism from an architectural stand point, its facade being disproportionately wide, and its tall columns on either side of the entrance are considered as a further disadvantage. The building is the work of the Italian Architect, Chiaveri.

It is the largest church in Saxony, and built of sandstone, with an entirely flat roof the edges of which are adorned with fifty-nine full length statues comprising the, Apostles and saints of the different ages.

Our visit to the Castle or more properly I would think palace, the city residence of the royal family, was interesting. The building is vast, yet does not from any side present an imposing appearance. With it is enclosed a large extent of ground,—forming three distinct, charming parks. The outlook from the summit—three hundred and fifty feet from the ground,—of the beautifully proportioned slender steeple on the palace is truly beautiful in extent and variety of landscape. We were taken through a large, as it seemed to us, portion of the building. It has, we are informed 130 rooms or apartments. Besides the dwelling rooms, halls and salons apportioned to the royal family and their household, many are otherwise variously occupied and used by the numerous officials,—four, I think, Ministers of State, the Lord Marshal, the Lord Steward and so on. One apartment is specially devoted to the State Archives. This beautiful city, I will pause here to state, has been the capital city of Saxony since 1480, or as I am corrected, 1485.

As we pass through the building from hall to hall, fine paintings and statuary arrest our attention and excite the desire to linger. The King and Queen being absent at present we were permitted to go through their apartments. To do so we were transferred by our heretofore guide to the charge of the "Castellan," or "Castle Bailiff." The Queen's sitting room, large and most pleasantly located had an outlook over the large public square, the unbroken activity of it,—the people passing and re-passing on foot and in conveyances furnished a perpetual panorama. The interior of the room had quite a home-like look, to which the Queen's low sewing chair near one of the windows and her sewing basket on a table close by added. There was no carpet on the floor none on any of the floors,—the effect of the inlaid wood was pretty. Rugs were lying here and there, which with the pictures on the beautiful walls and the rich curtains gave the tinge of richness to the room. The Queen's bed room leading

off from the sitting room had an air of refined comfort, nothing gaudy. We paused to look at the shrine for the Queen's devotions, a small recess in the wall near the foot of the bed. The cushion on the floor with the dent of the knees on it, and the beautiful small crucifix before which she knelt, filled us with feelings of esteem and reverence as we fully realized through these evidences the fact of the good Queen's piety and faithful devotional exercises. I must refer again to the cushion on the floor of that shrine. It was at once a familiar object, being worked in worsted from a pattern a favorite pattern for cushions in our embroidery room in the Lititz school, accurately representing a mouse slyly foraging about a clump of rich, red strawberries with its complement of adorning leaves and grass. For a moment it seemed a link between us and home. All our patterns for worsted embroidery at school at Lititz were German importations, which accounts for the reproduction here.

The palace standing near the Hofkirche is connected with it by a covered and handsomely decorated gallery or passage way starting from the King's apartments and affording a private entrance for their Majesties. The concert room in the palace is beautifully adorned with rare Gobelin tapestry. In the stately beautifully frescoed throne room we, those of us who wished, were encouraged by the obliging guide to sit a few moments on the handsome throne of the present King. I think it quietly pleased and interested the guide to see us so cordial and sincere in our respectful admiration and enjoyment of all we Americans saw under his kindly guidance. Some one of our company pleading that we might be shown the rooms once occupied by Augustus the Strong, he at first hesitated saying strangers were not often taken into them, relenting however we were soon closely following him to those apartments.

The bed and table used by the wonderful Augustus still stand in his once bed-room, and the rich and heavy green velvet curtains hanging by the windows are as fresh and rarely elegant as if but hanging there a few of the late years. In the throne hall, the throne hall of his day—hangs a portrait of Augustus, and there too stands his long

vacant throne upon which we also sat a few moments. This sitting on the thrones amuses you I'm sure.

Again on the streets we find our attention directed to one after another of the very many handsome buildings which we can give but a passing glance. The fine post office building, the new Opera House, and many others. The Marcolini Commercial Palace commenced by the prominent Count Brühl, and completed in 1776 by State Minister Marcolini is a building of striking appearance and noted too for its wondrous length and numerous windows, in front some forty. The building was temporarily occupied by Napoleon in 1813, it has besides many other historical associations. The splendid Japanese Palace is another striking building—holding the Royal Library a vast collection of rare volumes and gathered manuscript. Institutions of learning abound and culture and refinement are constantly in evidence. It is no marvel that foreigners love to tarry here, that many English, and we are told some American families like to and do make it their residence for years, giving their children the benefit of the superior educational opportunities afforded, and all living in equally fine style as in their own city homes, and at far less cost, for living here is surprisingly cheap. I have not referred to the "Brühlische Terrasse," ("Brühl Terrace,") one of the most attractive promenades imaginable,—we question if there can be another like it in all Europe! It is an extension, apparently, of the palace grounds, a palace standing near, built by Count Brühl, a former Minister of State, a man of vast wealth and superior ideas of beauty and harmony, and who planned the laying out of the grounds and the lengthy, beautifully adorned and charmingly shaded promenade. It is owned by the city and by it kept in perfect condition, and, as one can well imagine, vastly appreciated and continually enjoyed by the citizens and all strangers visiting the city. Crowds of people come especially in the evenings to promenade unweariedly, and enjoy the exquisite music of the band and the rare outlook. Southward are the Riesengebirge mountains whose highest peak famed as the Schneekoppe—over 5,000 feet high, towers into view, and amongst which mountains the Elbe has its rise. Far northward towards Meissen

the stretch of rich country is fine. We look over the balustrade at the interesting Elbe with its crowds of boats and barges industriously flowing onward. In this splendid promenade over half a mile in length terraced high above the river, Dresden has indeed a rare possession. From the busy street along the base of the terrace, the ascent is made up the handsome flight of stone steps, wide and easily ascended, the sides beautifully adorned with statuary.

But the time for leaving this fair city was at hand, and on the morning of the 23rd, a fine clear morning we hastened to the steamboat station to be on hand for one of the early boats for Saxon-Switzerland. Here an entirely unexpected, very keen and decidedly individual experience awaited me. One of our party hurried to the "Polizei" Office to have our passports endorsed, or according to the more usual term here,—viséed,—always an important detail to be attended to by foreigners travelling from one kingdom to another. Though regretting the delay this requirement caused, we fell into amiably commenting upon the "Passport System," its great advantage in securing the supervision and care of our home government to every one journeying beyond her borders, and that thus we, with the shadow of that care hovering over us, had so enjoyed our journey and sight-seeing, and while making special reference to our enjoyment in Dresden, the door was suddenly opened and our Passport envoy with anxious troubled countenance entered, hastily explaining that *my* passport had been found defective, and its validity therefore doubted, and that the officials required that I personally appear in their presence. Amazing statement! My Passport defective! How could it be possible! However, mute with wonder and filled with a strange sensation I hurriedly accompanied the party back to the office, and was soon in the presence of the leading official who, with his associate in office, stood behind his desk. Looking up into the face of the gentleman I imagined his stern expression of countenance modified, slightly as he keenly observed me for a moment. I think he felt readily assured that my stature met the five feet four inches as per descriptive column. Also that my features corresponded accurately with the

curt decided description of forehead, eyes, nose, mouth and chin as well as color of hair he seemed, so far at least, satisfied, and proceeded at once with his catechetical duties. Listening with some anxiety to his careful and very correct English, lacking sometimes however the clear pronunciation, I answered promptly his decided questions.

"Are you the *Mees Maree Wilee* named in this passport?"

"Yes, sir."

"And," pointing to my name written by myself, "is this your signature?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was this passport furnished you direct from the United States Department by the *Secretaree* of State?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you read it over closely on receiving it?"

"No, sir. It was received while I was engrossed with my preparations for the journey. I only glanced over the description, as it amused me."

"You are correctly described here, but these figures representing your age have the appearance of having been tampered with as if some previous figure had been erased. Did you not observe it?"

"No, sir," I answered with surprise.

"And these 18 are they the true figures?"

"Yes, sir."

"And further, we note a most serious neglect. We find no date to this passport."

I heard this with increased amazement, and now fully comprehended the good reasons these officials had for inclining to impugn my passport, for questioning its validity. Turning to his associate they, conversing together briefly in German, decided they could, without any risk visé it, the leading official adding in decided tones to his associate that, were it or a passport similarly at fault, offered them by a man travelling, they would not accept it.

Turning to me the official said: "Under the circumstances we will recognize your passport. But it has been a gross neglect on the part of the officials of the State Department of the United States not to date it. They merit censure."

"Yes, sir," I replied with some emphasis, and perhaps with a hint of tremor in my voice, for the vexation and anxiety as well as the mortification I had endured were getting the better of me, "I am severely censuring them in my mind now for permitting me to go from home into foreign countries under such a possibility of trouble."

"Yes, Mees," replied the gentleman, as, with his pen he rapidly added to the *visé* a few lines in German, which proved to be words of reproof aimed directly at my country's unpardonably neglectful officials, and with a slight bow of politeness, and softened expression of countenance, over which a faint smile seemed fitting, he handed the passport to me.

We also had to secure the *visé* of the Austrian Embassy, whose ready "No. 8987. Gesehen und gültig zur Reise nach Prag," with the Embassy's stamp, a confusing medley of figures topped with the Austrian Crown, assured our journey on to Prague clear and free of any possible trouble.

On my way back to the steamboat station, I, still marveling over this unexpected trouble, recalled the various *visés* of approval stamped on the second page of my passport by the officials of the countries through which we had previously passed. How Holland had accepted us as worthy sojourners, travelling leisurely within her borders, sealing her approval with "Gemeente Bestuur van Zeist." At Emmerich the *visé* "No. 22152, nach Wesel," was emphasized with the Government seal, the Prussian eagle with the royal crown sitting jauntily on its head. And at some point further on the way "Gericht zu Herrnhut," where we abode in such peaceful content and enjoyment, was the assurance given; while our entrance into the kingdom of Saxony at the line of the country was approved by a small red, undefinable stamp, and my passport noted "No. 7766. Eintritt in Sachsen." Thus we were promptly helped on our way from point to point. All those officials thus readily approving our papers, had, no doubt, through continued *viséeing* fallen into the habit of hurriedly accepting and stamping passports without any special examination of them. Not so these watchful, keen-eyed Dresden officials, whose sudden discovery was, as you can well imagine, a shock of surprise to us.

Reaching the station we naturally found our friends anxious and full of wonder as to what the trouble with the passport could possibly have been. Already during the interval a steamboat had come and gone, and thus a second opportunity to proceed on our journey early in the day was lost. The waiting for the next boat gave time for a full explanation. Still smarting from the experience just gone through with and the dash of humility to my national pride, I opened and with mock solemnity began at the top of the first page to read the passport and define the trouble. First drawing attention to our national emblem, the proud, brave Eagle stamped at the head of the page and surrounded by the original thirteen stars, with a random sprinkling of several other stars across his body, trying to verify the motto, "Nunc Sidera Ducet," running round the edge of the lyre suspended by a ribbon from his strong bill. His fearless, piercing eye, and powerful talons, seemingly giving assurance of his ability to hold his own against all Europe, and keep my way clear and smooth through every kingdom thereof. But, alas, crippled with so incomplete and mortifying a send-off, how could he! Even with "The United States of America" in largest type surrounding him! While the "To all to whom these Presents shall come Greeting" seemed to me under the circumstances but as "sounding brass." Ignoring the short descriptive column proving my identity, and occupying about one third the width of the lower part of this same first page and by a slim line divided from the other two thirds containing the special request of my Government through "the Secretary of State," which with strongest emphasis I read:

No. 932.

I, the undersigned Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern, to permit safely and freely to pass Miss Mary Wiley, a citizen of the United States of America, and in case of need to give her all lawful aid and protection.

Given under my hand and the impression of the seal of the Department of State at the City of Washington the in the year of the independence of these United States.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

While our annoyance and rather unforgiving feelings to-

wards our home Government officials, in whom our confidence had been supreme, continued unabated, we felt conscious that we ourselves in failing to closely examine and carefully read over our papers before leaving home had been greatly remiss.

We readily admitted that the keen attention to duty of the Dresden officials, their watchfulness and close supervision and prompt discovery of the trouble-brewing defects of my passport was all greatly to their credit and their reproof just. Mr. F. at once decided that, after our return to Herrnhut, and once on our homeward journey through the different countries to avoid any further possibility of trouble my passport should no longer be used, but I pass as one of the family under his, which from the beginning I could have done, but his kindly thought in getting an individual passport for me was that in future years a passport with the various governmental visés stamped upon it would be for me an interesting relic of our journey.

Another steamboat arriving, we were soon on board and steaming rapidly along, giving, as we passed, a parting look at the charming Brühlische Terrasse with its crowd of people high above us. With the city fading rapidly we were soon in full enjoyment of new sights and scenery as we hurried along through the beautiful valley of the Elbe towards Saxon Switzerland, a marvelously wild, picturesque section of country, beginning about eight miles from Dresden and covering, if I understood correctly, between twenty-five and thirty square miles of the Saxon Kingdom, though the same character of scenery continues some distance into Bohemia. It is a favorite tour of travelers.

Our eight miles of steamboat travel up the Elbe was through a charming part of Saxony, and we concluded that this beautiful "Saxon land," if not "the fairest kingdom on this earth," is certainly one of the fairest.

At Pillnitz, a few miles from Dresden, is a handsome palace with beautiful surroundings, a summer residence of the king and queen; and where they are at present. The king John Frederick Augustus II., on the throne since 1836, whom we saw walking along the bank of the river in near view, is a fine looking man with a cordial expression

of countenance, and who politely acknowledged the greeting given him from the steamboat as we passed.

The scenery, as our boat moved along, became most interesting; its bold grandeur forming a rare river facing. The Elbe rises in the Riesengebirge mountains. It is an important and thoroughly navigable river and through many tributaries drains all or very nearly all of Bohemia. A gentleman standing near and hearing our conversation adds: "It drains all excepting a small and quite eastern portion of that kingdom, and thus Bohemia is properly one of the most important basins of the Elbe." The Moldau, the leading river of Bohemia, is navigable a great distance, and through its long circling flow gathers into it the waters of the many smaller streams, and empties into the Elbe at Melnik, a town in Bohemia interestingly located at the confluence of these two important rivers and about twenty-five miles northward from Prague.

We landed at Wählen, and after noting the beauty of its location, took a guide and started on foot for a short tour through a part of the wild beauty of Saxon Switzerland. After about an hour's walk, passing the old gray Castle of Lohman, we entered the Utterwalder Grund, a deep and remarkable ravine. We were encircled on every side by massive, high-towering rocks, the dark pine trees growing between the clefts, and from the top cast a heavy shade through the ravine. A peculiar spot,—wildly romantic. A beautiful little stream flowed with a fascinating murmur, heard the more plainly because of the extreme quiet of the place, along our path.

In one part of the Glen, where the passage is but four or five feet wide, several rocks have fallen from the top and lodged about five feet from the ground on which we stood, and, although they have been there through multiplied years, I felt a peculiar sensation, as like all the others stooping low, I hurriedly passed under the tightly wedged, curious looking rocks. As we passed on, turning point after point, tall columns of rocks standing separated like pillars of decayed temples, rose up before us. We finally reached the Bastei, a most interesting mountain point overlooking the Elbe. An attractive, neat looking hotel, lately built, stands



THE BASTEL.

amongst the trees. Here we stopped to rest and enjoy a somewhat late but hearty dinner, while we listened to the charming music of the band in a small "Summer House" close by.

We met several groups of tourists; one we overtook near the summit, two came closely after us—all Europeans—and all took dinner.

Perhaps no point of interest to tourists in Northern Europe is better known and more frequently visited and more enjoyed than this Saxon Switzerland. Not so wildly or massively rugged in grandeur as the real Switzerland, but more readily within reach and more easy of access to every one. Of that greater country of Nature's magnificence, I have only knowledge through reading and illustrations, nor do I expect to see it, yet cannot grieve over the impossibility, feeling assured of much and repeated enjoyment in the memories I shall have of this.

After resting we began the pleasures of the details of the Bastei. It is a famous mountain, and, of the many here, is the most prominently known throughout Europe. The level on which we were runs far out, rounding and narrowing almost to a point. Walking to the edge of the frightful precipice, our safety secured by the strong iron railing running all around it, we stood amazed and wondering, as we looked over into the tremendous depth on either side. At the rapidly flowing Elbe, almost eight hundred feet below us, and then southward out over as wide and fine a view as the eye can wish to rest upon, of broad valleys, streams and villages bounded by the far away hills, an outlook, which while wandering through deep ravine and narrow defile an hour or two previous it seemed as if only through a whole day's transition could we reach.

Königstein, presenting an imposing appearance from every point of observation, from here stood clearly and grandly in view, while also as clearly could we see Lilienstein equally a curiosity of Nature, its craggy sides frowning forbiddingly on all around. The latter lacking in reputation as to military value, raises its pointed, rugged summit higher than Königstein, and is so conspicuous standing apart from all around it, that, having thus seen it, were one

to visit here again and not find Lilienstein in clear view, one would at once realize the missing of a most prominent and leading feature of the outlook.

All possible facilities are arranged for the tourist to enjoy the wonderful scenery. A narrow bridge, with the safe side-railing built over one of the chasms, rests on the height opposite and against the tremendous precipice terminating said height or part of the Bastei mountain. Walking across the bridge we passed, and almost with trembling looked into the terrible depth below, and then raised our eyes wonderingly to the summit proper of the Bastei, about fifty feet above us.

Descending to the valley in company with others of the tourists, we reached a most picturesque little waterfall. Seating ourselves upon the rocks to rest while enjoying it and the peculiar rocky formations about us, when suddenly the little waterfall changed into a mass of water dashing roughly down over the rocks. The charm was destroyed. A man living in a little building quite near keeps back the water with a small flood-gate, and when the waterfall has been admired for a few minutes by the onlookers, while observing neither the little building nor its occupant, the man suddenly raises the gate and that which he intended as an enjoyable surprise brings decided disappointment, although it secures to him his expected Pfennig. The man spends the summer here with his small family, attending to the flood-gate, and keeping a little store of fancy articles, some also of the scenery, of which we purchased a few.

Descending still further into the valley we took a conveyance and rode to the Brand, so named because of a fire many years ago sweeping over it. It is one of the Saxon Switzerland mountains, similar to the Bastei, but without many of the latter's identifying peculiarities, though in the journeying to it, and about it, one sees here and there the same isolated pillars of rock mostly of a yellow-gray sandstone. These detached pillars of stone are curious, as one enters some little Thal they stand quite apart, but as the Thal narrows they are at places so close together as to barely afford space to pass between them as we follow the

footpath. As I have intimated before, much, indeed all that can be, has been done to facilitate the tourist's visits and jaunts through this wondrous section of country, the numerous little streams bridged over, roads for conveyances wherever practicable, have been constructed and at all needful points good conveyances stand always in readiness if one prefers to ride, and indeed the points of interest are sometimes so distant one cannot walk. Then, again, sight-seeing here is so absorbing one often, for the time, forgets one is tired or takes no note of it. And again there are so many delightfully cool and shaded spots to sit on the rocks and rest and enjoy the surroundings.

The conveyance taking us as far as possible up the road winding towards the top, we soon completed the journey on foot. The guide tells us that many tourists visiting this point consider the view from the summit of the Brand the finest in all Saxon-Switzerland, and indeed, what can surpass it? A magnificent view; calm and restful to the eye and senses is the wide outspread of rich valleys, clear streams and quiet villages—no smoke from extended chimneys, nor sound of manufacturing, nor hurrying hither and thither of the people. Rare indeed is the view. Then turning our attention to the nearer view close to the mountain, the pointed crags and wide gaps in the nearer rocks rather fret one after the peaceful, restful distant view. And yet these strangely wild looking, rugged scenes are the leading and attractive characteristics of Saxon-Switzerland—these we came to see, and of these we will carry away our strongest impressions and surest memories.

The day drawing rapidly to a close we drove directly to Schandau, the capital of Saxon Switzerland, a town of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, located on the right bank of the Elbe, at a point where Herrns—I cannot recall the pronunciation and much less the orthography of the little stream, has its confluence with the river here at Schandau the stream—but certainly not the name of it adding much to the attraction of the location. The town in the midst of the scenery is convenient for stopping. Of the three hotels the "Dampfschiff" was selected, and where we found good accommodations and ready attention. Our rooms look out

on the Elbe and much of the connecting scenery. It would be charming to stop here a week or two in summer.

On the following morning we crossed the Elbe and taking a conveyance rode to the foot of the great fortress of Königstein. This strongly fortified—almost or so pronounced entirely impregnable rock is of surpassing value to the kingdom of Saxony in time of war—all the State archives and the vast treasures of the Government being placed in safety here. During the recent war with Napoleon it was the only place in the Kingdom beyond the reach of the enemies, as also during the thirty years' war the mountain firmly held its own. We alighted at the village or town of considerable size with fifteen hundred or more inhabitants, at the foot and of same name as the mountain, and commenced the ascent. A broad macadamized roadway, slanting moderately upward and not tedious of ascent, led on and on until we reached the deep moat surrounding the rocky height. The drawbridge always up, was, in response to a signal from the watchman at the outpost, lowered. Crossing it, and then a second narrow one, we immediately found ourselves at the entrance to a strongly guarded dark gallery or tunnel cut through the solid rock. Giving our passports and small satchels into the hands of one of the officials standing ready to receive them, we walked through the passageway at the end of which ascending a few steps we found ourselves on the summit of the strong and wide-famed mountain of Königstein, the Gibraltar of the kingdom of Saxony, a rock-bound mountain some eight hundred feet above the Elbe and eleven hundred and fifteen feet above sea level. The sides of the mountain are as straight up from the ground, and as firmly faced with rock as one can conceive. Nature's own structure; and man with all the known modern appliances, could build nothing like it, and man with all inventive aid has never been able to take it. The mountain is a mile and a half in circumference, the edge securely protected by a firm iron railing in connection with the sharply pointed rocks extending around the edge of the summit. The surface is level and covered with seemingly good productive soil, of which the beautiful shade trees, thrifty fruit trees and cultivated gardens appear in evi-

dence and with the many comfortable looking dwellings help to establish quite a village here. Also, the women going about in the usual domestic way and children playing around add a very homelike look to it all, but the uniformed men, conspicuous canon and the ready bayonets stacked here and there sharply remind us that it is no common place settlement.

One of the officials at once appointed to us a guide, who proved a friendly, well-informed man, to conduct us around the Fortress. The view from this height was a wide and wonderful one, and further helped us in our conclusion that this small round world of ours is a very beautiful atom in the vast universe.

The morning was bright and clear as a morning could be, and with nothing to dim or obstruct our view we enjoyed all so much. The highlands with their varying summits running into Bohemia were a fine sight, and the lofty Schneekoppe again lifted itself into view. Especially could we see from here the many beautiful windings of the Elbe. The Lilienstein with its narrow jagged top some twelve hundred and fifty feet above sea level, from one point of our outlook stood a curious object immediately opposite us. It rises very decidedly and conspicuously. It is greatly resorted to in the season by the country people who go up for berries which grow in extravagant abundance along its winding upward path. The town at the foot of the mountain here looked very pretty, a charming little valley spreading out and away from it with a tiny "Bach" running through it. The well here on the Königstein supplying the garrison and citizens with water is indeed a marvel. It was located and commenced in A.D. 1553 and was forty years in construction. Think of it! To dig or delve or however to penetrate, as was done in that early day, seven hundred feet,—that is the depth of it,—through solid rock to secure a well of unfailing water! And a well of unfailing water they did secure, pure, cold, refreshing water. The well is under cover,—a large space in connection is under the same roof. Looking down into its dark depth we could see nothing until the guide attaching several bright lights to a rope lowered them to the surface of the

water where they appeared the tiniest sparkles no larger than peas. The sound of some water poured into the well only reached us half a minute after, quite startling us with its far off sound after that interval. The water for daily use is drawn by machinery operated by four soldiers. A lighter process a hand windlass is resorted to for occasions, and through which mode we obtained a hearty, refreshing drink of almost ice-cold water drawn expressly for us from this remarkable well.

A Polish captive is at present confined in the Fortress prison here, and no stranger is at any time permitted to hold converse with him unless in the presence of an officer—and a Pole is under no circumstance allowed to pass within the walls of the fortress. The guide related to us with some humor of how a lady friend of the captive, to an extent outwitted the officials. Refused the privilege of seeing and conversing with him he was permitted later to receive a bouquet from her, both familiar with Botany and the language of flowers, she expressed in the arrangement of the bouquet the words she desired to communicate to him. In our walk around the ramparts the guide drawing our attention to a little tower standing upon the edge of the rocks and surrounded by a ledge related that, during the reign of Augustus the Strong, a Baron belonging to the Court after an evening banquet on the fortress, rose in his sleep during the night and lay down on this ledge and continued to sleep soundly. Fortunately one of the guards discovered him and immediately reported the fact to the King who had the sleeping Baron secured with cords and awakened by music.

The guide in general was well informed as to the history of the Königstein and drew our attention repeatedly to the great strength of the fortress, and enjoyed emphasizing the fact that, after some varied ownership it is firmly in the possession of Saxony. Like all points of prominence Königstein has had a vigorous past history. As early as the latter part of the thirteenth century it belonged to Bohemia. After the powerful Margrave Tesche von Dohna had control of it and later the Margrave von Meissen, it became, 1425 during the Hussite war, a point of conten-



KÖNIGSTEIN.

tion. In 1516 Duke George located a "Celestial Monastery" on it but which was of comparatively short duration. Under the Archduke Augustus the Königstein came to its own, and under Christian I was fortified and became the Saxon stronghold it now is and the key to the passage into Bohemia.

Descending from the Königstein we returned to Schandau from where after a brief delay we started for the "Kuhstall." The first part of the road ran through a valley, a very narrow but lovely little valley faced on either side by the same character of high, rough gray rocks. Soon it commenced raining, rained violently and we were glad to accept shelter in a cottage at the end of a small village,—for even in these very narrow valleys life is congregated,—and a small village like a touch in some soft, enjoyable picture suddenly appears in view. We found the inmates of the cottage very friendly and pressing in their kindly attentions for our comfort. The peasantry upon the whole, wherever we meet them are friendly and polite, and their style of dress picturesque and becoming—with a taste for bright colors which however they usually harmonize with understanding. Noticing a piano a very respectable looking instrument, and as we afterward found of good tone, standing in the plainly furnished room, we asked who of the family was the musician,—the father—the family consisted of the father and mother and three children, answered by instructing the oldest of the children, a boy of eleven years to go to the piano. We were surprised at the lad's fine performance and congratulated ourselves upon coming in contact with this pleasant feature in peasant life here amongst the rocks and hills. Our host was a miller and the door leading from the little hall of the house directly into the mill into which we were shown, recalled the farm house in Holland.

The heavy shower of rain over we set out again through the pretty valleys and over rugged hills, stopping occasionally to admire a charming waterfall, one of which, "The Amselfall," was unusually fine the water running, rolling and dashing from quite a high point over rock after rock and foaming in the bed below. The distance of about eight

miles ride from Schandau to the Kuhstall gave us much variety of scenery and the further on the wilder the scenery and the more shaded and darker the way.

We found the Kuhstall,—so called as being the place where the peasantry at times during the thirty years' war concealed their cattle,—one of the striking curiosities of Saxon-Switzerland. Leaving the little valley we ascended a hill densely wooded and soon stood gazing at that curious work of nature, a natural arch twenty feet wide and thirty feet high through a massive rocky wall one hundred and fifty feet thick. This curious arch wide and vast on this mountain height, and surrounded by dense forests seems plainly to testify to its security of hiding for man and beast. Walking slowly through the arch we came to the edge of a precipice, we looked at the rocks all around towering high above us, and then at the frightful depth beneath and again, at the wide circular valley stretched out in view. Certainly the Kuhstall and all about and around it furnish one of the most attractive and curious bits of the wild wonders here. The wonderfully curious very clear echoes from different points here are an attractively amusing enjoyment also. From one point the voice of our guide was echoed back distinctly six times. A narrow path with wooden steps for ascent runs through a split in the massive rock and leads from the arch to the summit. From here the view far and near of mountains, crags and valleys was unobstructed and finer than I dare try to describe. Here also we were entertained by a band of musicians.

Tourists, in larger or smaller numbers, we continually meet. Two separate companies reached the Kuhstall just as we were about to leave which we did immediately on descending from the summit.

Crossing the "Kleine Winterberg" on which summit we made but a brief stay, we went on over new paths, through deep ravines and gorges which, during the ages, the streams have worn as passage ways for themselves through the easy crumbling sand stone, and which add so much to the romantic and often weird scenery amongst these hills.

About an hour after leaving the Kuhstall we reached the summit of the Grosse-Winterberg, the highest point in

Saxon-Switzerland, 1,400 feet above the Elbe and 1,700 above sea-level, and from which we are informed one of the widest and grandest views known of here can be obtained of outstretching valleys, deep chasms, and wooded hills and historic castles. The Elbe circling beautifully and gracefully around and round through the charming valleys appearing at its loveliest from here. The view runs to Pillnitz, to Dresden and to Meissen and Görlitz and so on. The Giant mountains, the persistent Schneekoppe of which more specially and proudly rises into distinct view. And many more detailed points of interest, the informing us of all of which roused our anticipations to the utmost as to the enjoyment in store for us keeping our imaginations actively exercised.

Alas! But I restrain my pencil. Here on the summit has been established a neatly constructed Swiss Hotel, where very satisfactory entertainment is given. The hotel was apparently crowded with tourists, yet we were given comfortable apartments, small, they naturally must all be so in order to accommodate so many different companies of people continually coming here,—coming especially to enjoy the wondrous view from this high point.

We reached here late in the afternoon, the weather cloudy and air damp. We enjoyed a good supper, and, greatly in need of rest, retired to our rooms. With feelings akin to awe I looked out of my window upon the deeply dark forest of tall trees, notably beech, and the effect, intensified by the rapidly gathering evening gloom, heavy with fog, seemed to exaggerate the distance we had come, and to confirm the feeling that we were very, very far away from all friends and from all familiar home-like places. Retiring with the hope that the morning would be clear and afford us the view we had come so decidedly to see, I was soon asleep. Morning came as morning always so surely does, whatever the anticipations and wherever we may be. A good, very sound all night sleep refreshed me, and keenly recalling the hopes of the evening, I took observations from my window. Alas! Alas! The clouds and fog instead of clearing seemed heavier, hanging like a dark pall, impenetrable and persistent before my window. I hastened down

to breakfast. As we collected together in sympathetic regret we resigned ourselves to the condition and prepared to immediately continue our journey, as also did other groups of tourists, while others declaring that as they had come expressly to the Grosse Winterberg to enjoy the view, they would wait there until the weather cleared, philosophically adding that a longer rest and the mountain air would benefit them. But *our* time was limited, the tour having been planned and timed, and the day of our return to Herrnhut appointed.

While descending the mountain and directing our way to the next point of our jaunt,—the Prebischthor,—one of our party familiar with the outlook from the Grosse Winterberg named some of the many objects of interest to be seen from the Observatory or tower on the roof of the hotel, amongst which the noted mountain "Stolpen." Here, we interrupting, requested him to refresh our memories as to its remarkable castle freighted with such sadly historical associations.

Early in the thirteenth century, in 1227, a leading, prominent Slav with an eye to beauty purchased a vast tract of land, holding as its leading attraction this beautiful mountain,—the "Berg Stolpen,"—in or near the Bishopric of Meissen. Later the Bishop liked it as a residence, founding a convent and building a cathedral, fully establishing the bishopric here and numerous prebendaries. Later coming entirely into the possession of the kingdom or becoming the crown property of Saxony, the magnificent castle on the proud mountain height was used as a government prison. In it the Countess of Augustus,—Countess Rosel,—was confined forty-five years for plotting against the life of the king. The tower in which she lived those many years a prisoner is still called the "Rosel Tower." At her death her remains were buried in the castle chapel. How full of curious history is this little kingdom! And, on reflection, how all Europe teems with history! Fierce, chilling, pathetic, romantic history! Catching as I write a glimpse of a distant ruined castle, my mind reverts again to the fact of what a leading detail they are everywhere, always hinting of wealth, arbitrary power and wrong.

The Prebischthor, which in less than an hour we reached, is similar to, though smaller than the Kuhstall, it being also a natural arch in or through solid rock. From the top, leaning, as it seemed we were, high in mid-air, against a protecting railing, we had one more wide fine view. Descending and continuing our journey through the still wild, curious ways, we proceeded towards the river, realizing that our visit to Saxon Switzerland was ending.

We hurried on to Herr —, ah, I have forgotten the name of the town, but I at once look up the orthography as per authority, *Herrnskretschen*, and leave the pronunciation of it to your leisure and pleasure, a town on the Elbe. Here we awaited the coming of a steamboat from Dresden, and not long after we were on our way up the river towards Prague. The scenery, as we passed along, continued unvaryingly interesting. The little towns nestling here and there between the hills, and the peasants in their odd though becoming costumes adding picturesquely to it all as we moved along.

We were not long in reaching the frontier, and at the first town in Bohemia, Niedergrund, I think, our passports were looked over by the waiting officials, and our small satchels examined. Here also we found our trunk, previously sent on.

And now we were in Bohemia! in German spelled and pronounced Böhmen. I experience a strange feeling, a mental excitement rather, of amaze and wonder, developing into a bewildering questioning of my own identity as we enter this country,—far-away Bohemia,—always, because of the meagre space given it in our early geographies and histories, to my mind, a country with but a visionary existence. And again I recall later readings and realize that we are in a land teeming with wondrous history.

The early home of the Slav,—of the powerful, uncultured Czechs. Later the land of early learning and refined culture. Of true religion and bigotry, of right and wrong running through the ages side by side until that fatal period when blind cruelty with bared arm secured the upper final stroke, and,—ah, what a sad history was prepared for our present day reading!

After passing the frontier we at once fully realized that we had entered an entirely different kingdom. We closely observed the people taking passage at the various steamboat stations, their dress, becoming, and language and manner agreeable, and almost invariably subdued and polite, as has been our experience in general everywhere. Including the aspect of the various sections of country passed,—with the numerous sadly impressive emblems of their religion, the crosses, crucifixes and shrines everywhere evinced a change of nationality, and a more than ordinary strongly emphasized national religion. A serious expression of countenance on the different faces strikes me as very noticeable. This latter may, however, be an imaginary conclusion.

Bohemia is apparently a closely populated country. Villages and market towns, as well as a city of importance here and there lined the river, while ever and again some old, decaying castle adds the usual interesting characteristic memorial of the old Feudal days. The country runs in beautiful variety away from the river to the line of the distant mountains.

Leaving the boat at a certain town, a town of considerable size, and of which I have forgotten the name, we spent the night at the hotel, the next morning taking conveyance for Prague.

The original wall still surrounding the city stands high and strong and grim-looking in appearance, and above which we could see the domes, and towers, and steeples, all of which impressed us as we drew nearer and nearer. We entered through one of the eight gates and slowly drove through numerous streets. Everything seemed quaint and curious, the streets and buildings and people—their immediately noticeable strange habits of life and perplexing language. It is, indeed, a unique, and to a certain extent fascinating old-time city, unlike any other I ever expect to see. A fringe of modern look and newer life seems woven in here and there, but so conspicuously does the old, running far back into the ages, seem to predominate and throw a mist over the new, blurring and obscuring it as it were, that continually we see and think only of the old. One readily acknowledges the suggestion in the architecture of the

churches, more particularly the outside finish, the domes and minarets, of a combination of the East, Asia and Europe.

The original settlers, the brave and hardy Czechs, or Slavs, never have permitted and never will, we hear intimated, permit themselves to be transposed—their views, their habits and their loved and treasured language—or, so far as they can prevent it, to take on the slightest shade of German. So extremely deep-rooted are their sentiments and feelings against the German nationality in general and especially against the individuals of that nationality forming a large part of the population of their capital city, and continually strengthened, as we understand, by the quiet, unvarying feeling of hostility steadily existing. The large element of German here is mostly the result of the many wars, and intrigue, and foreign interference and rule, and finally the uncompromising authority of Maria Theresa, if I understand the meagre history correctly, and through which Bohemia lost so largely of her national life and strong identity. The Bohemian language, although to a stranger a mystery of curious sounds, is pronounced one of the purest and most deep-rooted of languages, as well as grammatically correct and of great precision in orthography. Of what language can more be said? Besides, they for ages have had a literature of their own of which they can justly feel proud. Can one wonder at their desire to re-establish their own loved language and their determined effort to, if possible, exterminate all others, the German especially.

Prague, with every other European city in the rear, led famously in literature and attention to learning through its once richly endowed, world-famed, University during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Founded in 1348 by the broad-minded Emperor Charles IV, and supplied with the most learned and efficient professors to be had, the University soon became tremendously crowded with eager, anxious students from every kingdom in Europe. In the founding of this memorable institution Charles, admiring and appreciating learning of the highest grade, had the interest of Bohemia at heart, and brushing aside the clouds of ignorance and superstition, bravely took this noble step towards the advancement of education and culture in the

kingdom, and giving, as it were, new life to the loved country under his rule. Charles died, I think, in 1378, honored and loved by his people, who erected an elaborate, enduring statue to his memory. The statue stands near the river, and not far from the entrance to the wonderful and almost world-famed bridge, "Old Bridge," the honor of originating and commencement of the building of which in 1357 also belongs to Charles. But I believe I am running out of line with my notes.

Taking lodgings at the hotel we rested but a few minutes, not caring to give time to a full dinner, and then started out sight-seeing stopping in at a café—an excellent first-class café—for refreshments. We were not disappointed in our anticipations. The delicious cup of coffee alone was worth a long morning's ride and the walk of several squares. Said one of our company, "Bacon himself was drinking no better cup of coffee when he declared 'This drink comforteth brain and heart!'" A kind of sandwich, from what made I could not conjecture, and some very enjoyable tiny sweet cakes, to obtain the recipe of which in an intelligible language, I think I would take a day's walk, completed the repast.

Everything strikes me as surpassingly wonderful as we move on from place to place. The heavy masonry of the old-time curiously built houses; beautiful as well as often singular statuary representing ideas or historical facts beyond the knowledge, or memory, or understanding of the present generation; exquisite paintings, rare exhibits of merchandise, of glass ware, and so on.

The appearance of the peasantry distinctively identifying in every country is quite striking here. The one detail, those peculiar coverings of the feet, the "*Kloompers*," or "Sabots"—wooden shoes—I have seldom seen since leaving Holland.

Amongst the various interesting grounds in and around the city, quite the finest and most interesting is the very extensive Botanical Garden bordering on the Moldau. We enjoyed exceedingly our visit to it. I believe its rare and very extensive collection represented every climate on the Globe.

Our second day in Prague was indeed a full one as to sight-seeing. We could not reconcile ourselves to the loss of a minute. Not a detail but drew my attention and enjoying it all feeling glad that amongst the future memories of our European trip will be our journey through part of Bohemia, and this visit to Prague. The German orthography of the word is Prag the pronunciation Pragh, which, one of our number, an educated German humerously says "fills mouth and throat, while the soft Prah of the natives is little more than an aspiration."

To a certain Duchess or Princess Libusa is ascribed the honor of having founded the city as early as A. D. 722. The name of the country *Bohemia* was after Boems the leader and head of the colony of people who long before the Christian Era, history, real or traditional, informs us, drifted into this beautiful section of country from Asia, and who, possessed of the helpful idea of unity and with a desire to establish a nationality, settled here and began a quiet, peaceful, industrious life. But later through nearness to neighboring nations, troubles came—and the ages rolling on Bohemia made for herself and others for her a remarkable history.

The Jews, occupying the so-called Jews Quarter or Josephstadt a notably crowded section, comprise a numerous part of the population of the city. They have some eight or more Synagogues, and many schools of their own, educational and ecclesiastical. We were advised to, under no circumstances, miss a visit to the old Jewish burying ground, said to be the oldest known burying ground in all Europe! And what a strange sight in the very midst of a populous city, giving daily intimation to the hurrying, striving crowd, the earthly finale of each one, the grave and *forgotten*! It is a very, very large, gloomy, and as it seems to me sadly neglected place. Originally it was, without any doubt, far away on the outside of a slowly growing city, but now in the very center of it. They discontinued burying here over a hundred years ago, and at which time of discontinuing the dead were, the guide tells us, lying one upon another many feet deep. The original high, old time wall still surrounds the burying ground and

secures it from reckless intrusion. A few trees stand here and there among the graves heavily overgrown with rank weeds and over which the gray tombstones bearing the names of those who lived in ages gone by are crumbling together. The inscriptions are naturally, mostly if not all, in Hebrew and sounding strangely as our guide read off a few to us. Some few stones have the symbolic adornment of the tribe from which descended—from the sons of Aaron, of Levi and so on—the two hands defining those of Aaron, I think, a pitcher the symbol of another—and perhaps others. This was very interesting as well as a striking individuality, and carrying one far, far back in the history of humanity.

The Synagogue at or near the entrance to the ground is a very small, very ancient looking building, but still used for church purposes we were told. With serious feelings we stood for a few minutes in this strange old building so long used as a place of worship. The Tora or Book of the Law a large roll of Parchment neatly written upon in Hebrew was shown to us. We passed various churches and some courts and cloisters with their serious faced occupants in their peculiar garb going in and out, and suggesting to my mind serious thoughts of wonder as to their silent, and apparently monotonous lives, dwelling so apart from their fellow creatures in their quiet routine through the days and years. Cloisters in the cities however, do not to me quite fill the idea of real Cloister life as do those of which we obtain glimpses here and there on some eminence in the country or in some quiet little valley where many high-born and lowly, weary of the world and worn with its sorrows prefer the seclusion, and opportunity for pious devotion which these retreats afford. And yet, in these old-time, strong and heavily built cloisters here in the city perhaps this same seclusion is fully secured.

We visited one of the Convents, that of the "Sisters of Mercy" and, as we were informed the only one into which strangers were admitted. A very quiet, delicate looking Nun in the peculiar garb of the Order conducted us through, the chapel, the dining room and others, and into and walking with us entirely through the long dormitory or more

properly sick room, where in the cleanest, neatest and most comfortable looking beds lay many sick. Here we understand are received and faithfully attended to many invalids, irrespective of religions, profession or faith, and without charge, and when sufficiently restored they are all free to go their ways. This is indeed true Charity. The Sister informed us that should any one like to become one of their number they could, first spend three months amongst them living their life, and at the end of that time take the veil, but should they not so decide or prefer, were free to go.

Soon after leaving the Convent we passed a Catholic funeral, the large procession moving along through the middle of the street. A priest walking in front of the coffin carrying quite a long black rod with a lighted lamp fastened on the top end of it, led the way.

We paused to look at the Theinkirche—the old Hussite Church now used for Catholic services—but built and long used by the followers of Huss. The very name was inspiring and memory started back with a rush to gather up the scattered fragments of history and brought to mind many facts connected with the life and labors of the brave, learned, enlightened reformer, John Huss, who so exerted himself and labored in behalf of the world at large and of Bohemia especially. Preaching and laboring for the enlightenment and uplifting of the people, purifying the religious acts and forms of worship, and with his scholarly attainments and ability working to improve the national language, clearing it of its gathered provincialisms and restore it in its native purity to the country that so prized and loved it.

Like Martin Luther, John Huss, born in 1369, was of lowly parentage and poor. Some gentleman of means observing the bright youth struggling in his humble poverty interested himself in the lad. Graduating as a brilliant student at the great University he was called to fill a Professor's chair. His popularity and ability, and clear-sighted view of errors in the Church and determination to correct them, caused jealousy and anger amongst many in authority. But determinately holding on to and propagating his views, Huss had many followers and a wide influence in

Bohemia. The angry powers steadily pursued him however on to the cruel stake.

Also I am reminded of one of his later influential followers Comenius, name Latinized from Komensky—a learned, scholarly man, who, as a teacher or professional schoolmaster—and whose system in that early day was the model for many schools in different European countries, joined the Hussite brotherhood of which he was made chief Bishop, preaching, instructing and writing addresses which latter replete with wise instruction, were printed and some, many years after, were read by Count Zinzendorf who was greatly impressed by them, and through them was decidedly influenced to inviting as I previously stated, that scattered branch of the Brotherhood to settle on his estate in Herrnhut and under his protection their peace and safety were secured.

Passing on through the streets many very interesting, some most chillingly so, historical places were pointed out to us. For instance the Square, or, as called by the people here, "The Great Ring" in front of the city Council House where we stood for a few minutes recalling the murderous act of Ferdinand—Ferdinand II, I think—ordering the execution here, this being then their continual place of public execution, of the twenty-seven Protestant Nobles in 1621, and which event was followed up by persecution, by Government court trials, confiscation and exile and governmental oversight of the Press, thus restricting, stifling all the beautiful, uplifting influences of educational and literary culture, and the civil and religious liberty which to a gratifying extent under more favorable rulers had been theirs to enjoy and appreciate. All forced backward under the dark sweep of bigotry. Also, some ten or more years after that terrible execution of those Protestant Nobles, a number of Count Wallenstein's leading officers were executed on the same spot in the "Great Ring."

A leading detail and one of the last of our sight-seeing in Prague, perhaps also quite the most prominent and interesting, was our visit to the wonder-exciting Hradschin or "Palace District," where stand the Palace or Castle formerly of the Bohemian Kings, and the magnificent old

Cathedral as well as other old time historical buildings, churches, palaces and fortresses on the rocky hills on the opposite side of the river.

Directing our steps thitherward, passing the buildings of the once far-famed University, and the fine statue to the memory of its founder, we reached the grand "Old Bridge" which in itself is considered one of the leading sights of Prague. It is a remarkable bridge, strong and heavily built, with massive, compact masonry which give to the structure such a look of strength and endurance as, not seeing it, one could hardly conceive of. The bridge was built to endure, and built in that early age when the present day mechanical appliances were not invented nor even dreamed of I judge. Nor was it "built in a day no more than was Rome" but was the work of one hundred and fifty years, and after over three hundred of hard, constant use by the many, many hundreds daily walking and driving over it, and the marching tramp, tramp of the armies during various wars, the bridge to-day with no hint of weakening, no breaks, no loosening stones and in no detail any call for repairs, is as strong and sure as the year of its completion, and, as one of our company added, "Good for twice three hundred years more."

The bridge is also a memorial of Emperor Charles with whom, realizing the need of a good, enduring one, the thought of building one originated, and under whose reign it was commenced about 1350, and after whom it is named the "Karlsbrücke" (the Charles Bridge.) The Bridge two thousand feet in length, is, as you have understood, across the Moldau River, and connects the old and new Prague, or, as the new part is here termed "die Kleine Seite" (The Little Side.)

Commencing our walk across the bridge we at once found ourselves part of a large crowd crossing and re-crossing. We walked slowly taking in the details of this ancient historical structure. Its heavy old style build, its curious arches, and towers of defence, its numerous statues curious in idea and finish, and in their time worn, storm beaten looks, yet so firmly holding their places, deeply impress one with the reality of the strange, varied history of

the country during the weary, slowly-rolling ages through which the cruel powers of superstition and arrogance had sway. On one of these towers, we are told, the heads of the executed Protestant Nobles were exposed for several years !

The reverence shown to some of these statues by many of the people as they pass, lifting the hat or bowing the head, proving their early religious training and faithful adherence to it, is quite touching. Before the statue of the Saviour at the entrance of the Bridge all the Catholic citizens do reverence, and again many do at the very noticable statue of Johannus of Nepomuck, a former most worthy, upright pious priest, who, now considered a Patron Saint of Prague, gave, through his firm opposition to the King's wrong-doings serious offence to his majesty about the year 1385, the King, Wenceslaus IV, I think, had him bound and thrown into the Moldau. The five stars arranged about the head of the statue represent the five stars which tradition says appeared around the head as the body floated for some time on the water.

After crossing the bridge we at once commenced ascending the hill to the Hradschin. Slowly going upward we became interested in our walk, noting specially the houses situated one above the other on the sides of the hill all the way up, and frequently turned involuntarily as one almost always does on going up a hill or mountain, to look back at the city lying below, and out over the fine view widening more and more as we ascended. Reaching the summit we at once directed our steps to the Palace or Castle, and to the other sights, for there are many in this "Palace District." Besides this leading extensive Castle there are other castles, and ruins of castles—fortresses and strong towers. And besides the great Cathedral are other smaller churches ; a large nunnery, of the Carmelite order, I think, an Archbishop's Palace, and a large Abbey. Also, the old City Hall of Gothic structure. Oh, this is indeed a wonder-crowned hill ! One wonders why foreigners in visiting Europe do not, in place of only skimming along the nearer western borders, search out and visit the many rarest of places in the interior and eastern Europe, even if, because of distance into the country and slower modes of travel,

they are somewhat tedious of access. There are so many old-time places with most interesting historical associations, having more or less peculiarity of style, location and so on, to win the attention and wonder of a stranger, and of which perhaps none more wonderful and interesting than the many sights and scenes in this quaint old-time city. And even of all one sees here, none quite equals the wonders on these rocky heights.

The Hradschin Palace alone in all its magnificence, its location, its outward build, and its rich and rarely beautiful interior, besides holding within it rarest and richest of treasures, should be pronounced one of the wonders of the world.

We were shown through very many of the numerous rooms or apartments and halls. The furnishings of many of them, is of amazing richness. The vast ball-room is a mass of splendor. The high, beautifully arched ceiling is magnificently painted, while the side walls are completely covered with mirrored glass. Is it possible to conceive of the effect of a gathering here in former years, of gorgeously dressed royalty with a large surrounding of the nobility all in gala attire, every detail of dress and movement reflected in these crystal walls!

We felt specially anxious to see the historical "Council Chamber" or "Hall of Assembly" where the fertile seed for many a page of history was sown, and where, for a time the fate of Catholicism and Protestantism seemingly alternated. Standing within the sombre space of this famous hall, looking at its stern bare walls, its bare, hard floor, the odd windows of nine square panes, memory brought back conspicuously that one leading detail of history associated with the occasion of the meeting here between the Protestants, and the Catholic imperial Councilors, when, if I can correctly recall the details of the strife, the Protestants exasperated beyond control at finding themselves deceived and brow-beaten by the Councilors appointed to meet them, one of them without ceremony personally attacked Martinic one of the Emperor's representatives, and after a brief, fierce struggle tossed him out of the window into the ditch surrounding the Castle. Count Thurn equally infuri-

ated at the treatment the Protestant parties to the assembly were receiving, seized Slavata and with the strength of a giant with which one must conclude their anger invested these men, flung him after his associate Martinic. The Secretary protesting was treated to the same unceremonious ejection. Of the three only the Secretary was seriously hurt. That all were not fatally hurt or instantly killed is a marvel considering the height of their fall some forty or forty-five feet. Mentally depicting, or trying to, the grim event we felt momentary amusement. But the stern fact of the termination of all effort towards compromise, and the undimmed evidence that Emperor Ferdinand, true to his sternly trained hostility towards the Protestants, was determined to pursue his relentless feelings towards them to the end, we could only give room to sorrow and sympathy for that persecuted Brotherhood, and fully approve of their defensive acts. Also, we recall the assertion of history that, indirectly at least, that meeting on the 23rd of May 1681 in this Council Chamber was the origin in a large degree of the "Thirty Years' War" that long period of unrest and suffering not alone to Bohemia but to a large portion of Europe from 1618 to 1648! Standing here in this historical hall, ignoring the various other halls in the building, in the very place where began that notable stretch of European history, our thoughts went back with a measure of regret to our brief stop in Münster, that ancient as well as distinguished Westphalian Capital, on our way from Zeist, to Herrnhut, where we so desired, but dared not, to permit ourselves the time to visit some of its noted buildings, more especially the famed "Friedensaal" (The Hall of Peace) where was signed the so-called "Peace of Westphalia" which terminated the long strife of the Thirty Years' War," concluding that, to have stood in the Hall there where was the end as we stood here where was the beginning of it all, would have seemed quite a notable coincidence in our wanderings. Also, as I think I intimated some time ago, we came in contact here and there with other reminiscences specially associated with the same dreary period of that extended war. The Königstein for instance steadily able to resist the occasional overrunning armies. And again the Kuhstall

affording the safe hiding place in special periods of disaster to the worried peasantry during that long "Thirty Years' " misery.

When again outside of the Castle, and about to walk away, the guide drew our attention to the windows beneath which we were walking, and from whence those representatives of the Emperor were thrown, and our amazement over their escaping death, from the fall was renewed.

Our next special visit was to the Great Cathedral, the St. Veits. Great in every sense of the word. In its massive build, its vast extent of interior, in the inestimable treasures gathered and placed with pious fervor and faith within it, and great in its far more than ordinary historical associations, and justly glorying as it were, in its superiority in every detail, dominating all about and around it far and near, the one grandest of all objects, and as rare a one as human eye can desire to see, or mind to dwell upon. But, all in all, there is nothing that quite so impresses me as these wonderful European Cathedrals, and this extremely so, standing in its massive grandeur on this rocky summit, and the building of which, commenced in 1344 occupied some forty years.

It was the hour for Mass, we were told that was the service being performed, notwithstanding, we were encouraged to enter, a guide meeting us at the door. We quietly followed him. Our attention was at first intently drawn to the observances of the Priest, he was absorbed and earnest before the altar. Whether within our line of thought or training or not, one is sincerely impressed with the fact that we are in a temple dedicated to God's solemn service, and in their instructed way these people were worshipping and serving. But it was all, including the hazy incense-filled air, very new and strange to me.

The magnificence of the vast interior is inconceivable except to one standing within and looking at it. The rich decorations in silver and gold everywhere, though impossible to define in detail, is nevertheless harmonious as a whole despite its elaborate, bewildering grandeur. Richly gilded shrines in many of which silver lamps are kept constantly burning, and monuments and silver ornamentations

everywhere. Mausoleums of marble and of the finest alabaster hold the remains of the Bohemian Kings. Tombs of one or two or perhaps more of the Slavonic Kings, and of some of the leading Saints. The remains of the holy Johannus of Nepomuck rest in a massive solid silver coffin. There is a large, striking display of silver ornaments, and many fine paintings and exquisite mosaics. There are many, to a large portion of the people holy, relics, and before which they pause to do reverence. The noble Gothic pillars towering to a wondrous height and beautifully arching to meet above, with monuments and shrines brilliant with gold and silver surrounding them below, are wondrous. And what dreams of glorious coloring are Gothic windows with so much of Bible history traced over them by the skilful hand of those curious ages! And, as it has been intimated to me, how helpful to the unlettered peasantry or others in thus giving to them Scriptural knowledge, was undoubtedly the study of these windows. Perhaps even before the idea of their serving as objects of adornment was this idea of instruction to the unlearned who continually came to worship.

A large brass ring forming the handle to a chapel door drew our attention because of so many of the Catholic people pausing in front of the door and pressing their lips to the ring. Our curiosity led us to special inquiry and afterwards to some re-search. The ring is the identical one to which—and in the door ever since,—the good Wenceslaus about the year 936, and long since canonized as "Saint Wenceslaus," when having gone to the church to worship and pursued with murderous intent by his envious younger brother Boleslaw, he fled and, unable to escape, seized hold of this now long noted, historical ring, of the Chapel door. The fleeing and catching hold of the ring, suggested to me for the moment the similarity to the offenders of old fleeing for safety to and seizing hold of the "horns of the Altar." But the similarity does not hold out. The ring was a necessity to the door and not arranged for nor appropriated as a place of safety, and the seizing hold of it was no doubt but the spontaneous act of sudden despair on the part of Wenceslaus who was in no sense a violator of the law, nor an

offender, excepting as being the older brother and rightful heir to the throne, and as in accordance with the wishes of his father, his bringing up under the careful training of his pious, Christianized grandmother, he was instructed in and under the influence of Christianity, a kindly and well-disposed ruler. Standing in the way however of his ambitious younger brother and of the fulfilment of the wishes of the Mother Drahomira. The mother of both—this same Drahomira—desiring to revive and strengthen heathenism,—it was about the transition period here,—had the younger son Boleslaw trained in accordance with her own views and wishes, and strenuously desired and finally determined to have him placed on the throne,—hence the frightful fratricide here at the Chapel door.

Our guide was patient, permitting to us our own time and leisurely going about, and giving us the benefit of whatever knowledge he possessed, speaking German with ease. A true Catholic he readily accepted the belief in this ring as a now holy relic, worthy of the reverence shown it, and referring pathetically to the cruel death of "Wenceslaus the Good." But ominously silent when we, after expressing our sympathetic interest in that sadly cruel circumstance,—dwelt further with equal sympathy upon the fact of the many who suffered here in the cause of religion, and named, amongst others those two grandest of natures and most enlightened minds, who, because of their great and self-sacrificing efforts as reformers, must ever be conspicuous characters in the history of Prague, indeed of all Bohemia,—"John Huss and Jerome of Prague." Their cruel death attesting as have so many others to the fact of how dangerous a possession power is in the hands of the angry and unscrupulous. In our conversation and remarks together we drifted into English, therefore our opinions and criticisms could not offensively touch our guide to whom English was, if not an unknown certainly an unfamiliar tongue. The name of Jerome recalled to our minds Ruben's rare picture in the Dresden Gallery of "Der Heilige Hieronymus" by which canonized name "Jerome of Prague" has long been recognized *Hieronymus* being the name here for Jerome, — that picture representing him kneeling before a painting of the Saviour.

Although we were already at a high elevation from which we had a splendid view, we were advised to, and did ascend the Cathedral tower, where we then stood somewhat over 500 feet above the Moldau, and we were indeed well repaid by the surpassingly grand outlook. We enjoyed for a time silently the varied view spread out far and wide all around. I desired to get a strong impression, and wished so earnestly that memory should hold it clear and distinct through the years to come, when this whole enjoyable European visit would be but a memory in the background of my life.

Like a fragment from some other world lay the ancient city with its immediate surroundings, its forests of spires, domes, towers and turrets and the strange old bridge creeping out and away from it, below us. Looking out over the wide stretch of hills and valleys with their forests and fields lying in quiet beauty, we recall the years and years crowded with history and filling in the ages when again and again the nations came into this beautiful country, bringing with them the fierce rush and roar of war and all accompanying miseries. A striking contrast to the old bridge is the new chain one, recently built further southward across the river, affording additional opportunity for intercourse between the old and the new city, and seen to fine advantage from here.

But time was passing. We descended and proceeded downward to the city. We visited the St. Nicholas Church built exclusively by and for the Jesuits. Its towers seem innumerable and quite bewildering. The interior finish of the Church is striking in its coloring of reddish brown and gold. The vast pillars tinged with brown and elaborately touched with gold effecting an unusual ornamentation which excites amazed wonder. Also we visited one of the Count Wallenstein's palaces here, a one-time favorite residence of his, we understand, and is still, in condition and general appearance, as when he occupied it. The Park surrounding the palace is beautifully kept. The property is owned by the descendants of the Count.

And now, our visit completed, although with still much unseen, we prepared to leave Prague. As previously stated, I am and shall always be glad to have had this rich oppor-

tunity. But I also felt glad to go. A prolonged stay in the quaint old city, with its backward modes, and habits, and with, as it were, the haze of the mysterious Middle Ages overshadowing it, would become oppressive.

With a half sad, but very soon cheerful feeling we took our departure on the morning of the 26th as the sun was tinging the eastern sky with its charm of rapidly increasing glow of light, giving a true clearness, as it does on fine days in countries not disposed to dampness, to the air, the white clouds growing whiter and the sky a clearer blue every moment. A day's ride per stage running through the country from Prague to various points, and affording us good opportunity to see the country and picturesquely dressed peasantry carried us to Rumburg a post town where we spent the night, continuing our journey next day, reaching Herrnhut in the late afternoon.

We made a visit of six days with Bishop and Mrs. Stengård and family in Niesky, a Moravian town in Prussia just across the Saxon line, in the neighborhood of Görlitz and almost a day's ride from Herrnhut. Bishop Stengård is pastor here. We had, as you can readily imagine, a most pleasant and enjoyable visit with this dear family. Niesky is a lovely town, planned and adorned similar to Zeist and equally attractive. Here is a so-called "Pädagogium"—an advanced boys' school where special attention is given to the Classics, and Hebrew and modern languages. Also a young ladies' boarding school, in this latter I boarded and lodged, daily visiting and spending some little time in Bishop Stengård's family, the two daughters teaching part of each day in the school. I readily made the acquaintance of the teachers in the school, as well as soon exchanging friendly recognition with the pupils of the latter not quite all yet returned. One fairly long dining table accommodated all, and the quiet sympathetic intercourse between teachers and pupils and with it the polite behaviour of the latter was pleasant to observe. Here in Central Europe, or as one may say, in the very heart of Germany, German life and German instruction and habit give, as in Herrnhut, the key-note to the instruction in the school. While in one or several of the Moravian schools located elsewhere, Mont-

mirail in French Switzerland for instance, French is in the lead. I heard no English in Niesky, neither in the school nor in the town.

Making the acquaintance of a lady who read French admirably, but was entirely unfamiliar with English, she expressed herself as always having been very anxious to learn it and with earnestness proposed that she and I, even for the brief period of my expected sojourn, exchange instruction in reading. I readily acquiesced. But, oh! never even for one hour, could I be enticed into such another barter of services. I had not the faintest conception that our easy (?) flowing English was such an apparently impossible language to a foreigner! My friend's pronunciation, aggravated by her seemingly hurried, earnest efforts was indescribable, and my success in smothering down its effect upon me cost me a strain indeed. Through the fortunate interruption of a friend of the lady's, a guest in the town, calling, the French reading for that hour had to be given up, and several little pleasure plans arranged by Bishop Stengårds,—one or two out-door teas and a mountain *Partie*—cancelled or compelled the canceling of and to my great relief, our reading contract.

We enjoyed exceedingly an excursion to some noted hills in the neighborhood of Görlitz. We started quite early in the morning with well-filled baskets. Leaving our two conveyances at the foot of the leading hill or the one more noted for its peculiarities of formation and finest outlook, we commenced our ramble, the gentlemen of the party taking careful charge of the valuable baskets up to a certain point and there storing them with serious warnings from those who had carefully prepared the collation, and felt themselves responsible for the comfort of the party when the hour for dinner came round. Amongst our number was a cousin of Mrs. Frueauff's and her sister Mrs. S., and his wife, missionaries recently returned for a brief rest from South Africa.

Going on up the hill and pausing on a wide smooth rock, a deep cavity was pointed out to us, very deep, called the *Todten-Höhle* where, during those fearful ages of ignorance and superstition were deposited the ashes of the dead offered

as sacrifices. We spent the time very agreeably rambling about, searching out the various curiosities of the mountain, enjoying the view from different points, and engaging, during our rests, in interesting conversation,—interesting as you can imagine it was to me, chiefly as listener, between people whose homes were in different parts of the world, exchanging experiences and opinions on that quiet mountain side.

On our return in the evening we stopped at a village near which stands the castle of Count —, a building of somewhat different style and build from the old-time decaying ones that have so often risen into view during our journeyings,—still, quite a castle-like building on pleasant grounds. Bishop Stengård being personally acquainted with the Count and Countess, we had a leisurely and pleasant walk through the park and handsome flower garden. The Countess is in retirement, burdened with a heavy sorrow, the quite recent death of their only daughter at the age of sixteen. We entered the church yard of the little church standing near, and under the shade of some trees stood beside the grave on which were strewn a variety of beautiful flowers, which the Countess, we were informed, has renewed every morning.

We had bright weather on the Sunday spent in Niesky. Bishop Stengård preached,—his curate leading in the preliminary services. Bishop Stengård is advanced in years and has been long in the ministerial service. The congregation here is large, and with the pupils from the schools and some few from the country and near country village, the large church was filled. A sister, or near relative, if I do not err, of the bereaved Countess previously referred to, and her daughter just growing into young womanhood, were amongst the audience and sitting near us in the gallery, we had time after service for introduction and a few moments conversation. The older lady was very quiet in tone and manner, but the younger extremely cheerful, with a bright, glad face. "How do you like our German country?" asked she in German, adding, "You have traveled so far. Ah, I think it a great privilege to travel. It gives the reality to what we have learned in our school books and have read of other countries."

In leaving charming Niesky on Monday we did not exchange final good-byes with Bishop and Mrs. Stengård and daughters, they having planned to drive over to Bautzen and meet us once more there, whither we go again to take the cars on our way from Herrnhut homeward. The twenty miles back to Herrnhut seemed but a short ride.

Having but one week more of time we applied ourselves to preparing for our journey. It was a much enjoyed week, yet the thought of parting, with no probability of ever meeting again, carried with it an undertone of sorrowful regret during the many little interchanges of friendly calls, and conversations bearing on our sojourn here and prospective journey, which were part of the details of these our last days amongst these dear people who had been so cordial and these earnest lines of the poet Rogers came continually to my mind, and which I entirely appropriated:

" And now, farewell,
 Many a courtesy
 That sought no recompense, and met with none,
 But in the swell of heart with which it came,
 Have I received"

As to the port from which we may sail for America, Mr. F. had been considering Bremen, Amsterdam and Håvre, and last, London, in case we cannot sail as early as desired from one of the above named on the Continent. Information from Bremen—whence we could sail direct to Philadelphia—was not satisfactory as to vessels, we therefore entertained no further thought as to that point. From Holland we have learned that passenger ships sail from Amsterdam for America the first, middle and last of each month. Letters will await Mr. Frueauff at Neuwied informing him as to our opportunity for passage from Amsterdam and Håvre and said information will determine if Amsterdam or Håvre shall be our point of sailing. Our journey to Håvre would take us through Paris as well as down the Rhine. As our route towards the seaboard will be more through southern Germany than was our journey eastward, we will, without loss of time, be able to take in the Rhine, even by sailing from Amsterdam, but must then forego Paris.

Our journey from Herrnhut will be direct to Dresden.

There we spend the night. Then in the cars on to Leipzig, where the semi-annual "*Messe*," or great Fair is being held. After two days at Leipzig, where the railroad for the present terminates, we will again resort to "Post," over "The King's Highway." On our way from Zeist to Herrnhut we traveled per "Post" over two hundred miles in three days, hurriedly changing horses kept in readiness at each relay, and I presume we will hurry along at about the same rate. We go via Erfurt, Weimar and other leading cities on to Frankfort-on-the-Main. From Frankfort down the Rhine to Neuwied near Coblenz.

We have just enjoyed another mail from home. Should other letters come they will be forwarded to Neuwied. Oh, the long, slow journey of letters! If only steam could hurry things along with its magical speed o'er every country and district, distance would not seem such an intrusive fact. We usually send our letters to America via England, although there seems continually, if I understand correctly, some possible trouble as to postage, but the opportunities from there per one of the "few and far between" steamers or more frequent sailing packets are surer and quicker mail facilities.

LEIPZIG, September 30th.

But I return to our departure from Herrnhut from the further detailing of which I have deviated. I cannot recall that previously I stated the fact that in the Moravian towns in this country church services are held every evening the week through. On Saturday evening I met several friends and bade them good-bye, and Monday, 28th of this month (September), being appointed for our starting homeward, we, on Sunday and Sunday evening, made a special detail of bidding good-bye, missing no one. Early on Monday morning the two "Post" conveyances were on time, and soon we were hurrying through the as yet silent streets of Herrnhut just as dawn was faintly breaking.

Father Frueauff and daughter, Miss Louise, accompanied us as far as Dresden, his grand niece, Miss Theodora (Miss Theodora Frueauff, from Moscow, Russia), goes with us to America to enter "Linden Hall," the Lititz Female Seminary, as teacher of Music and Modern Languages. I am

glad for her cordial companionship all through the journey and voyage home. Further on the way, and before reaching the seaboard, we will be joined by a cousin of Mr. F.'s, Rev. Edmund de Schweinitz, who returns to America after an extended sojourn in Europe.

Driving rapidly along we reached Bautzen in ample time where we found Bishop and Mrs. Stengård and daughters awaiting us. The depot was extremely crowded with waiting passengers of various nationalities. A medley of languages and the variety of costumes identified to us Germans, Italians, Slavs and so on. There I saw the first and only Negro I have seen in Europe, a very dark, very black young man, the servant of an American traveler.

Also, my attention was directed to the *Wends*, a distinctive peasantry, a sturdy, worthy people forming a large portion of the population of the Province of Bautzen, descendants of some of the earliest peoples (some assert of the Vandals) migrating from the east and settling here. Their original language still retained, and their dress are very distinctive. Their "week-day" dress and that for Sunday and holiday wear are very unlike—we had opportunity to observe both in the depot. For mourning they wear white. As to the matter of dress of the peasantry it differs in every country, and even in each district there is sometimes variety. All however are more or less odd—some decidedly picturesque and becoming, others homely and unattractive.

But as to our further journey. In due time the train was announced as ready. With the sure understanding that the parting now was the fronting edge of a wide stretch of time and distance which would lie between this and another meeting of these friends, if indeed another meeting in this world would be permitted them, there was no cheery "Auf Wiedersehn," but heart-warm, loving, comforting words and assurances of remembrances, and painful efforts to keep back the tears marked this parting. With a specially kind word to every one of our group from Bishop Stengård as he bade each good-bye, his finale "in Christ's Kingdom," in soft undertone were quite the last we heard, and which each heart and mind silently echoed as we turned to the train.

Arriving at Dresden quite early in the afternoon we had, after dinner, ample time for a walk through the palace garden, and for a once more promenade on the charming Brühlische Terrasse. On the following morning, soon after the parting with the much-loved, aged Father Frueauff and daughter Louise at the hotel, Mr. F. accompanying them to the return train from Bautzen, whence they would at once go back to Herrnhut, we took the train westward and were soon rapidly gliding over the wide plain towards Leipzig, some sixty-five miles distant, with beautiful Dresden rapidly fading behind us, the country with here and there a village and market town, or more properly perhaps a small city, was one wide, level plain, but, as quite evident, good farming land and well attended to. We arrived here in due time in the afternoon and were met at the station by a friend of Mr. F.'s, who had previously secured accommodations for us.

Leipzig is situated on the apparently small river Pleisse, at its junction with the Elster, also seemingly a small river—neither, I think, named in our home school geographies, as the names are entirely unfamiliar to me—and on a vast level stretching on every side away to the horizon, with not a swell of ground anywhere to give variety to the pronounced monotony. It can hardly be called a handsome city, but owing to the tremendous crowd everywhere just now we possibly do not get a true idea of the general appearance of it nor of its architecture, which latter seems to have much of old-time style in it. Its streets are mostly narrow, but we see some fine, well-kept squares, tempting one to a leisurely promenade or to enjoy a rest under the delightful shade trees and yield to the charm of the music of the bands. Beautiful walks and drives outside of, and seemingly all around the city, abound. We enjoyed the drive-ways, resisting any inclination to walk, in order to save time and strength.

That Leipzig is in the extreme an interesting city every foreigner must admit. Aside from these amazing, unequaled semi-annual Fairs, and the fact that it is at all times the year through a leading center of inland trade, it has innumerable, it seems to me, attractions of a high order which

have long given identifying character to the city. Its noted University stands prominent. Its schools of science and other institutions of learning, the opportunities given for attention to music or art, besides being the leading book market of Central Europe, if not of all Europe, prove it one of the most attractive as well as literary cities on the Continent. The hotels are excellent. We are stopping at one of the best, where every detail of our comfort is attended to. But we do not remain long within doors—out early this morning the same as yesterday, we only got back in time for dinner. An enjoyable association of our dinners has been a band of musicians concealed in a curtained gallery at one end of the dining room, giving to the busy diners the most charming music during the whole meal. We stop long enough to rest a bit in our rooms on the second floor, and from where, as I am hurriedly adding notes in my "Journal," I listen to the fine music from a band of musicians playing in the hotel on the opposite side of the street, and also lift my eyes every moment or two to look down on the immense and ever moving crowd in the street below. This cosmopolitan gathering to be seen here in this city is a world's wonder! People from everywhere in Europe, as well as Asiatics, of every nationality and tribe, and tongue, seem to have come here with their wares, as numerous and various and odd as anything the imagination can conceive. I refer in this last sentence not to the merchants and leading traders from prominent places with bringing their costly goods, but to the curious people from the various minor divisions of Europe. Genuine Sclavs from their far-away homes in the Hungarian forests, carrying about the streets in their hands and hung on their arms all kinds of rude hand-made wares, and which they perseveringly offer with earnest, anxious countenances to the people as they pass. Poles in their heavy fur caps, wearing long black coats reaching to their feet, and with heavy, very lengthy black scarfs tied around their waists. The Suabians interested—not especially their dress or general appearance—a kind of fascination in the softness of the name Suabia (or Swabia, pronounced), I think, and which at one time comprised a large division of Germany, but long since sub-

divided into sections under the distinctive names, Bavaria, Wurtemberg and others. But some of the peasantry from the southern parts are still known under the original name. One cannot but observe the various odd, some more than ordinarily odd, mysteriously moded dressing of the different peasantry from the various districts whence they have so eagerly, as they continuously do, come from year to year to sell their simple wares, and trudge back home with a trifle of hard earned money to add to their meagre fund.

The Greeks, in their picturesque costume, are easily recognizable. The Tyroleans, or Tyrolese, the Persians, the Arabians, the—but how can I in hurried though earnest, eager observation, recognize or inquire as to each and all. What a curious world is ours, we exclaim, as we see this astonishing gathering of so many and such a variety of its people here! And the babel of languages! Should I close my eyes and listen, I think I could readily and with clearer conception of that event, imagine myself on the wide plain of Shinar listening to the surprised confusion there.

Booths line the streets everywhere, and all minds seem intent upon the business and object of the great gathering. The whole city seems dominated by the Fair, yet order continually prevails.

There are many leading points of interest in the city—many enduring memories of people and events which must always greatly interest the visitor. But how can a sojourner of but a day or two see and note even half of them? Events permanently associated with history. Memories of genius in different details, leaders in literature, in music, in art and all the refinements of life each adding to the attractions of this richly attractive city and surroundings. Here Sebastian Bach lived in the minds of leading musicians, and to whose memory Mendelssohn was chiefly instrumental in the erection of the exceedingly handsome though not striking monument standing in easy view. Here Schiller and Goethe for a time lived and left associative memories—Schiller writing here, or in the near vicinity, his undying “Hymn to Joy.” And here Goethe gathered the leading idea of his Faust from some old manuscript, one of the scenes being laid in the noted cellar where the ancient parch-

ment, we are told, still exists. Also, this city, as we gather from incidental conversation, has a wide knowledge of, and as is also apparent, general intercourse with other nations—our own as well.

Here also is pointed out to us an association with or reminiscence of the "Thirty Years' War," the so-called Pleissenburg a notable stronghold during that long European contest. A church inaugurated by Luther about 1545 was pointed out to us. But how can I possibly dwell upon or even make note of all we see! From the Observatory is to be had a wide, unobstructed out-look of the surrounding country. Also from it we had an especially clear and clearly understood view of the noted battle-field. Search history as we may we find no record of a battle more fierce, or of a more reckless, horrible destruction of human life than the famous "Battle of Leipzig,"—on those memorable days of October 1813, the 16th, 18th, and 19th, almost to the day thirty years ago. Said the Official attending at the Observatory, and who with clear understanding pointed out to us the leading places, "My father often said, the river running red for many days with human gore, never seemed to have its natural color again. And, poor man, with the memory of that awful siege forever in his mind, we thought his sad eyes never again saw any beauty in nature around Leipzig." Against Napoleon with his 190,000 men were the combined allies some 240,000 or over, Russians, Prussians and Austrians, the Emperors of each of the three countries present, bent upon, if possible, breaking the power of Napoleon. Associated with the retreat of the French Army was the sad fate of the Poles who had attached themselves to the French and thus securing opportunity to take up arms against those three nations the never-to-be forgiven enemies and destroyers of their country,—their loved Poland. And more especially does the death by drowning in the recrossing of the river, the brave Poniatowsky the "Last of the Poles"—appeal to one's sympathy.

NEUWIED, October 8th, 1846.

We left Leipzig on the morning of the 1st of October again resorting to "Post,"—the railroad as I perhaps pre-

viously stated, not yet completed and in our two conveyances were soon rapidly rolling through the very heart of Germany over the "King's Highway" towards Frankfort, carrying with us the many distinct, enjoyable impressions—hoarded memories which in many a future hour will run back to the city we had just left with its strangely restless life and activity.

There was not much for many, many miles after leaving Leipzig to observe, nothing of much interest to catch the eye or win our attention as we rode on over the wide, far-stretching, unvaried level. Here and there a village, and then a town of considerable size and so on. The people of these towns and villages as the peasantry always heretofore for the time have, interested us as we passed along. National characteristics, modes of dress and habits of life present very noticable contrasts as we entered the different countries or divisions. But one plainly observes there is a narrow limit in every detail, to peasant life in Europe. In a social sense, in literature, in general knowledge in every thing that elevates and develops. No opportunities for intercourse with the world at large, or to inform themselves of its general progress, no time indeed did opportunities present themselves with all their energies bent towards obtaining the where-with-all to continue their existence from day to day, and year to year, leading through generations the same hard, contracted life. Mind and understanding uncultivated, untrained, the capacity for knowledge, and expansion of thought blunted. That all are courteous and kindly yet mostly shy as to entering into conversation with strangers we found to be the case, all of which characteristics we had, travelling "Post," and thus through occasional brief stoppings for a meal, a breakfast after a long night of travel, or dinner or supper at a village inn, opportunity to observe more closely. Our meals thus picked up, as it were, along the way were simple with no elaboration as to food or its preparation. Yet, we got on very well, realizing another leading feature of life among the lowly—their very plain simple fare. The drivers of our conveyances we observed carried their own provisions with them on these "Post" trips, and in noting which we had further proof of

the pitiable simple, stinted fare of many of the people. Leaving the supper table at one of the way-side village inns after a brief sitting, I stood at the door leading out to the road observing the people and children gathered about in their evening rest. Also noting our rather heavy, odd-looking "Post" conveyances one of our drivers or "Post" men specially for the moment drawing my attention. In his hand he held or rather embraced in his left arm a large loaf or a still ample portion of it, of coarse brown, very brown, almost black, bread, from which he cut off irregular pieces and ate heartily, and at intervals cut off liberal chunks for each of his two horses, they eating it readily and evidently appreciating it and the gentle pat from the good-natured driver. I must add that I could not see any other food eaten by the driver, simply the dry, black bread of which he no doubt had more than one loaf with him—his liberality to his horses would imply that.

But I have quite branched off from that not-soon-to-be-forgotten ride from Leipzig to Frankfort,—Frankfort-on-the-Main, as our geographies termed it to distinguish it from one or two other Frankforts in Germany,—Frankfort-on-the-Oder for instance, over one of the leading Chaussées, —(Public-highways) of Central Europe, and which is resonant with the echoes of prominent historical events.

Riding along we recalled the fact that Martin Luther over three hundred years ago, in April, 1521, in response to the peremptory command of the Emperor Charles to appear at the Diet of Worms in a prescribed number of days, twenty-one I think, after receiving the summons, leaving Wittenberg where he was then located,—the city lying some forty miles northeast of Leipzig, he travelled in the conveyance furnished him by his resident city and under an escort furnished by Emperor Charles by way of Leipzig, and over this same public highway, along which then, as now, lay some leading cities, Naumburg, one of his resting places, Weimar, Erfurt and other noted ones, amongst which not least his beloved Eisenach,—and on,—on through Frankfort to Worms, reaching the latter city on the morning of the 16th of April, leaving Wittenberg on the 2nd the journey occupied fourteen days, being permitted to, and having ample time for rest at night.

We journeyed uninterruptedly onward the whole of the first day having ample lunch with us for that day's need, and rode all the night following, a beautifully moonlight night after the moon which was at its early full had risen. In the morning we breakfasted at Naumburg situated on the Saale river, a city of some fourteen thousand population, with many and various manufactories, and also, we are informed, holding annual general Fairs, but not in the least comparable to those of Leipzig. Also we had a glimpse of, but, although we delayed here a little for rest dared not permit ourselves time to visit it, a very remarkable and very ancient Cathedral. Some tourists assert when you have seen one or two of the large Cathedrals you have seen them all and it is only a tiresome repetition to continue visiting them. Such is not my experience or decision. I visit each successive one which good fortune brings in our way and gives to us time and opportunity to enter, with a thoroughly renewed enjoyment, realizing while walking through them, and admiring their grandeur with earnest regard for all that is sacred and beautiful, and to build which the genius of man planned, and the almost inspired genius of man so sublimely adorned, that one cannot but be influenced by the solemnity of the fact that the invisible Presence to whom all has been solemnly dedicated, has been within and hovered over many a sincere worshipper as the years have come and gone.

The whole sixty or more miles from Leipzig to Weimar was an uninterrupted continuation of level country. The city of Weimar situated on the river Ilm is in the province known as Saxe-Weimar, and in the very heart of the great German country. The city has a population of some 12,000, was the former residence of the Grand Dukes and is, because of its specially refined literary character and the one-time home of authors, poets, musicians, professors and so on, frequently called the *German Athens*, Goethe and Schiller lived a long period of years there, and there both are buried. It has been fortunate in the fact that the successive rulers,—the Grand Dukes residing here, their steady home in the Grand ducal palace famous for its magnificence, were invariably refined in education and taste, and successively en-

couraging literature and the arts, and always through their kindly attention and encouraging aid drawing such thither, all giving an agreeable high tone and attractive charm to the place. Weimar has a fine public library. We would have been most glad to have seen more of the city, but, as it had become usual with us now, no delaying along the way could be permitted. Onward was the watchword. Steadily, hurriedly onward.

As I before intimated we, journeying along in this mode through the continuous rural districts, caught the true flavor of the country life of the Germans as it is found outside of and distant from the great cities where civilization with all its encouragements and advantages so abundantly exists. The population is mostly Lutheran but also there are many Catholics. As we rode quietly along enjoying the sunset and agreeable evening air, suddenly the soft, sad,—sweetly sad sound of a distant bell from somewhere came through the quiet air. "The Convent Bell" replied our driver to a question from one of our company. Ah, those quiet-lived, secluded sisters retiring away from and closing their eyes to the world's sights and scenes of which we have been trying to get so much. I meant previously to state that during our brief stop at the city of Weimar I was, for the moment, quite impressed with the information given me that we were only about twelve miles from the battle ground where, in October 1806, Napoleon and the Prussians engaged, the latter defeated. I refer to the battle near Jena which city is situated about twelve miles southward from Weimar.

After leaving Weimar the country immediately becomes less monotonous and at once also more interesting, increasing rapidly in beauty and variety of scenery,—especially on entering picturesque Thuringia the whole area of which is more or less beautiful. Soon our road was running directly through the noted Thuringian Forest, more primeval perhaps and less interfered with through efforts at ornamentation than any other so easily accessible with public highways running through and around it. The rich softness of the richly wooded hills rising higher and higher with, we could well imagine the most charming outlooks, and so richly associated with human history. We sighed over our

lack of time to linger, more particularly as we knew we would soon be nearing the long famed, historic Wartburg.

We continued our journey driving steadily onward with the usual "Post" speed towards Erfurt located half way between the cities of Weimar and Gotha, reaching Erfurt late in the evening,—a rain-threatening evening. Martin Luther's memorable associations with this city were uppermost in our minds, recalling the history of the old Augustine Monastery in which he lived (from 1505 until called in 1508 to a professorship in the then newly founded University of Wittenberg) gladly in that age of monasticism and with his constitutionally pious mind accepting seclusion from the world, readily and humbly adopting the black cowl with its curious black scapulary,—the habit which gave to the St. Augustine Monks the name of Black Friars in England,—and becoming one of the good brotherhood, noted for their piety and purity of life, and there, finding the chained Bible in the library, in the quiet seclusion of that distinguished monastery his great life work originated. Luther previous to entering the Monastery had, as an earnest student spent four years in the University of Erfurt, where his parents had entered him in 1501, at the age of 18. The old Monastery, if I understood correctly, is still extant and used as an asylum for orphans. In Erfurt also is a noted ancient Gothic Cathedral, one of the most venerable in Germany, with its very rich portal or door way, a feature of mediæval architecture, and of which characteristic decoration the Cathedral here has an unusual display, of all of which I had read. And the remarkable representation on the door way of the "Last Judgment" in its most severe conception, and of adorning statues, and symbols and so on, all dating from the 11th Century. All these details of which I have written we had dreamed of seeing. But, alas, we had only time for supper and were soon again riding on through the dark night towards Gotha.

I meant to add that Erfurt was the ancient capital of Thuringia, and is a strongly fortified city, largely populated, some thirty thousand inhabitants, and is well situated for the large inland trade it carries, having already during the middle ages been a seat of trade. Also far back in the

ages, as far back as the year 741 it became the seat of a bishopric. We therefore readily realize that Erfurt is a city of many ages, and rich in leading events, of many years of human history.

In the night, the moon had risen and somewhat relieved the darkness, we reached Gotha. This city is situated about half way between Erfurt and Eisenach. Here we stopped for some rest remaining into the afternoon of the next day, Saturday, 3rd. Gotha is a handsome city, the capital and leading city of the duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and most-time residence of the Duke. It is situated on high ground on the right bank of the river,—the Leine, I think, in a beautiful section of country. It has a population of some fourteen thousand inhabitants. Handsome public buildings and educational institutions, and many leading manufactories.

Our next points of interests were the "Wartburg" and the town of Eisenach. This part of Thuringia was charmingly beautiful, the surroundings growing more and more picturesque as we journeyed on. Late in the afternoon we came in sight of the tower of the long historically celebrated Castle of the Wartburg, situated on the highest elevation of the "Thüringerwald"—Thuringian Forest. The Castle itself was hidden by the trees, the summit of the tower only was visible. There, as we all know, Luther, immediately after the Diet of Worms, lived incognito almost one year,—a friendly incarceration we also know. Luther's friend and protector,—the Elector Frederick planned, and had it carried out to have Luther seized on this same highway at almost the same hour of the evening at which we were passing over the same road, (on the evening of the 4th of May, 1521) on his return from the Diet, to hide and save him from the wrath of his angry, bitter foes, by secretly confining him there. We know too, although chafing under the confinement, how diligently he continued laboring with mind and pen, his triumphant, crowning work within those walls being the translation of the New Testament into the German language that all might read, and at the same time with his scholarly ability so purifying and improving the language.

The previous and very early history of Wartburg castle is also notably interesting which we also recalled, still looking earnestly back as we rode along, at the summit of the tower of that famed castle sitting so quietly on the top of the finely wooded hill, the facts as we had read and could recall, and which also very decidedly helpful to illustrate the character of events in that early age.

The Wartburg was one of the very first of the Feudal Castles, the idea and erection of which massively built, un-homelike structures, originated in the Eleventh Century, and was built about the year 1067, a notably grand structure. The successive Landgraves of Thuringia holding their Court there, and there the leading gaieties of life were enjoyed. And there also was held that strange poetic contest called the "War of the Wartburg," which as early as the close of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth Century encouraged in a degree, the efforts of early literature. The "Poetic Contest" was a heated and oft-repeated one, and the ambitious rivalry of talent became bitter in the extreme between the "Minnesingers." The middle-high-German dialect was used. The munificent and tolerant Thuringian Landgrave Herrmann gave home and refuge to them. But interesting as it all is, I cannot go further into details,—in fact I would not without further information risk any added statements. We ride on, wondering, and marvelling over the past.

Night was setting in when we reached Eisenach the loved boyhood home of Luther, and where he passed the most pathetic period of his life. We made no stop there,—we could observe however as we rode along in the rapidly darkening twilight how beautifully it was situated in this charming district of Thuringia, and that it seemingly is a large city, with a population of some ten thousand. It is not more than one and a half or two miles distant from the Wartburg. It is situated in the Province of Eisenach of which it is the Capital. Riding on we made no stop excepting for some refreshments or a meal, until late in the afternoon of the 4th Sunday, we reached Fulda the day on which we had hoped to be in or get to Frankfort. It is the many miles and miles of travel by this mode with anxiety to reach certain points

within a prescribed time, that makes distance an intense reality. It was rarely that we quite lost consciousness in sleep, and our driver would quietly name one and another of the larger towns through which we passed and their special manufactories. We were indeed often impressed with the fact of the many and various industries of the larger towns through which we passed.

Fulda, the former capital of the province of Fulda, is a city of over nine thousand inhabitants and also of large manufactories. An Abbey instituted there in the year 744 by the "holy Bonifacius" was the origin of the long established bishopric of Fulda. This close contact if but for a brief moment, with these places gives a reality to the histories we learned of them, and, one marvels over their intense, varied phases during the slow rolling years. Fulda has a magnificent palace and a grand Cathedral, in the latter is the sepulchre of Bonifacius. We made no stop in Fulda excepting to change conveyances.

Hanau, about nine miles distant from Frankfort, is a large appearing city with a population of fifteen thousand. It is a city of many industries,—has a large inland trade, we are told, and many noted manufactories. Also Hanau has some prominence in history. It is noted for the battle of October 1813, in which the Austrian and Bavarian troops were defeated by Napoleon. A fine, large palace, once owned and occupied by Napoleon's sister Pauline, was pointed out to me, or the effort to point it out in the clear moonlight of the approaching morning was made.

The horses attached at the last relay were hurrying us onward and at four o'clock in the morning,—Monday morning the 5th,—we alighted in Frankfort at one of the best, most extensive and finest hotels, I verily believe, in Europe. Immediately we were guided from the first floor up the wide staircase, the low steps of which, even in our weariness, we found of easy comfortable ascent, through a spacious well lighted and handsomely furnished hall to near by bedrooms on the second floor of the building. All this after our almost unbroken four days and as many nights of "post" travel, was luxury. One need and aim,—rest and sleep,—dominated each and all of our company. No sooner

were Miss Theodora and myself, who from this on were to be mated in our journey, sharing bedrooms, staterooms and so on, in our room than, hurrying off bonnets and shawls we threw ourselves on the bed and immediately in the soundest sleep were oblivious to everything. About eight o'clock or a little after, we were called to breakfast. A refreshing bath and an elegant breakfast after that four hours perfect rest thoroughly prepared us for a day of sight-seeing. While at breakfast I had an opportunity to see a St. Bernard dog,—the first I had ever seen,—a noble looking, beautiful animal, very large, and dark brown in color, evidently at home in the hotel. An effort to draw his attention as he leisurely walked by the table brought him close up to my chair, and without in the least needing to elevate his head,—he was very tall,—rested it beside my hand on the table, giving me opportunity to pat and caress him.

Knowing that we could give ourselves but one day in this city, we permitted no delay,—starting out immediately after breakfast, first walking, and soon, to gain time, riding. It is a most interesting city, a city of great wealth and continually gaining through its vast inland trade, its great banking business, numerous manufactories, and its annual Fairs held every spring the same as those of Leipzig, gathering merchants and traders and artisans from everywhere. The city is situated, as we know, on the river Main or Mayne, which gives to it its surname. In German it is *Frankfurt-am-Main*, in our geographies we are familiar with it as Frankfort-on-the-Main, or Mayne. The name originated through an accident, a historical one. The Franks, a German tribe early in the fifth century, I believe, being hotly pursued by the enemy and the river arresting their flight, they luckily discovered a ford and hurriedly crossing over rested here, giving the name "Franks' Ford" to the locality and thus the city came by its name. The city proper is located on the north side of the river, a very ancient bridge built in 1342 crosses the river, connecting with the part of the city on the south side, and known, if I remember correctly, under the name of Sachsenhausen.

As I stated above, Frankfort is a most interesting city. Besides its dominant display of business life, it has abound-

ing educational advantages. A large book-trade, public libraries, a number of literary institutions of various grades, hospitals, museums, art galleries and so on,—everything that cultivates and uplifts. It is still one of the four remaining free cities of Europe. Its public buildings are noted many of them for their more than ordinary historical prominence. The ancient City Hall or Römer, or, as one of our company termed the Senate House. The Wahlzimmer or Election Room is the apartment in which the German Diet still meets. The Kaisersaal or Hall of the Emperors, has lately been handsomely repaired and brightened up with fresh coloring, but I think cannot have lost, through this recent touching up, much of its old-time solemnity, as it looks a most stately, sombre hall. Along the side walls are rows of niches in each one of which is a full length portrait of one of the former Emperors, the number of niches corresponding with the number of German Emperors from, if I do not err, Conrad I., A.D. 911 to Francis II. 1806. What an array of rulers, controlling the lives and arbitrating the fate of thousands upon thousands of their fellow creatures! The name of each Emperor is underneath his portrait. It was indeed interesting to walk through this hall and observe the different countenances of these royal rulers, and their various costumes each in the fashion of his age. The election of the Emperors, in the ages when they were elected to power, took place in the Wahlzimmer, or election room, previously referred to. They were crowned in the St. Bartholomew Church, a very ancient Gothic building. The population is largely Lutheran, though other Churches are by no means lacking,—Catholic and others. Jewish Synagogues are apparently numerous. In the suburbs of the city are very many strikingly handsome private residences. Here, too, in Frankfort, are many fine Parks and Public Gardens in which the citizens crowd to enjoy the afternoons and evenings. Of them all however there seems none even nearly equal to the "Main Lust," a public park on the grandest scale in size and adornment, located on the bank of the river and, as one can well imagine, a most popular resort. The people promenade, rest on the grass or sit at the

tables and enjoy refreshments and listen to the exquisite music of the bands, giving the impression that life is but one glad, happy holiday. On returning from this park our attention was attracted by a handsome barouche drawn by four beautiful white horses,—“The Prince and Princess of Hesse-Cassel out for a drive,” explained our guide. In one of the squares of the city stands a beautiful monument recently erected to the memory of Goethe. This is the city of his birth. A fine figure of him surmounts the pedestal, while on the different sides are various bas-relief representations from his works.

We were joined in Frankfort by Mr. and Mrs. Krebs, cousins of Miss Theo's, and who, in anticipation of our coming reached the city the evening previous. Mr. Krebs had made all arrangements for our accommodation at the hotel, and also secured for themselves and us tickets to the opera for that evening, of Monday 5th,—a charming finale to our interesting day of sight-seeing,—thus affording us an opportunity to hear the so-called “Swedish Nightingale” Jenny Lind, a sweetly simple, unostentatious name. A young lady of Swedish birth, with a surpassingly gifted, marvelously cultured voice, who is astonishing and delighting the whole music loving world of Europe. She has a most sweet, winning, artless face, with an ease and grace of manner that gives assurance of conscious ability and success. The vast opera house was crowded to the very walls, all eager and expectant. Many, possibly a large proportion of the audience, had read of her,—I admit, in our distant roamings and not particularly enjoying the unfamiliar German newspapers, I had not, and from the conversation of a few within our hearing some had previously heard her. It is impossible to give you even a faint idea of this wondrously gifted lady's singing. The opera presentation for the evening was Bellini's “La Sonnambula,”—the music melodious beyond comparison, and the illustration of character most charming in every detail. No melodies from human lips were ever sweeter, and were any ever before so wonderfully rendered,—linking the sentences together with song and trill with such ease, and perfection, and enjoyment, as if her voice were but playing. Never can I ex-

pect to hear such perfect singing again,—never to experience again such a rare delight. It was a new, a marvelous revelation to me, and the memory of it all will glimmer and echo through my mind to the end of my life. Said one of our company during a brief interval who had heard the lady once before, “She will become the most exalted singer ever known,” and again “Her vocal power is most marvelous!” Truly it was a wondrous rendition of that exquisite opera. The sleep-walking scene and melodies accompanying were sweet beyond all telling. The lovely singer merited, most truly and decidedly to the last echo the loud, long-continued applause, and the very oft-repeated encores.

Returning to our hotel and learning that Mademoiselle Lind was stopping at the same hotel and had not yet come in, Mrs. K., Miss Theodora and myself desiring a nearer glimpse of the lady, we, with assumed unconsciousness kept up a conversation and continued promenade in the hall near the head of the stairs, awaiting her arrival. Presently two ladies warmly clad came tripping up the stairs, the one softly humming, but in tone so low as was barely perceptible, glancing at us and we at them as they passed,—they continuing on up another flight of stairs, we continuing our promenade. The finale. A waiter soon coming down the upper flight, and turning to descend to the lower floor, Mrs. K. asked in German “Do you think Mademoiselle Lind will shortly be in?” “O” was the reply, “she has just come in,—Mademoiselle Lind and her lady companion must have passed you right here?” And, slightly extending his hand holding a beautiful bouquet added, “Mademoiselle Lind as she passed into her room, kindly handed me this.”

Early the following morning—Tuesday, 6th—we took the cars for Mayence or Mentz, in German Mainz—situated at the confluence of the river Main with the Rhine, Mr. and Mrs. Krebs journeying with us. Passing towns and villages as the train hurried on, the town of Hochheim was specially pointed out to me. The town with a population of some two thousand stands on high ground sloping to the river. The vineyards were in plain view and the superior wine they produce—the famous “Hochheimer wine”—has given distinction to the town. The name “Hock” given as I am told to wines in England, is derived from this name.

Mayence, owing to its controlling, through its advantageous location, the two rivers at that place, is a leading military point of great importance, and is said to be the strongest fortified city in Germany. An unvarying garrison of 8,000 men, Prussians and Austrians, is stationed here, which adds considerable increase to the 60,000 native population of the city. A Bishopric was established here in the eighth century—A.D. 745, the Pope appointing the "Holy Bonifacius" its first Archbishop. The city is of very early origin, dating back to shortly before the Christian Era some seven years, and like most of the cities along the Rhine and many elsewhere throughout Europe, was founded by the Romans. Originally a Roman Fortification it grew into the leading city of the Rhine and so continued until late in the Fifteenth Century. History tells of the then cruelty and wrong that reduced it to a condition of secondary importance.

"What a pity you cannot spend at least two days in Mayence," said Mr. Krebs, addressing the remark particularly to Miss Theodora and myself. "It is one of the most interesting cities in Europe,—so many places to arrest the attention of and entertain the stranger, and furnish material for thought and wonder. You would find sights, and scenes, and historical associations connected with the past in the city's history enough to fill your "Journals" to their last pages!"

"Ah" we sighed, "we wish so much, we could stop over, but," we philosophically added, "we cannot expect to see the whole world,—we must stop short somewhere. "Yes, yes," replied Mr. K., "that is right I was wishing it in behalf of your further enjoyment and information." Observing the dome and turrets of the great Cathedral towering high above all the city, we inquired as to it. "Ah, yes,—it is the leading sight and attraction of the city. It is one of the grandest Cathedrals in Germany, and one of the most interesting and magnificent in its architectural effect. It was commenced—the building of it,—about A.D. 980, was several times partially destroyed by fire and re-built each time, making some change in the architecture. Beneath its vast arches in the interior are many interesting very ancient

tombs and monuments, amongst which that of the wife—his third wife—of Charlemagne, Frastrada. The remains of the great Emperor himself—Charlemagne, rest in the vast Cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle." Mr. Krebs also referred to the fine monument, by Thorwaldsen, I think, recently erected to the memory of Gutenberg standing in conspicuous view near the Cathedral in Mayence, also stating that the house in which he was born is still intact. A large, to me at least, and peculiar looking, pontoon-bridge or bridge of boats connects Mayence with the also strongly fortified town opposite.

Our waiting of about an hour in Mayence was terminated by a hurried walk to the steamboat just arriving, and with keen anticipation our sail down the Rhine commenced.

There always seemed to me a fascination in the very name of the river, a fascination engendered by history and romance so thoroughly intermingled and associated with and perpetually overshadowing it, even while realizing that much of the history is questionable. For, seek and ask her as we may

"History mumbleth something
And answereth naught."

Of the romance and legendary lore offered us almost without limit, one really tires. This last, I conclude, proves I lack the taste of the Poets and Artists who have so lovingly revelled in this fanciful lore, and have so surely helped to increase such a general fancy for it and to

"Conjure up, in care's despite,
A thousand visions of delight."

Yet I gladly admit, that all descriptive narratives which I have read of the scenery I find charmingly true. I will add however, that even a partial familiarity with or knowledge of the curious legends of some of the leading ruins might add somewhat to the interest of the viewing of these marvelous remnants of the old, Feudal ages if one could make several trips up and down the river, but I conclude that when making but one trip the knowledge amounts to but little, the time and the necessarily rapid viewing being entirely too brief to use it, or in any degree make it avail-

able, as, while giving thought and earnest looking to one bit of the grandeur it rapidly recedes and another, and still another equally striking comes into immediate view. Or, you hear some one who is watching the other side of the river—or, like yourself straining to watch both sides, suddenly call out to a companion, "Oh, see that grand old ruin, just one of the grandest;" or, as another young girl called out, also in English, "O, just look at that splendid old thing!" Her appreciation hearty enough, though not specially dainty in the expression of it. Mostly, however, the larger proportion of the tourists in quiet wonder and enjoyment, were under the influence of its matchless charm, intent upon viewing and taking into mind and memory the surpassing scenery. Occasionally some one of a group quietly drawing the attention of the others to and slightly commenting upon some detail that would particularly strike them. Realizing beforehand the impossibility of, during one brief, rapid sail down the Rhine catching the names and holding in memory the leading ruins, I had read up as much as possible, and closely studied my newly purchased "Map of the Rhine," which bit of preparatory aid was useful and gratifying in the extreme to me.

But to make proper connection I must go back a little. Our attention on leaving Mayence was immediately given to the Rhine after a glance over the boat which seemed considerably crowded with, as we concluded mostly tourists, —a mixed gathering of peoples, German, French and English, intermingled in the democratic way that only steam-boat travel affords or compels. The sky for a little while seemed overclouded and threatening rain but soon our fears were dispelled, and we had beautiful weather. An interesting, varied scenery of hills and vallies, and villages, fine mansions with terraced grounds and pretty cottage homes came into view and glided away from us. The real mountain and ruined castle scenery not reached for many miles further on. Our attention was directed to the picturesque little town of Biebrich on our right, and near it standing the unusually handsome Château built of sandstone, owned and often occupied by the Duke of Nassau, and said to be the handsomest palace along the river. The grounds surround-

ing the building seem beautiful and in them are seen remnants of the ruins of an ancient palace of one of the German Louis, and with which, Mr. K. informed us is associated quite a pathetic legend, which he quickly detailed to us for our entertainment, we readily agreeing with him as to its unnatural probability. Near Biebrich are some noted vineyards which give prominence to this section of country. Vineyards indeed are seen continually, but here and there are some unusually noted. Johannesburg for instance, a little further down the river producing the world-famed "Johannesberg Wines," the distinguished Castle standing in the midst.

The Rhine as it flows steadily on gathers into itself many waters. Streamlets mingling with streamlets as they hurry down distant mountains, dash themselves in pretty waterfalls over jagged rocks, rushing through narrow ravines and leisurely crossing low meadows, flowing along traveled roadsides and emptying themselves into this classic river, ready to receive and carry along these far-traveled waters, leaving with them mountain base and level shore and finally emptying all into the distant sea. This fact became, as it were, a constant reality as we passed the confluence of the many small rivers thus meeting and emptying into the Rhine. Opposite the mouth of the Selz stood on our right as we moved along, the pretty village of Winkel, one of the places of Charlemagne's attachment. It is said he especially loved this place. That great man's name is associated historically and in legend with many localities along the Rhine. One of our party hurriedly referred to the legend which asserts that the spirit of Charlemagne still at times returns to hover over this loved town, an abundant vintage always following such spirit visits. Also, was reference as hastily made to Charlemagne's beautiful palace—not in view, some distance up the Selz, equally noted for legendary story. But our observation and minds settled directly upon the increasingly interesting views along the river. We noted especially the peculiarly compact, strong looking ruins of the Castle of Brömserburg, near the Rudesheim Castle, once the possession and high-towering home of the distinguished Knight Hans Brömser, noted for his surpassing valor. He was

converted under the preaching of St. Bernard, and joined the Crusaders. He was captured and long confined in a dungeon by a Saracen band. Yearning for freedom his pleading messages to his fellow Christian Crusaders to rescue him, were accompanied with a promise in the line of Jephtha's, and which—ah, if true!—brought about a finale—(legendary, bear in mind)—full of pathos, namely to build a convent and compel his beautiful daughter Griselda to a life of service in it. Home at last when all hope of his return had been given up by his family, he revealed to his daughter his vow. She, finding him deaf to all her pleadings, under the influence of despair at the thought of so distasteful a life, when but a short time before the happiest of maidens, buoyant under the joyful prospect of a near union in marriage with her lover, a proud young knight in the neighborhood, flung herself from the height of the castle walls into the river. Some fishermen the next morning sorrowfully carried the body home to the castle for burial. This legend would of course not be complete without the after statement that the unresting spirit still returns and hovers over the water.

Soon we reached Bingen,

“Fair Bingen on the Rhine.”

I had mentally been reciting that beautiful poem of Mrs. Norton's while longingly watching for this ancient town, brought to the special notice of many tourists through the above referred to poem relating the pathetic, homesick yearning of that

“Soldier of the legion,
who——Lay dying in Algiers.”

The origin of the town dates far back. At first a Roman military post, and later a populous, flourishing trading town, it has dwindled into a small and rather unimportant place as a point of trade, with a population of about 7,000. Bingen has prominence in the tourist's mind as the point where, as one sails down the river the finest scenery begins, and sailing up where it ends. The town is beautifully located at the confluence of the Nahe with the Rhine, and near a graceful curve round a high mountain on the latter

river. Immediately beyond this curve the character of the river and scenery changes. The mostly low hills and more noted vineyards and sloping shores with the quaint, quiet villages dotting here and there all forming the plain pictures sometimes trailing long in sight after we had passed them, were suddenly shut off behind us, and the grand panorama of the Rhine began at once the unfolding of its wondrous views. And a wonderful panorama it is! Taken all in all there can be nothing else in the wide world like it, its varying hills crowned with those strange ruins of the long ago past, hills and ruins following each other in such close, bewildering succession! All replete in grandeur of scenery and rich in historic and legendary lore, supplying painter, poet and meditative traveler through the ages with unlimited material.

Soon after leaving Bingen we passed the noted Mäuse-thurm, or Mouse Tower, and its repellant legendary association with the reputed cruel Bishop Hatto immediately came to mind. Setting aside the legend the more sensible conclusion is offered us that it was originally a watch-tower, built during the time when suspicion and distrust prevailed and those powerful, aggressive old barons needed to be on the alert. Opposite on the right bank rises quite alone in its sudden, decided uplift the summit on which stands like a cut-out picture the ruins of the famed old castle of Ehrenfels, beautifully picturesque, as if nature, in her silent action, had a special view to Art in outlining her slow but sure decaying work. This Castle of Ehrenfels was founded early in the ninth century.

The beautiful and newly restored "Castle of Rheinstein," situated on the side of the large forest-covered hill—the pleasant looking highway winding round the foot of it—drew many exclamations of admiration. In this Castle Queen Victoria was recently entertained by her German host, the King of Prussia, to whom the Castle now belongs. This Castle, very beautiful in its newly restored condition, drew the exclamation, "Who can conceive of the effect when all these Castles, or ruins of them, stood in their original grandeur—so very many of them on these varied summits!" On a neighboring hill, high and rocky, quite

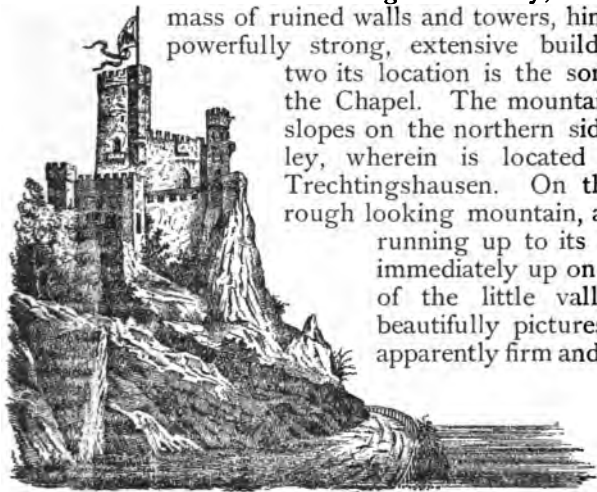
near the "Rheinstein," stand the ruins of the old Castle of Falkenburg, or also named Reichenstein. The St. Clement's Kirche, or chapel, beautiful and chaste looking, if simple in style and finish, stands in the vale between the two mountains with these noted Castles, the same mediaeval legends associating the Castles and Chapel. The remains of the Castle of Falkenburg are a heavy, strikingly notable

mass of ruined walls and towers, hinting of a once powerfully strong, extensive building. Of the

two its location is the somewhat nearer the Chapel. The mountain Falkenburg slopes on the northern side into the valley, wherein is located the town of Trechtingshausen. On the side of the rough looking mountain, and apparently

running up to its summit, rising immediately up on the north side of the little valley stand the beautifully picturesque and still apparently firm and compact ruins

of Sonneck, the family name of a noble family whose ancestral home it was.



CASTLE OF RHEINSTEIN

The Castle seems to have been an extensive one, and though of less remote date than some, was built over 800 years ago—about the year 1015. Think of the people in those faraway years living their strange, imperfect, incomplete lives on these summits along this charming river. Ah, but they had a fine sense of the beautiful, fully evidenced in selection of location, however mostly rude and cruel, and uncultured their lives. It is well, as we often assert, that nothing in this world lasts continuously. Those fearless, life-enjoying, determined old barons built well and strong, and with strength against strength, force against force, held their own fearlessly and long. But they could not resist time and fate. Their power waned, and all that

is left are these wondrous ruins in such various, curious stages of decay of those once proud castles of many styles of build, adding a charm to the scenery which nothing else could give. And with the varied attraction of here and there charming little valleys, with now a city, and then a quaint old-time village, and again a modern castle, a less pretentious home-like mansion, or quiet, restful cottage, all giving to the eagerly gazing tourist a panoramic picture beyond the imagination to conceive. Also, the many sloping hills, each terraced to the top with vineyards now rich in fruitage, are a leading feature all along the river. The vintage is on hand and men, women and children are conspicuously busy.

I am aware in these memoranda of a minuteness somewhat unusual in tourists, and of possibly starting the suspicion of a design to write out for you a new "Guide to the Rhine." No, that would be quite beyond my ability. But to aid my memory to recall as much as possible of this surpassing scenery happily apportioned to us as part of our European trip, is the keen object of my detailed notes.

We had time to make a passing note of the Castle of Heimburg also named Hohnneck formerly an old Frankish Keep apparently one of the finest locations, and with a legend all its own, and a favorite place of one of the earliest Merovingian kings who frequently rode over to it from Worms and then turn to look at the little town of Lorch said to be one of the most ancient places of settlement along the Rhine. It stands at the entrance to the mystical little valley of Wisperthal-(Whispervale) rich in ghostly story and full of echoes of hissing, sibilant sounds. Immediately also came into view near the town of Rheindriebach, the still strong looking ruins of Fürstenburg Castle with its pathetic legend of the tender Mother wife of Franz von Fürst of the thirteenth Century. It stands in close nearness to the town of Bacharach with its ancient looking buildings and its prominent pride, as is the boast of so many Rhine localities, in its superior wines, an old rhyme informing us that

"At Bacharach olden on the Rhine,
You always get the best of wine."

Bacharach was once a strong Roman military post. Also it has its legendary stories—being once visited by Bacchus after whom it was named, and in honor of whom, the Romans, already in that early day appreciating the superior quality of the wine grown and manufactured here, erected an immense stone altar on the island opposite, but of which memorial but one or two stones are said to be standing.

The famed St. Werner's Church is an object of note in the town or more properly the remains or ruins of the church, built in memory of and dedicated to St. Werner whom it is said the angered Jews put to death at Oberwesel, and whose body, contrary to the laws governing flowing streams, floated up the river to Bacharach, the citizens burying the body on the spot where the remains of the Church still stand. Also those who believe in the once humanity of the famous Loriei maiden Bacharach is declared her birth-place. But a large proportion adhere to the legend declaring that the beautiful and dangerous enchantress of Lorieiberg further down the river whose alluring powers have given basis for boundless song and story through the ages, is a genuine daughter of the river, a true water nymph.

As we approach the quite ancient town of Caub we observed, almost opposite, in the middle of the river, a quaint-looking building, small yet prominent, which proved to be a curious castle, the Pfalz or Pfalzgrafenstein, with numerous towers, turrets and ramparts and a curious central dungeon. History and tradition differ as to the purpose of its construction on the little island in the river, the former informing us of its erection in the fourteenth century as a toll-house for the nobility to add to their income by a tax levied on the many vessels trading up and down the river. Tradition, always fanciful, declares its erection, after the Principality of Pfalz was given by the German Emperor to the new elector von Stauffen, ascribable to the love matter of his beautiful daughter Agnes, who, for a time, was imprisoned therein. Coming down to later days and historical facts it was from one of the turrets Field Marshal Blücher, on his way to Waterloo, watched his army cross the Rhine on New Year's day, 1814.

On the summit which rises above the town of Caub, are the fine ruins of the Castle of Gutenfels. The pretty history of Count Philip of Falkenstein and his beautiful sister Guda who together occupied it in the thirteen Century, the latter becoming Empress of Germany in 1269, the pleasing ending of a faithful and greatly tried love.

The town of Oberwesel also a former Roman military point under the name of Vosavia, was formerly strongly fortified, part of the wall with its here and there high fortress easily discernable from the boat, is quite intact apparently. The beautiful "Alter Thurm" is also a notable object. On the hill towering above the town are the massive, extensive ruins of the noted Castle of Schönberg—"Beautiful Hill"—the name of the noted warrior of Schönberg originated here.

As we rounded the wonderful Lorlei, bold, bare rock rising in its abrupt height some four hundred and fifty, or more, feet above the surface of the river we remembered the many romantic stories of it, of its mystical maiden, and of its peculiar, many repeating,—(sevenfold)—echoes, and the magnificent outlook from its summit. The river here narrows considerably and the water is said to be extremely deep.

The beautiful ruins of the Katz,—the Cat on the Katzenelnbogen, especially attracted my attention, seated on the very apex as it were of the rock and tapering up from it as if grown out of it and a very part of its continuous growth, which however the pretty variation of broken tower, and turret, and wall at once contradict. It too has its legend, a mixture of the pleasing and exasperating.

The village of Welmich—(it would be an interesting detail to know how many villages are located along this river aside from the larger towns,—or cities as to an extent many of the larger towns are,—) has the ruins of an ancient castle situated on the height above it, also rich in curious indeed ridiculously curious or odd legends, I refer to the ruined Castle Thurnberg by the haughty Katzenelnerns the castle previously referred to and not located far away, sneered at as the Mouse which they asserted the Cat would soon devour but never did,—the Mouse held its own and awaited with the rest, time's own slow but sure work.

The town of St. Goar is of very ancient date and has fact and legendary story greatly mixed. Originally a hermitage established as early as the sixth Century by the good Missionary Monk—afterward canonized as St. Goar whose name it still bears. A generous grant of land from Charlemagne and precious offerings and gifts from Pilgrims and travellers greatly enriched the hermitage which soon developed into a town. It is a delightfully picturesque town. No ruin along the river is perhaps equal in extent or perfection of outline and showing still such evidence of strength, strength that baffled Louis XIV, but afterward yielded to the superior strength of Napoleon, as those of this old and once notably powerful Castle of Rheinfels.

Back of the town of Warlen we were informed as we passed, are the once wonderful silver mines from whence the Merovingian King the renowned Dagobert obtained his untold wealth, then losing the ability to work them, and thereby "hangs a tale" or legend, a pretty enough one,—his daughter Beatrice, a duke of Suabia or Swabia, a little dwarf all prettily mixed up, and—but oh, dear I'm running against my wish or inclination again, headlong into these legendary nothings.

Passing Ehrenthal we are informed of its rich mines once the property of the war loving barons of Thurnberg, and—well, only more bewildering legendary lore. As we glide along past the village of Hirzenach one of our party laughingly advises against our ever stopping to drink wine there where the example of the once inn-keeper, Hans Treuerlich, acting under the advice of a guest who, much to the chagrin of the inn-keeper detected his sly habit of diluting his wine in the cellar from a faucet attached to a pipe leading the Rhine water in, strained the wine to keep back the tiny fishes as he filled each tumbler for his guests, might still be kept up. We insisted that our cheery companion, not content with the thousand and one legends already and for ages overshadowing these marvelous shores, was deliberately fabricating more as we moved along. But wherefore try to even but faintly refer to all we see and learn, and casting aside the lighter veined legends and indeed all legends connected with it, we conclude there is nowhere,

never can be another like this remarkable river Rhine, so beautifully bordered by nature and adorned by man. Write as we would, we could not exaggerate its strangely interesting, bewildering grandeur. The scenery since leaving Oberwesel has, if possible, increased in hills and ruins, and with them the wondrous combination of subject truth and legend so enticing to generations of Poets and Painters.—

The two castles or ruins of them on the hills very much alike and in close proximity,—Sterrenberg and Liebenstein, named "The Brothers,"—built, I believe, early in the Middle Ages by their Father Dietrich, a nobleman, one for each of his two sons, drew our special attention, having previous knowledge of their history. A blind sister forming one of the family led to the temptation of unfairness in the disposal of property, causing her retirement to a convent. And a lady with whom both brothers were deeply in love again commingles fact and legend, encouraging the tourist to forget and move on.

I desire to refer to a detail, a fact so stated in history, connected with Boppard, a city just coming into view. Some time during the thirteenth century, Rudolf of Hapsburg came there to hold an imperial diet with a view towards raising by further taxation, additional funds to continue the war in which he was then engaged, unexpectedly and through a harsh personal experience gained wisdom and learned clearly of the oppressed and already overtaxed condition of the people. Walking about in a soldier's uniform he entered a near bakery as a relief from the outdoor cold. Immediately observing this soldier in her shop, the proprietress, jerking up a bucket of cold water, dashed it upon him, declaring at the same time that the soldiers quartered upon them were bringing the whole town to poverty. Beating a hurried retreat, afterwards acting upon the evidence of an already overtaxed and truly worried people, inquired further, and readily decided against any additional taxation. Also, magnanimous by nature, he freely forgave, as he amusingly recalled his rough douch, the alarmed woman who, after learning whom it was she had so fiercely driven out of her shop, went to him with humble apology, confirming his forgiveness with quite a comfortable gift of money to his spirited assailant.

The vast Fortress of Marksburg, to which our attention was specially directed, is the only one of all the forts so long ago erected along the river, still intact, towering high upon its rocky summit in an excellent state of preservation, and said to have always been one of the leading and ever reliable strongholds. How, in those early ages of incomplete facilities and slim artificial aids towards works of all kinds, material for building was transferred to the great rocky heights and where genius could be found and brought to the front able to conceive and construct such massive, enduring work, defying through the centuries the destroying winds and storms of nature, and the furious assaults of war, is a mystifying thought! But there the unharmed stronghold stands, proud and grim, an undisputed proof.

I must also make a note of the so-called Königstuhl or "King's Seat,"—a little eight-sided building erected in the fourteenth century, I believe, by Emperor Charles IV. on the corner where the three or four electorates meet, the seven leading princes of that period making it a point to meet there to discuss governmental matters. They caused seven stone seats to be arranged on the flat roof of the building for their accommodation, that during their discussions they might enjoy the fine outlook like which they had nothing comparable in their different principalities.

Passing around Stolzenfels wonderingly admiring its grandeur, the spires of Coblenz came suddenly into view, and immediately we also recognized on the great heights on the opposite side of the river, the ponderous, frowning fortification of Ehrenbreitstein,—“Broad stone of Honor,”—the famous Prussian bulwark for many years, and a noted military stronghold since the time of the Romans. It has a noted history, a remarkable and varied history running through many ages. Though so often and furiously besieged never capitulated excepting once through an official's treachery, and once starved into yielding. Coblenz is situated at the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine. It also is a city of ancient date, and of Roman origin now under Prussian control. It is powerfully fortified. As we looked at its ring of forts on both sides of the river and again up at Ehrenbreitstein we marvelled as often before at the fearful

covetousness and hostility of man towards man which calls for such strong and continued guard of defense over their own! If I understood correctly, Coblenz is a free port, a great and favorite city for commercial trade. Looking at it from the boat this waning afternoon, life and activity seem to abound. We have but little knowledge of the leading sight-seeing details of the city. We are informed of the ancient church of St. Castor over one thousand years old. Some one of our company remarked that the unpretending but interesting monument erected to the memory of the brave, chivalrous and pure young General Marceau has become almost a shrine, so many persons through genuine admiration of his brave, virtuous life and dealings, make a visit to the said monument near the lower edge of the city. Another of our party referring to these facts repeated in low tone a few lines of Byron's verses bearing on Marceau's memory:

"He was freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number . . . who had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

The bridge of boats opened for us a passage-way, and, steaming on, still admiring the varying scenery, we finally drew near to Neuwied.

Also, now we were to separate from our kind friends and genial companions Mr. and Mrs. Krebs, who had contributed so much to our enjoyment, they continuing on the boat to a point further on. Assuring us of the firm hold we should have in their memory, and desiring still to add to our pleasure, Mr. Krebs proposed to send to each, Miss Theo. and myself, after our return home, a book he had in view, and which he felt assured would give us much pleasure in the reading and in our remembrance of themselves and of our pleasant journeying together. I, appreciating the kind intention and desiring to make it known to them, thanked them at once, forgetting, alas, that my "Danke Ihnen,"—"Thank you,"—had an entirely opposite meaning in German. The gentleman's silence and serious look recalled to me my forgotten knowledge. Too late for further words, we left the boat just drawn up to the wharf at Neuwied. "Ah," I sighed, "I erred, did I not?" "Yes,"

replied my friends, "you forgot 'Danke Ihnen' means, 'Nein,'—'No, thank you.'" Yes, I now remembered, I had occasionally by my *Danke* to the servant offering a temporary seat, lost it, as well as sometimes an offered dish at a public dining table. Far more than the loss of the prospective book do I regret my seeming rudeness to our kind friend. I so truly meant only to acknowledge my thankful appreciation of the proffered gift.

Neuwied is by no means exclusively Moravian. A prosperous Moravian congregation with church, schools, and so on, forms only part of the population of this pleasant little city so charmingly situated on the wide bank of the river, the vine covered hills, rich in their just now ripe fruit, rise immediately back of it. It is the capital of the principality of Wied,—a city of some six thousand inhabitants, and about forty miles distant from Coblenz. On a fine plat edging on the river stands an extremely handsome palace, the residence of the Prince of Wied, and a fine castle on higher ground not far away, his family consisting, if I understood correctly, of himself, the princess and their little daughter.

We are pleasantly and comfortably situated here in the "Moravian Hotel." Our hostess is extremely kind and attentive to us in every detail. Here for the first time I tasted the pure Rhine wine, in appearance like light colored apple cider, and of very agreeable taste. It is used here as a common table drink. Throughout our journey I never saw a pitcher of water on a public dinner table for drinking purposes unless we called for it to the amazement of the servants who were accustomed to serving one of the three customary drinks, wine, or beer, or coffee. In private families also surprise was sometimes expressed at my request for a glass of water when coffee and tea both were on the table, my request always being met with "Bloss Wasser," (unmixed water?) "Shall we not sweeten it with sugar? The water alone might sicken you." Water alone, simply the water without some sugar or a trifle of wine, is not used, as I found to be the case, either in Holland or Germany, to quench thirst.

Owing to the illness of one of our company we are spend-

ing two days instead of one here. In the afternoon of yesterday our landlady invited us to a walk with her to one of the numerous vineyards on the hills, desiring us to see the gathering of grapes and enjoy the fruit direct from the vines. Gladly accepting the invitation we were soon on the way, disregarding the occasional brief showers. The vines are not trained over fancy trellises and romantic arbors and lattice works, as imagination had, somehow, led me to fancy, but on long or high poles, giving the vineyard as practical and unromantic an appearance as a field of poled beans or a flourishing cornfield. But the bunches of delicious grapes, ripe and luscious, almost covering the vines, and to which we were liberally, bountifully helped, was all one could conceive of, and wish for as to perfection and abundance of fruit. Ah, the rare treat we had that autumn afternoon! The vineyards are open, unprotected by railing or fencing of any kind, and, one would conclude, a perpetual temptation to the public. But Government says *no*, giving sure protection to the vineyards by a heavy penalty upon any offender caught pilfering but a single bunch.

We are on the eve of leaving Neuwied. On reaching here Mr. Frueauff found information awaiting him in reference to the opportunity of our sailing from one or another of the three ports: Amsterdam, Rotterdam or Havre. At the two named former cities only two packet ships a month,—the first and middle of the month,—sail for America, and the berths are all taken, up to the middle of November. The sailing from those ports of people for America is more constant and crowded than from Havre. Our opportunity therefore is Havre, the sea-port city on the north-western coast of France. Mr. F. at once through his agent engaged passage for us per American sailing vessel, *The Utica*, appointed to sail on the 16th of this month, the passage fare for each individual passenger \$130.00, (one hundred and thirty dollars;) this is an advance of \$55.00 on cost of our passage outward on the *St. James*, which was \$75.00 per individual passenger. But we are extremely glad to secure the passage which will save further delay. We have two additions to our company in Miss Theo., and the Rev. Edmund de Schweinitz, a cousin of Mr. F.'s, who, as a

student at the University of Berlin, has been spending several years in Europe.

HAVRE, Saturday, October 17th, 1846.

Here on the very verge of the Continent I will jot my last notes up to this date, and during the coming weeks as we sail on will, or at least hope to, detail our voyage from time to time on the vessel. We reached here on the 15th. expecting to sail on the 16th, yesterday, but adverse winds are detaining us.

We left Neuwied on the 9th, steamboat reaching there in the afternoon, about the same hour of our landing on the 6th. It was an extremely pleasant autumn day and enough of it left to us to fully enjoy the remainder of the romantic scenery running on to Bonn. We found on the steamboat tourists about similar in number and characteristics to those of the day of our sailing from Mayence down to Neuwied. However, people one sees daily, scenery like this never or rarely, therefore we naturally again gave our close attention to the latter. We noted the same combination of hills, and ruins, and vallies with cities and towns and with history and legend all associated indelibly through the years, standing in attractive line along this far-famed river flowing between these fascinating borders, and carrying on its surface generation after generation of people from every civilized land to view the unequalled grandeur.

Immediately after leaving Neuwied the river widens some, and the character of the hills and scenery slightly changes but loses none of its interest, nor does it in any degree lack in beauty. Soon we reached the ancient, at least the location and origin are, city of Andernach, a one time strongly walled city with ramparts still fairly intact. It was one of the strongholds of Drusus who kept constantly a body of infantry, in that age more properly a legion there to check the perpetually threatened invasion of the so-called Barbarians of the northern sections or countries from rushing down upon the more civilized southern portions.

Also there is amongst others an amusing little history,—a fact we opine as the memory of the boys is perpetuated, we are told, by two statues said to be still standing inside the wall near the gates, associated with Andernach. The

said boys, a baker's boys, venturing at night up into the watch tower to steal honey from the hives kept in the tower of the watchman who, equally with the citizens noted as extra sound sleepers, was not awakened by the young, would be pilferers. The citizens of a neighboring town who were continually at strife with the Andernachers, were stealing towards the walls purposing a speedy night attack. The boys from their height in the tower, hearing some slight noise looked over the wall and at once took in the fact. First pitching several hives of bees down into the midst of the foe just ready to scale the wall, they ran to the tower-bell their vigorous ringing of which roused the citizens who, grasping weapons of every description within reach flew to the rescue of their town. But the bees had done the work for them, the astonished, discomfited foe rushing wildly away, carrying with them no doubt a large portion of the extempore enemy, the enraged bees. This is said to have occurred some time during the Middle Ages. The Roman watch tower is still a conspicuous object with an ancient look strongly suggestive of past ages and stirring events.

On the summit of a rough, rocky height stand the old-looking ruins of the Castle occupied by Count Otto von Hammerstein. This castle evidently once a wondrous stronghold was often besieged and about 1660 destroyed. Had one but time to give the imagination play, we would, each one according to his or her own fancy, bring the strange past back and right here change it into the present. The Castles would appear in their original strength of architectural grandeur, with assertive banners waving aloft, and peopled with haughty barons, proud dames, and valiant sons and lovely daughters, with visiting knights and ladies thronging from time to time one and another castle,—the drawbridges rattling in their rise and fall, life and activity—ah, but no more of it! With the past long gone, there they stand the grand old ruins in stern, dignified silence seeming continually to say alike to thoughtful traveller and hurrying tourist

“Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot;
Ye come and go incessant; we remain
Safe in the hallowed quiet of the past.”

The old and apparently well preserved Castle of Rheineck built in the Twelfth Century and with which is associated the legend of Spendthrift Ulrich stands conspicuously in view and drew our attention very decidedly.

I am afraid you will conclude, and certainly with some reason, that I make special note of or reference to every ruin. By no means. I could not under any effort do so. Almost every hill or mountain,—and they are numerous indeed,—whichever one may term them, has a ruin, and scarcely a ruin that has not its legend. Besides, we move along quickly,—more so even than were we going up stream. The Rhine is a swift-flowing river and helps move our little steam vessel rapidly along, and, as before stated, with knowledge gained by preparatory reading and my lengthy Rhine map previously well studied, and with holding it constantly in hand, I can barely make note of a comparatively few—very truly, a comparatively few, as, while I gaze at one castle or ruin, one, two and more are at the same moment crowding into view and passing on, and rounding out of sight. Thus I think you can comprehend of how few I, after all, am making or have made note. Soon comes into view the still complete looking Castle of Argenfels. “Write” whispers one to me, “the pretty and we are assured true story of this proud Castle.” Well, I comply. The Castle was owned and occupied by the Knight of Argenfels with his two daughters Mina and Bertha who were his only companions, and whom he so much enjoyed. Unable, through age, to join the Crusade which the Good St. Bernard was at that time urging on, he gladly entertained all the young Knights and others who stopped for brief rest on their way to join it, amongst them Knight von Wolkenberg—love and sorrow and separation, return and happy reunion are the leading features of the story.

Where a ruin is more or less adorned by scattered trees of accidental or random growth standing about, or shrubbery grown around, or where the wilful ivy has spread over the walls of another, the romantic beauty is decidedly increased. Of this latter are the ruins of Ockenfels. On and on we seemed to hasten. The so-called “Seven Mountains” soon coming into view. On the height of Rolands-

ee of which we were now having a sight, and which with the island of Nonnenwerth opposite in the middle of the river, where are still to be seen the convent buildings for which we had been eagerly watching, is only left the remnant of a ruin, a handsome, well-proportioned arch. We recall the sad history of the two as we again look up at the height where Roland,—history informs us he was the favorite nephew of Charlemagne,—mourned in his hermitage and and daily viewed the convent within whose quiet walls Hildegard sought solace. Schiller has charmingly beautified the history of Rolandseck.

Also near on the opposite side of the river was the famous Drachenfels — "Dragon's Rock" — one of the highest of the "Seven Mountains" and in those ancient times considered the most important point and reliable stronghold on the Rhine. It abounds with legends, the immense cave of which we had a glimpse from the boat, contributing largely to the number. From the summit it is said, and one can easily imagine it so, can be had a magnificent outlook, as also, our informant adds, there can be had from summits back of it. Drachenfels is a lonely, rugged, craggy height whereon still stands a strikingly peculiar bit of ruin of the once towering Castle. Byron specially distinguished the Drachenfels in one of his poems.



DRACHENFELS.

Not far from the city of Bonn on a rather modified hill stand the fine ruins of Godesberg which are greatly admired. The hill has an interesting history. On its top was first erected by the Romans a temple to Jupiter. After the conversion of the people to Christianity the temple was altered and dedicated to Christian worship. Falling at last into decay one of the Emperors, Julian, I think, built a fortress there. After that the Castle was built and now the beautiful ruins crown the shapely hill.

At Bonn, which we were rapidly nearing, the fine scenery ceases. The decided, precipitous hills suddenly end and close in the beauty. We gaze backward at the "Seven

Mountains," their tops softly touched by the sun near its setting growing fainter and fainter as they rapidly recede, realizing that we are seeing our last of the Rhine and, perhaps at the risk of seeming to have grown a little sentimental, I will add that with the subjoined snatches from Byron's appreciative poem coming to our memory—possibly my quotation is slightly faulty—we mentally bade farewell to this rarest of rivers. Though we

"As strangers fain would linger on the way.

Or in lonely contemplation still to stray." . . . united

"Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise

Brilliant, fair and soft, the glory of old days,

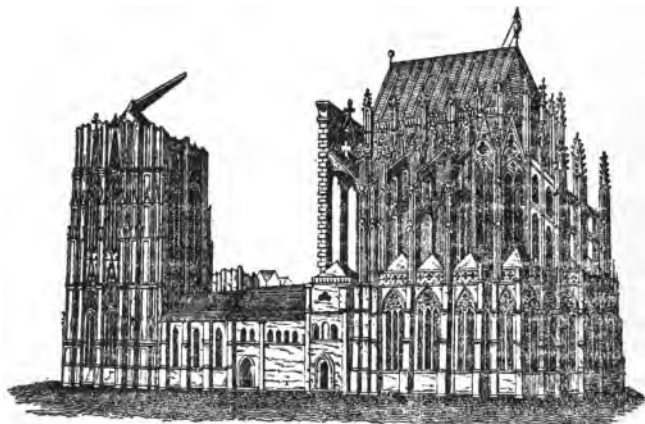
Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! Adieu!" . . .

Said one, glancing over my lines, "You have mixed them some, I think, but in the hap-hazard arrangement you have secured brevity while still thoroughly expressing our sentiments."

We naturally could not stop off at Bonn, but looking at it from the boat we recalled much that history holds. It has a population of about eighteen thousand. From a once strong Roman fort it developed into a prominent city of long standing, enduring from time to time frightfully disturbing sieges. Bonn was long the home of the many successive Electors, while Cologne was the conspicuous home of the Archbishops, between the latter and the Electors there seemed, I believe, too much friction as to Church Authority to permit their residing comfortably in the one city. This City—Bonn is also noted as the birth-place of Beethoven. The Cathedral, a very prominent one, was founded by Constantine. Its University is one, the latest founded, of the five Universities of the Prussian Provinces.

The character of the scenery changed conspicuously after leaving Bonn,—the world-famed scenery of the river lying chiefly between Bonn and Bingen. With but fourteen miles further of Rhine travel after leaving Bonn, we kept ourselves in readiness to leave the boat at Cologne our present destination, from thence journeying directly on to Paris.

Realizing that we were rapidly nearing Cologne, we kept earnestly on the lookout for it, and soon, although daylight was fading, we distinctly saw, while yet seemingly a great distance away, and with several bends of the river intervening, towering high above turrets and steeples the vast uplifting of the long historically unfinished "Domkirche" and on the top of it, very conspicuous the unsightly crane, extending outward over the building, as, remarkable to state,



THE DOM KIRCHE.

The then famous unfinished Cologne Cathedral.

it has, ever since the interruption or cessation of the work of building three hundred or more years ago! This is most surprising! Through wind and wildest storm, through every variation of all the seasons that Crane, like a vast phantom finger, has been pointing with unvarying steadiness into space.

The Cathedral ("Domkirche") was commenced by Engelbert surnamed Holy, Bishop of Cologne, who, anxious to perpetuate his name, determined to erect a building—a Cathedral to surpass in style and grandeur any other then known. Thus was founded in 1248 and work at once commenced on it, this wondrous building. The choir completed about 1322 and then dedicated, is said to have an interior of unequalled grandeur. Wondrous frescoes of

unknown origin, tapestries after the patterns of Rubens. Windows of strangely luminous beauty. Statuary in golden and richest colored robing, pillars and arches of most graceful build, and shrines adorned with priceless gems all like which no other Church can equal. The nave of the Cathedral was completed in 1322, after which the work of building was very slowly continued until about 1500 when complete paralysis set in. Thus was begun and for nearly three hundred years continued the building of this now world-famed Cathedral, which, with the curious legends overshadowing it and still superstitiously influencing some minds, but more properly perhaps through lack of some strong, leading master mind to take hold of it, has stood untouched by workmen's hand for over two hundred years. Of the two towers designed to reach the height of over five hundred feet, one seems about half completed, the other not nearly that. We are informed that the present King of Prussia is taking steps towards having the building completed. It stands on an elevation of ground some sixty feet above the surface of the river.

The Church of St. Ursula is pronounced a strangely curious church, with as strangely curious a history. The city has, as one can well believe, much in it to hold and greatly interest the leisure traveler, abounding in historical associations, has large and many institutions of learning, numerous manufacturers and a large display of splendid Grecian architecture.

Cologne is the largest city in the Rhine Province. It has the advantage of situation and is the leading commercial city of the Rhine, carrying on a convenient trade with Holland and the German cities. It is a city of very ancient date, running far back into the ages as a Roman colony; Mr. F., in our conversation, reminding us that Tacitus refers to it in his writings. It is strongly fortified. The name (in the German, Köln), as it stands in our English Geographies, was modified by the French from the Latin Colonia into Cologne. The city was originally named in honor of Colonia Agrippina, the mother of Nero, whose birthplace I believe it was. Under the German Empire it was one of the free imperial cities. Also, this is the city of Rubens' birth.

We recall, too, the fact, history I think tells us so, that Mary de Medicis died here.

So familiar through history and conspicuous in our school geographical studies had Cologne with other leading cities on the Continent become, that it was with somewhat more than ordinary sensations I realized that we were in that ancient city. A stop there of a day or two would have gratified us. But, as we well knew, time was becoming more than ordinarily valuable, so much depending upon our prompt forward movements. The time for sailing so surely appointed and so near, we could not, dared not delay. Besides, there was Paris! We were to pass through Paris, and with the closest, most accurate calculation we could have but one day in that city of cities! We sighed seriously over the thought. "Well, let us be thankful for that one day and be content to hurry on," cheery and philosophically said one of our company. Yes, certainly, why not keep true to the governing principle of our journeying, to accept gladly, and enjoy every opportunity afforded us, if larger or smaller, to see scenes and places.

Leaving the steamboat Mr. F. immediately secured conveyances of the many standing in waiting, to have us taken to the hotel, and our baggage sent round, giving instruction to our drivers to take, if possible, a route past the *Domkirche*, and extend it through some of the main streets. Night had fairly set in, and this ride furnished to our eager eyes all we were to see of this interesting old city. We stopped at a fine hotel. Had most comfortable accommodations, and after an excellent supper, which we one and all enjoyed, retired to our rooms, understanding the necessity of rising early in the morning in order to be in time for the cars for Brussels.

Having time only for breakfast we were driven the next morning to the depôt in the suburbs of the city. After forty miles ride reached Aix-la-Chapelle (in German called Aachen, and so named on the large, folded German traveling map I carry in my hand-satchel), lying along the western limits of the Prussian country bordering on Belgium. One naturally in a flash associates this city with the name and much of the history of Charlemagne, who gave great prominence to it, also taking much interest in its

adornment and advancement. It was the city of his birth, and there he died in 814. How history holds and perpetuates through the ages the names of great men. Charlemagne died over one thousand years ago, and no school history would be satisfactory did it not to a fair extent detail his life and work. A man of great mind and very human heart, though stern as was needful in that hard, stern age. Directly under the large dome in the great cathedral of the city his remains were placed at his death. The cathedral was described to us as a vast building, of magnificent interior, and of unusual architectural arrangement, exhibiting the Byzantine and Grecian. We made no stop at Aix-la-Chapelle beyond the length of stops usual at the larger cities.

Crossing the Belgian line we made a change of cars at Verviers. Called upon first, however, in the depot there to produce the keys and unlock our trunks for the examination of our baggage. I had there an individual experience which enlightened me somewhat as to this feature of travel which I had not before; Mr. F. always succeeding in his efforts to deal alone with the officials, thus saving us the unpleasant and tedious contact with the process. Here, being a numerous company of us, each one having individual baggage, was required to be present and entirely responsible for his or her own. On my opening my trunk the woman—it was a woman examining there were a number of women busy at the work—kneeled down before it, a tall, earnest looking officer in uniform standing by and closely observing her. One of the first objects my opened trunk exposed to view was a book lying conveniently on the top of the contents, I expecting to read it, partly read it anyway, on board the vessel. The book was a German one, a parting gift from one of my Herrnhut friends. It was a new work, with the imprint of a Leipzig publishing house and of quite recent date. The woman eagerly picked up the book, opened it and scanned the title page, and then quietly, with an air of “contraband,” laying it aside, which I as did the others around me awaiting their turn, clearly understood to mean retention of the book. I, quite appalled and in despair under the prospective loss of my much prized gift, involuntarily

gave expression to my feelings in a very distinct and somewhat prolonged "Oh-h-h! my book." The tall, uniformed official, a large-hearted, just man, most surely, without turning his head or the least change of countenance, then picked up the book, opened it and looking the title page over, handed it back to the woman, who by this time was through with her rapid diving with her hands down along the sides and ends of the trunk and gliding them gently through between the contents, was about to close it, with instruction to replace the book in the trunk, which she promptly did. Either the officer fully understood and readily interpreted my earnest, perhaps to him somewhat pathetic sounding, "Oh!"—etc., or understood English and the aspiration and my few words revealed to him just what it honestly was, a true expression of regret over the loss of an article as innocent of fraud as anything could possibly be. With my trunk closed and my tribulation over I could look around the dépôt apartment and observe the worried, anxious, earnest talking crowd. Men and women and on-looking officials awaiting their turn. Verviers is quite a city, over twenty thousand inhabitants, and large manufacturing interests. As soon as all of our company were relieved of the baggage examination we took our seats in the cars and were soon on the way towards Brussels, some sixty miles distant.

We had a charming ride through that part of Belgium, the Province of Liège, the most eastern Province, and said to be the finest and entirely the handsomest section of the Kingdom. The scenery is unusually attractive and of endless variety, with hills and woodland, cities and towns affording constant change. At fifteen miles distant from Verviers we reached the city of Liège. Owing to our brief stop we could from observation get but little knowledge or even idea of the city. But from previous reading I remembered it is a city of remarkable manufactures, and in this respect not excelled, hardly equalled, by any individual city in Europe. Minerals, iron ore, copper, coal and so on abound in the hilly sections around. The population is numerous, some eighty thousand or more. The city, we are told, is not in detail a specially handsome one, but like

nearly all others has fine squares and pleasant promenades. While our train was waiting in the depot, and as it slowly passed through the city my attention was attracted by the peculiar language of some of the people, quite unlike German or French and certainly not the Flemish, also the individuals using it, had some peculiar characteristics. Inquiry led to the information that many of the inhabitants of this and adjoining parts were, though a mixed still a distinct people, known under the name of *Walloons*. They are descendants of the Celts whose language was and these people's still is, the old time French as it was used six hundred years ago when the language was in its most crude state, lacking the faintest touch of the purity and refinement of the French language of to-day. The fact of those people, the Walloons, though in frequent contact and intercourse with others, retaining through generations this same speech of word and pronunciation proves how persistent the language of a people is, how hardly it yields to change.

An intelligent gentleman, a citizen of Brussels entered our compartment—the cars, as perhaps I have written before, are everywhere divided into compartments,—at Liège and soon engaged quite readily in conversation with Mr. F. Learning we were a company of Americans who, having spent some months in Europe were now hurrying homeward, expressed regret that we could not give some time to seeing more of his country. He considered Belgium one of the finest sections of Europe, favored by nature, and under a good government were an industrious and prosperous people. With fine large cities and more of them than any country of its size on the continent could boast. And most of the cities—their origin—dating far, far back, and all having many details in the way of literary institutions, libraries, styles of architecture, manufactures and so on, that always interest strangers. Referring to the city we were just leaving, he said in the first place the location of Liège is notably fine, situated at the junction of the rivers Meuse and Ourthe. It has a remarkable citadel strongly fortified, the city having a lurid history in the events of the country. There are too, quite a number of Churches and,

above all, a remarkably fine and very ancient Cathedral. Ah, I thought, listening to the conversation, those wondrous Cathedrals! It seems no city in Europe of any consequence, but has one of those grand reminiscences of the Middle Ages! The gentleman in reply to a remark from Mr. F. stated that Liège was also the Capital city of the *Walloon* Country.

Journeying on we passed many towns and observed the peasantry apparently cheerful in their quiet life and humble dress. The subject of fashion so absorbing to the gay woman of society the world over, has no fascination for the peasantry of Europe, and vain indeed would be their longings. We observe the wooden "Sabots" or "Kloompers" which we noticed were so generally worn by the country people in Holland, seem quite as generally worn by the peasantry of Belgium. They are accustomed to these wooden shoes from childhood, the little children running about as easily and briskly in them as if in softest kid slippers.

We passed through numerous tunnels varying in length, three very long, one of the three especially so, the lamps in the cars being lighted for the dark trip.

The next city of note was Louvain situated on the river Dyle. This city has had a strong individual history. It has a noted university which, with the town has long since seemingly lost prestige. It was founded in 1426—and had I was told sometimes as high as five thousand and even six thousand students during one term, now barely one-fifth or one-sixth that number is reached. The city is still somewhat noted for its manufactures—but has never recovered the prosperity for which it was once so noted. During the Middle Ages the population was very nearly 200,000 the city flourishing beyond all others chiefly through its manufactures of cloth and general woolen goods, the operatives numbering 150,000. But they, the operatives revolting in 1382 for which being severely punished, emigrated in large bodies to England. The manufacturers never again reached their former flourishing condition. The population of the city to-day is but 28,000. Our informant told us of the great Gothic Cathedral, the St. Pierre, also of the so-called

Hôtel de Ville as being one of the finest if not entirely the finest architectural work in Belgium.

Mechlin through which we also passed is a city of some 30,000 population. It is the resident city of Archbishops and Primates, consequently the ecclesiastical city of Belgium. The Cathedral here, the St. Rombold founded in 1250, but not completed until 1475, we were told, is a remarkable one. The interior surpassingly fine in its carvings and adornments. Its steeple is 348 feet high. Also in this city is manufactured the celebrated Mechlin lace.

Late in the evening we reached Brussels. As at Cologne we could but stop over night, going to our rooms and to rest immediately after supper that we might not be late for the early train that would take us on to Paris. All the world knows that Brussels is a noted city ranking amongst the finest and most advanced in Europe. But from personal observation we were not permitted to learn of this. The French and Flemish languages are mostly, also the Dutch, I believe, which varies somewhat from the latter, heard in Belgium. Many of the educated citizens are evidently versed in German. The German literature, I imagine would win much attention to the language.

The next morning, Monday 12th, we were early on the way, the cars for Paris leaving at six o'clock. It was a lengthy route, a full day's ride. Shorter railroad routes covering other sections and taking in other cities are being planned, we are informed. Nevertheless, our route longer or shorter we are happily on our way with a surety of reaching Havre in time, no unforeseen delay occurring. We did not fail on leaving Brussels to recall the fact that we were barely ten miles distant from the famous battle ground of Waterloo, where thirty-one years ago, the restless, ambitious spirit of Napoleon was quieted, and Europe drew a long breath. The ground—Waterloo—lay to the east of us southward from Brussels, if I am not in error as to points of compass. This part, the remaining portion of Belgium through which we passed, levelled out into an extended plain and over it and through a large portion of France an equally level section of country, windmills, seemingly innumerable, were constantly in sight, and

steadily reminding us of Holland. There was but little in the native scenery to attract our attention, yet, the consciousness that we were passing through these countries, more especially France,—world-famed France, and which in starting for Europe we had very faint hope of seeing, seemed for the time to fascinate our minds and give interest to most ordinary, trivial objects.

Crossing the line we soon reached Valenciennes, where, after, once more overseeing the examination of our baggage, we changed cars. Said baggage examination was comparatively light and furnishing no details to specially impress us barring the strong but plainly effectual efforts of the polite officials to conceal the effect upon them of our—one of us—exertion to explain in hurried, vigorous, curious French with here and there a dash of German, and emphasized word of English thrown in. We could see but little of the city, but remembered that here was invented, and for a long time here only made the beautiful Valenciennes lace.

On and on we travelled. As the afternoon waned some of our company grew wearied, and yielding to drowsiness, secured brief snatches of sleep, while Miss Theo. and myself with our minds concentrated on Paris, commenced an unwearied watching for a first glimpse of the city. Night set in and the now distant now near lights of the towns and villages as we passed them, gave pleasing variety and interested us. At last "Paris!" we exclaimed as still seemingly far in the distance, bordering low on the horizon thousands upon thousands of lights flashed back their sparkle to the thousands upon thousands in the still increasing dark vault above.

Soon thereafter the long day's car travelling was ended, and, with the numerous other passengers we eagerly alighted and followed on into the vast, well-lighted and hurriedly filling depot, and towards the egress of which the crowd in front of us checked our eager advance beyond a certain point, a decided halt seeming suddenly in order. We saw glimpses of it through the crowd here and there the tremendous amount of baggage gliding along the one side through the depot and out of the wide door which was

afterward speedily closed and with a low click locked by a promptly acting, tall official conspicuously in view. With liberty and baggage gone we could but quietly stand and wait, for the next phase which we realized was surely and speedily shaping itself for our experience, and listen to the various murmurings in different languages of those confined with us.

Presently, in mock anxiety and as if under the influence of some impulsive suspicion Miss Theo. suddenly asked:

"Oh, Mary, what are they going to do with us?"

"I do not know, Theo. Perhaps order us put into a Bastile."

"Into the Bastile?" Purposely misunderstanding or pretending to, the article I had used. "Why, that horrible prison was destroyed years ago."

"Yes, I know, that old-time terror is torn away. We have the key in America."

"You have the key in America!"

"Yes, General Lafayette gave——"

Just then the anxious, watchful crowd observing the movements of the official, and understanding the meaning of the again heard click of the lock, started forward we with them while at the same moment we observed the tall gentleman who had been standing near and immediately in front of us glancing with amused expression on his countenance around to have a glimpse of us,—we two who had been amusing ourselves and him with our random chat. We concluded he was an Englishman and had naturally understood all we had said in our enforced confinement.

Cabs secured and our baggage ordered to follow, we were rapidly driven through the amazing streets to our hotel or rather a most agreeable boarding house. Supper ordered, an excellent and thoroughly enjoyed supper our hostess giving us polite and kindly attention, herself aiding in serving us, we retired.

With keen anxiety as to the weather and a glad readiness for the day's sight-seeing, we arose the next morning and were prompt at breakfast. A large conveyance engaged, we four Mr. and Mrs. Frueauff, Miss Theo. and myself set forth. Driving slowly through many streets and avenues

or boulevards, we reached the object of our first visit the Palace of the Tuileries the city residence of the royal family—King Louis Phillippe and household. Right here I ought perhaps to refer to those wonderful avenues or perhaps more properly boulevards, wide, amazingly wide streets, such as I could never have imagined to be met with anywhere. To Louis XIV is ascribed the first idea of their construction. Destroying the old fortifications and filling up the ditches, converting the whole into level ground and planting shade trees,—a beautiful, comfortable finish to them,—and thus originating the greatest and grandest streets conceivable.

The Palace of the Tuileries is a splendid building commenced I think, about the middle of the Sixteenth Century by Catherine de Medicis.

The structural or architectural features seem somewhat varied, perhaps irregular, owing it is believed to the several intervals of time during the building of it, and the various rulers under whom it was continued. King after king had, so to speak, a hand in it. The Princes of Condé especially adorned the pavillions and vast galleries with a bewildering splendor.

The guards stationed at the entrance to the Palace,—two officials on horseback—looking, men and horses, in their unvarying, immovable attitude like statuary, are on duty day and night. A guide met us at the entrance, walking with us in silence, or if speaking, only in the most subdued tones, up the wondrous stairs and showing us through several richly, elegantly furnished apartments. I wish I could describe to you the "Jardin des Tuileries"—the Palace grounds, immense and extremely beautiful grounds in the rear of the Palace. These grounds seem continually open to the public, who, a large portion of are there enjoying to the full the privilege, old and young, grave and gay, children past the immediate care of nurses, and children with nurses, but plainly children abounding. It is a rarely beautiful pleasure ground.

Our next point was the world-famed Louvre, France's vast treasure house. The gallery of rarest paintings nearly one-fourth of a mile in length forms an amazing collection.

Numerous apartments filled from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall with gems in every line of art of the rarest and most valuable kind, and most prized and inconceivable relics of antiquity,—statuary and,—but why continue the effort to give an idea of it all! Or presume to detail in the least during a short or even longer visit any thing within this vast building! It is worthy of coming far to see! No, I have not forgotten the magnificent British Museum, nor the rare Dresden Gallery, and while the remembrance of them will always be a rich enjoyment I desire that this mass of beauty and curiosities may, so far as I can hold them, stand clearcut and undimmed in my memory. The Louvre also contains the splendid imperial library. Looking at the exterior of the building from a point designated as the most favorable we gazed in admiring wonder. The Colonnade formed of the wondrous rows of pillars is surpassing in effect. Altogether the grandeur of the building is almost inconceivable to one not seeing it. You will observe, and will have continued opportunity to, that we find use for the superlative only and sometimes find that degree scarcely strong enough to express to each other our admiration and wonder.

But further as to the Louvre. While I am regretting that I have not still more detailed and surer knowledge of its earliest history I will add when this part of the city bordering on the Seine was yet a forest, a hunting lodge stood on this spot, giving the name, it is intimated, to this building—and later, a Roman Fort substituted it, for here too the sturdy Romans once held sway. Also while thus for a few moments referring to the past we are informed that history clearly brings forward the fact that this delightful location of the whole city was originally an extensive and advantageous fishing ground for the primitive people of that early day.

The Louvre as a building, or the founding of it, dates back some centuries, and was at first and up to the time of Louis XIV—some one correcting to the time of Louis XVI, I am inclined to adhere to the former,—the Palace of royalty. It has many vivid historical associations connected with it. Marriages and residence of kings and

queens and regents are recorded as amongst its memories and many historical events planned within its walls. We recall the fact that from here was issued the order for the death of Coligny,—the keynote of the call to the fearful work of the St. Bartholomew massacre on that memorable night in August, 1572, of Huguenots, following up the implacable persecution until some 65,000 or more people, in the city and provinces were ruthlessly put to death, forming one of the most frightfully cruel chapters in the annals of France, and bringing to mind the name of Catherine de Medicis then queen regent whose hard nature and keen but extremely narrow ambition has left her on record as possibly one of the most unworthy rulers France ever had. Through her Italian love of art however, she was led to much beautifying and adorning of certain parts of the city.

I do not, in my hurried rewriting of notes usually taken on the spot, and rewritten chiefly just before retiring at night, name and define in exact succession the different places of interest we visited, but briefly, as our previous knowledge from reading of them came to our minds, and as our earnest, enjoyable looking at them impressed us, make note of them in this my never-lost-sight-of, or rather never neglected "Journal." The weather also, during all this fine Autumn day, favoring us entirely.

Our visit to the "Jardin des Plants" the "Botanical Gardens," famous as having the most remarkable collection of plants in the world, plants from every country and section of country and climate on the globe, was highly interesting. With the rest of the world for the time shut off, no glimpse of the city attainable, no sound from it coming to us, and wandering through this bewildering maze of the rarest, most curious trees, and plants, and flowers, we lose as it were, consciousness of our locality, and marvel as to what country or climate we have so suddenly been transported. Also, the Zoological Gardens adjoining are wondrously interesting. And, too, the several institutions near devoted to science in its various branches, and giving large opportunities to numerous bodies of students, form part of and add much to the attraction of those gardens.

We had in our minds amongst the many leading places

or objects we desired so much to visit, the three well-known churches—the Madeleine, Notre Dame and the Pantheon, if the latter just now can be classed as such. Whoever has not seen the church of “The Madeleine” can hardly conceive of its chaste beauty. Our conveyance was driven slowly as we approached the church admiring its beautiful style of architecture and its long colonnades, and stopping entirely in front of it to look at the solemn representation on the pediment high above the entrance, of “The Last Judgment,” and the Bible scenes on the heavy bronze doors, all of which greatly impressed us. Had time permitted we would with eagerness have entered to see the beautiful, costly finish of which we have been informed, of the interior. As we passed on we realized that our memory of the “Church of the Madeleine” would only be that of a passing vision of beauty.

The church is of white marble and of Grecian style of architecture, and with its sweep of Corinthian columns it is a picture of pictures, and is usually considered one of the finest, if not entirely the finest, building of its kind in the world. The founding of it is accredited to Louis XIV, about 1768, but the building was not begun until some ten years after. Again, the revolution intervened, interrupting the work. Napoleon, when in the height of power, conceived the idea of having it completed as a “Temple of Glory.” His downfall, however, prevented the fulfilling of that desire. Again, Louis XVIII coming into power commanded its completion as a church. And still again the revolution of 1830 interrupted, and only about four years ago, in 1842, I believe, it was finished and stands in its admirable location of easy viewing the most perfect building conceivable. From this point, too, one has a most surprising view of the Boulevards running their magnificent widths away into the distance.

The church of Notre Dame is world famed. I wish I could write you of it fully in detail. All have read or heard of it. But, oh, to see it! It is a grand Cathedral, of mostly Grecian architecture and vast proportions, it impresses one intensely, while its early establishment and varied history do not lose their hold and effect on one's mind while look-

ing at it. It stands in the so-called *Isle-de-la-Cité*—this *Isle-de-la-Cité* is the so-called old part, and it is here where this wondrous City of Paris started into existence. Also, in this particular and well known part of the city are located many other noted and oft-read of points or places of interest. For instance, that well-known prison house, the Conciergerie, where, as we have read, poor Marie Antoinette and so many other Revolutionary prisoners awaited the guillotine, The Palais-de-Justice, and so on. The Cathedral of Notre Dame stands on a church or devotional site of very early date. A temple of the fourth century was originally located here—about A.D. 370. Previously there stood on the same spot a heathen altar to the God of War. Excavations to the depth of fourteen or fifteen feet under the choir, we are informed, brought to notice over a hundred years ago, stones with figures and inscriptions in crude bas-relief which, with remnants of ashes, and evidences of a kind of incense, in the deeply excavated part where the fire was placed, led to the conclusion that there was the altar of sacrifice, when in those far-away ages those ceremonies were their leading idea of duty. One, two or more hundred years later this temple above referred to, was resolved into a church building for regular church worship under the name of and dedicated to St. Stephen, and was the first Christian Church built in Paris. Later, after many years had rolled along, near it was erected a church dedicated to the Virgin, and again, after a period of many years—about 1180 A.D.—the two churches were united into one. According to this hurriedly and eagerly gleaned, and we trust at least fairly correct information, we find the site of this magnificently grand church has a history running very far back. And finally, after the slow, deliberate care of building customary in earlier days, when solidity and durability as well as grandeur and beauty were a leading consideration, this Cathedral of Notre Dame stands complete and world famed.

During the memorable French Revolutionary when “Liberty and Equality” was the reckless motto of the leaders, the Cathedral was for a time converted into a “Temple of Reason.” A statue of “Liberty”—liberty as

the wildly excited minds of said leaders interpreted it—replaced that of the Virgin, and numerous other desecrations, we understand, were the order of the day in connection with this grand building. It is a most imposing building, yet losing some in effect, one concludes, because of its standing somewhat low as to situation, and the square towers lacking in spires, the latter being so leading a feature in the Gothic style of church architecture, and so seemingly needful as to finish and beauty, suggest a want. But its amazing front is a grand study. It has three wondrous portals, deeply recessed and adorned with striking sculptured Scriptural illustrations, all of which impresses me differently from anything I have hitherto seen. The so-called *Rose Window*, an extremely large and beautifully adorned circular window in the front facade of the building, and immediately over the middle portal, is pronounced a most rare piece of work of its kind.

Entering under the lead of a guide, we paused a moment for a general view of the wondrously imposing interior, then slowly walking on until we stood on the black and white marble star in front of the large altar, on the same spot, the guide informed us, on which Napoleon knelt on the occasion of his coronation, and where he and Josephine stood while the marriage ceremony was performed. In a side chapel many relics were exhibited, amongst which the coronation robes of Napoleon, and the soft velvet cushion upon which he knelt during that ceremony, was placed in my hands.

Our visit to the Pantheon was exceedingly interesting. It was built and dedicated as a church and named the St. Geneviève, after the patron saint of Paris, and stands over the spot where her remains were interred. But during the Revolution it was seized by the Assembly in authority, who, rededicating it, as it were, after the heathen custom of old, changed its name to the Pantheon, and it is used as a receptacle of the distinguished dead, a Westminster Abbey it would seem. It is a beautiful building of Grecian architecture, yet, as we are told, not thoroughly fulfilling, when completed, the anticipation of the originators as to grandeur of style and effect. The portico is a splendid one. The

many handsome Corinthian columns, over eighty feet in height, excite amaze and admiration. Immediately upon entering we were impressed with the solemnity and vast extent of the interior as well as its handsome adornment. Carefully lighting us with his lantern we followed the guide down the steps. Before drawing our attention to any details in the gloomy crypt, he gave us a very startling surprise by striking his extremely heavy cane with all the power of his strong arm against one of the walls, which resulted in one of the loudest, most extraordinary echoes that I verily believe mortal ears ever heard, and then called out successively in loud tone the names of two or three distinguished persons, which were echoed back with a roar. One tomb after another was pointed out to us, to which we gave but brief heed, until the information in strong French language, "Here is the memorial of Rousseau," roused our attention. We paused there, commenting on the great literary reputation the brilliant writer had won. "Ah, yes," said one of our company, "but Rousseau with all his intellect, all his fine ideas of life, his wonderful mastery of the pen and voluminous writing, did not leave much that good, correct thinking men can truly enjoy or admire."

Soon the guide, laying his hand on another tomb, stated, "Here lies Voltaire." Again we paused and recalled some knowledge of that strangely talented—the most so of any of that period—constant and persistent writer, and whose friendships and quarrels with the great of that age, notably Frederick the Great of Prussia, became marked details in the biographical sketches of his life.

From the splendid dome, over 260 feet in height, surmounting the Pantheon, we had a most gratifying view of the city. A rare mosaic of the innumerable varied features of a great city spread out before us.

Our driver, under instructions, drives slowly and names to us the different leading streets or boulevards as we pass through them, amongst which the Rue-de-Rivoli, a fine, perhaps few, if any, in the city finer, avenue, or, as I should properly term them as here termed boulevards, of great length as well as one of the finest and most prominent in the city, also perhaps the better known of, the most sought out and prome-

naded through by strangers than any other. For a lengthy distance seemingly the beautiful garden of the Tuileries runs along one side, and the surpassingly splendid Louvre continuing the splendid bordering. On the other at one point stands the beautiful Gothic tower of St. Jaques, the magnificent remnant remodeled, and height extended to over 160 feet, of a church built very early in the sixteenth century. The name was given this remarkable boulevard by Napoleon in commemoration of his victory in the "Battle of Rivoli," battle fought between the French and Austrians in 1797, near the town of Rivoli in northern Italy. Also, this same boulevard has some unforgotten historical associations, amongst which those of the memorable "Reign of Terror," during which period many a helpless victim was hurried through it on their way to the guillotine. And finally, when Justice at last asserted herself, the merciless, narrow minded Robespierre himself was hurried through this same wide, beautiful, but then under a different name, boulevard, to his own wretched doom, one of the last victims of the guillotine.

We hurried on. The numerous details of interest to a stranger in this wondrous, fairest city of civilization, are overwhelming, not only in number, but in their many varied attractions. The magnificent Avenues, the fascinating stores, the exciting associations of history with so many of the leading places, and the massing together and steady flow of the people of every social grade, high and low everywhere, give a charm to it all, which only an eagerly observing stranger, and one unaccustomed to such wondrous city life and city scenes can enjoy. And which, the people constantly living in the midst of and in familiar contact with it all do not, and cannot appreciate.

Of all the Palaces which we have anywhere seen, we decide the "Palace of The Luxemburg" is the most attractive. The beauty and symmetry of the architecture invest it with an unusual fascination. It was built during the time and residence for Mary de Medicis, and to the taste of that Italian born princess is ascribed much of the beauty of the structure, and all of the exquisite planning and adorning of the "Luxemburg Garden"—vast park one is inclined to

term it. The Palace is no longer used as a residence. A large Museum of many and varied curiosities is on free exhibition here, and noted pictures of exclusively French artists cover the walls. In one of the large apartments the "Chamber of Peers" now meet. Walking through one or two of the long rows of seats we amused ourselves reading the names of many of the members. In one of the halls stands a fine statue of Louis Phillippe, and also one of the noble looking Duke of Orleans.

The most splendid apartment in the building is the one which served as the bed-chamber of Mary de Medicis. The walls and four small pillars are beautifully painted. Several very large and strikingly clear mirrors still hanging on the walls, and a few chairs covered with richest, softest of velvet, comprise all the furniture. A beautiful home was this for the noted lady, but so unpopular, if I do not err, had she become that only her entire absence from France would satisfy the people, and oh, the change from her charming home abounding in style and wealth here, to dying homeless and almost destitute in the foreign city of Cologne.

Here and there in the city fine commemorative columns rise high in the air and attract the eye from afar and excite a desire to get a nearer view. The Vendôme Column almost in the very center of the city is a dark, but striking column 142 feet high. It is said to be in imitation of the Column of Trajan at Rome, and was built under order of Napoleon to commemorate his triumphant battles more especially the battle of Austerlitz, December, 1805, when, near that town in the province of Moravia was fought that fierce "Battle of the Emperors," as the Emperors of Russia and Austria with Napoleon were present overlooking their armies. A wide spiral band made, of the cannon captured from the Russians and Austrians and melted down for the purpose, runs from the base to the summit of the Column. The band is full of illustrated battle scenes. This Column stands in the Place Vendôme which square received its name from the duke of Vendôme, a son of one of the Henry's—Henry the IV, I think.

I also desire to make special mention of the so-termed

"Column of July," a beautiful shaft 154 feet high, resting on an immense round base of white marble. This column commemorates those who fell in the revolution of July, 1830, and also locates the site of that terror of terrors, the Bastile. One can scarcely realize that in this now handsome square once stood that historically noted, hideously cruel, old-time Bastile-prison. History furnishes us many statements of the indescribable horrors endured inside its walls, where justice nor mercy never entered, during the slow passing years, slow beyond conception to the sad, despairing prisoners over whom tyranny and rank injustice held full sway. Perhaps no more joyously wild, excitable day was ever known in Paris than that of July 13th, 1789, when the memorable "Storming of the Bastile" occurred, when the determined will of the people asserted itself and, under the watchword of "Down with the Bastile," gathered themselves together, and under the pressure of the consciousness of long-endured suffering and injustice, with never a thought of yielding, nor did they, until after freeing the prisoners they razed the building to the ground. And to evidence their special appreciation of the event by the citizens, the leaders and chief participants were conveyed in proud triumph to the City Hall, where special honors were heaped upon them.

I would add, that, according to my historical reading, the Bastile was erected towards the close of the Fourteenth Century, 1380 I think, as a citadel of protection under Charles VI. It was soon afterward changed into a prison house, at first chiefly for the nobility and higher class of citizens who had lost favor at Court or with the Government, and in strength and frightful use surpassing anything known. This stronghold of eight towers, and, as we learn ten feet thick walls, and deep, dark and foul-aired dungeons, was under the authority of tyrannical rulers and unwise councillors for four hundred years the terror of the people, high and low at any day and hour liable for the least offence, real or suspected, to imprisonment.

In slowly driving over one of the bridges across the Seine, we had an interesting impression of the city or that part of it lining the river, and of the traffic, and were spe-

cially interested in observing the many busy and very oddly dressed washerwomen in the numerous barges at anchor along the shores, beating the clothes upon boards, a most novel mode, and rinsing them in the river.

The Hôtel-de-Ville or City Hall is a strikingly grand building, and, as the leading public building, largely prominent in city use and occurrences. It has been conspicuously associated with many vivid occurrences in the city's history. And as we slowly drove past with some of the said history rushing through our memories, we recalled, especially as we were about to visit the "Place de la Concorde" associated entirely with the Guillotine period, how Robespierre held in this building—the Hôtel-de-Ville—as prisoner for a brief time, rather than meet his fate at the Guillotine, attempted suicide.

I think I can never forget our standing before the wonderful "Arch of Triumph" with its suggestive name, its massive build, striking military bas-relief impressions, and its surpassing location and the outlook from it. One is even after a brief and hurried view of some of the leading sights, impressed with the fact that there has always been, and unquestionably still is room in Paris for the locating of and carrying into fulfillment any and every idea that could suggest itself to any ruler desiring to commemorate some leading event, or only to adorn the city by building an enduring memorial or decorative piece of architecture as a perpetual reminder and constantly renewing enjoyment. This now famed "Triumphal Arch" or "Arc-de-Triomphe" situated on one of the most beautifully modified elevations of the city, the boulevards radiating from it for miles away in the distance and having a most interesting effect, and affording a clear and unobstructed outlook, was built or commenced by Napoleon to commemorate or to serve as a combination memorial of his numerous triumphant victories.

Although while concluding in my own mind that a slim, towering column, in its singleness and simplicity is more expressive, and therefore more desirable as a memorial, I realize that no one can fail to admire this marvellously grand structure. Also while some critics question its harmony of proportion as to height and width, we lose all

thought of any fault and gaze in wonder, and with keen admiration upon its beautiful build, its remarkable decorations of bas-relief and so on, all of which would require days of study to give any satisfactory description. Always it will remain in my memory a rare, and the only one picture of its kind. Again, when we note its location we marvel at the amazing understanding of the perspective which dictated this location and the successful position of the structure. The surpassing and far-reaching views as we stood within the Arch impressed us, more especially the one in which the eye takes in the Palace of the Tuileries, and the wide open passage through the center of the Palace, and on through the Avenue of the Palace Garden on to the now world-famed "Place de la Concorde" a remarkable and surprisingly distant view. Also looking in the other directions one might refer to equally enjoyable views. This "Arc-de-Triomphe" is said to have been patterned after the ancient Roman Arches, more particularly after the "Arch of Trajan" or perhaps as more usually termed "Trajan's Arch" in Benevento a city in Southern Italy. It seems strange that the model for so surpassing an idea and beautifully finished work of art should have originated with a people dating back to A.D. 114, Mr. F. reminding us that said date was the period of the building of that noted Arch of Trajan, adding that it is one of the many remains of the Antiquity still abounding in Benevento. This "Arch of Triumph" however here in Paris is said to be larger and grander than any of Roman build, the largest in the world.

Almost immediately on reaching the Place de la Concorde, one of our party who had briefly visited it before exclaimed with renewed keenness of admiration, "Would it be possible to find another square like this anywhere on the earth!" "I think not," replied Mr. F., "neither in its present rarely interesting and beautiful adornment, nor in its frightful associations with 'The Reign of Terror,' that deplorable period in French history of but little over fifty years ago." Mr. F.'s reply was suggestive. We hurriedly recalled the dark historical record of this identical place where was located that cruel instrument of death the *Guillotine*.

lotine, and are reminded of that memorable 21st of January, 1793, when it began its frightful work, the truly honest minded but helpless king—Louis XVI the first victim, mercilessly followed by others high and low numbering during that horrible "Reign of Terror" over two thousand, the whole civilized world looking helplessly on. Suddenly retribution came to the tyrant Robespierre. Fate stood determinedly in front of him. He was accused, condemned and executed in a few hours of time and immediately that fearful wave of misery which for two years had overwhelmed France flowed backward and away.

But soon we concentrated our attention to this square as it is at the present time, and I heartily echo the thoughts of the one of our company above referred to, Can there, over all the earth be found another Public Square comparable to this, so charmingly located, so extremely beautified and adorned and affording to the eye such views as no other outlook from any point in the world can give! It is all worth coming far to see. The wide boulevards so delightfully shaded with the lines of trees sweeping away off into the distance. The crowds of conveyances fashionable and otherwise rolling hither and thither, and pedestrians of every grade and class hurrying along, all adding to the irresistible fascination. And how much that is or seems distant, comes readily to view. The Palace of the Tuileries, whose Gardens touch here. The "Triumphal Arch," the Church of the Madeleine,—but in trying to unite all we hurriedly but so eagerly took in, I will surely confuse.

We had alighted from our conveyance the better to enjoy it all. As one and again another of us continued to quietly recall the names of some of the many prominent victims of 1793-4, Mr. F. suggested that, for the present, instead of keeping our minds under the shadowy gloom of the past, we should keep history in the background, and take in and try to hold in our memories the present beauty of the place, "And then, when in the future you recall it you can also recall your knowledge of the past, and at your will associate past and present together. Under this view you will far more enjoy this hour's visit."

The extent of the square is unsurpassed,—1200 feet in

length and somewhat over 700 feet in width. Apparently in the very center, and on the spot where stood the Guillotine, stands that strange piece of antiquity, the Egyptian obelisk or "The Obelisk of Luxor," one of the most celebrated of the obelisks. As if in a dream we stand and look at this curious piece of work of nearly three thousand or more years ago, the odd idea of beauty under the Great Rameses, who, it is said, so notably adorned his country in the style of architecture of his day. Also we recall the almost bewildering fact that it once stood and for so many, many years, in companionship with that ancient and as we read wondrous temple of Karnac, near the village of Luxor on the site or on what was part of Thebes, that wondrous city of ancient days, the "City of a hundred gates." The obelisk stands here in its original completeness—in the midst of all the beautiful surroundings of modern adornment a solemn, mysterious reminder of the past. It is 76 feet in height, of red sandstone I believe. Its build is square, foursided, one can perhaps say in the style of the pyramids, gradually narrowing and converging to a point. Its sides are completely or apparently so, covered with those very odd looking, mysterious Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Magnificent fountains throwing up their water into never varying clouds of spray, while pillars and statues in their glittering gilding stand in encircling harmony around the splendid gathering of varied adornment. With all this in connection with the splendid buildings, the grand stores, the far-off views, we conclude that all which gives joy and brightness to Paris can be seen here and in the Boulevards sweeping away from this square.

Returning to our hotel or boarding house to dinner late in the afternoon, we drove through the Champs Elysées which we entered at the Place de la Concorde, and which is pronounced the most noted thoroughfare in the city, halting several times to more thoroughly take in the remarkable sight. Not having seen it I am sure no one can picture in their mind this wonderful boulevard, with its finely graded surface, its charmingly shaded side walks and beautiful fountains, its rich stores, splendid buildings, and, perhaps most notably, its great crowd of, more especially at

this time of day, the élite of the city taking leisurely their promenade, or fashionable drive in their fine equipages, all evidently out simply for enjoyment or to pass time.

We had lunch during the day but sat down with keen appetites to dinner, after which we again took the conveyance for further sight seeing. The city was already lighted up, the effect of which as night deepened grew stronger and more and more brilliant. We were indeed glad for the opportunity to see the city leisurely under this brilliant aspect. We drove to the Palais Royal having purposely left this detail of our sight seeing for the evening, understanding that it could be seen in all its brilliancy to far better advantage under the artificial light of the evening than in daylight. The Palais Royal, though no longer used as a palace still retains the name, was built under the suggestion of Cardinal Richelieu about 1629, he occupying it up to the time of his death, it being during his life time known as the Palace of the Cardinal. After the Cardinal's death, King Louis XIII became its possessor, and after his death his widow, Anna of Austria with the infant Louis XIV occupied it. As previously stated no longer a resident palace it has become the most brilliant center of trade in Paris. Merchandise of the most elegant and costly variety is here displayed. Art flashes from every window,—the brilliantly lighted arcades presenting the most inconceivable splendor. Dress goods of the finest, richest texture and of every variety of costly material. Gold, silver and glass ware. But more than all is the display of jewelry. One dealer in that line evidently occupying two or perhaps three arcades having them all filled and lighted up with seemingly innumerable lights, wax lights they appeared to me, creating a sparkle and play of color that is altogether indescribable, and which is many times reproduced by immense mirrors hung for the purpose. Here, indeed, with all this wondrous display of taste and skill in manufactured goods, and the crowd of fashionable people, and others, intent upon enjoying the scenes, or purchasing, or simply promenading and lightly chatting or engaged in intelligent conversation, seems culminated all the magnificence, luxury and gaiety the world can produce.

We returned late to our hotel, ending with a leisurely ride our long busy day, a day full of deep interest and enjoyment with the conclusion, hardly just I admit, to the many other cities we had seen and enjoyed, running through our minds that perhaps after all there is more in Paris to attract and please, and, it may be, to instruct the general traveler or tourist than any other city in Europe.

Early on the following morning, the 14th, we took the cars for Rouen some sixty-four miles from Paris, and lying on our direct route to Havre. It is the capital city of the province of Normandy, and is considered one of the most interesting cities, aside from Paris, in France. Approaching it the city impressed us as of imposing appearance which impression on entering was somewhat dispelled, although it has much within it that cannot but greatly interest the most indifferent tourist. It is an ancient city, replete with old-time life and old-time look, a very remnant of antiquity, of those wearily dragging, unprogressive middle ages, but, as we all know, rich in historical associations. A large proportion of the houses are of wood, the architecture homely and heavy, the upper stories projecting—a feature noticeable more or less in every street. Fine, rich carving however abounds even on very ordinary houses, on door frames and the wood work about the windows and so on. Many an ancient relic meets one at almost every turn, an arch, a statue defaced by time and weather, a tall pillar projecting into the air, or old-time Gothic-built fountain standing here and there complete or broken and defaced, tell in their carved adornings of the lingering, long-drawn-out individual labor in those unprogressive mediæval days, all by hand, and not by machinery as so much is now, thus giving an individualism that seems pitiable, to even the smallest work or part of it, requiring the patience and labor of many and many a slow passing year. This thought often suggested itself to us during our journeyings as we lingered to admire the sculpturing and carvings of stone and wood work in the Cathedrals, public buildings and other! And as again in viewing the ancient and remarkable Cathedral here in Rouen. This Cathedral is indeed an old building, remarkable in general appearance as to architecture and

outside ornamentation—two characteristics—age and strange crowding of architecture, massing together of angels and saints, and other not easily detailed ornamenting features, which by no means detracted from but added to the charm. A grand old building! Another amazing evidence of the patient, persevering labor of past ages. Its time worn façade impresses one strangely. The carving on the peculiarly old-looking Portal is a remarkable study of Biblical history. The Cathedral was founded, we understand, as early as the year A.D. 260,—enlarged some three hundred years after,—and again further enlarged in A.D. 924,—and finally about 1063 increased to its present size. Therefore, as we look at it now standing in its strangely old-time grandeur we see it as it stood nearly eight hundred years ago, excepting the towers. The towers are extremely beautiful. They were added to the church at different periods. First one Cardinal in authority had one of them built on, and later another in power had the second tower added, completing the whole in 1482. One of these towers is called the "butter tower," said to have been so named because or having been built from money collected through granting the indulgence to those who could afford or cared to pay for it, to eat butter during Lent. This Cathedral and the magnificent "Palais-de-Justice" (the Palace of the Law), are, according to an enthusiastic writer "two of the grandest edifices in the world." We are not so decided. Some two or more churches besides the old Cathedral are most worthy of being seen,—notably the St. Ouen, wondrously beautiful. "This is art" exclaimed one from near the high Altar looking down the length—"and those rose windows with their wondrous coloring!"

"The Palais-de-Justice," standing in the closely built center of the city, and along such narrow streets, cannot be seen with advantage. Its ornamentations are exceptionally fine, amazingly so, and we especially note the grace and airiness of its decorative towers and niches, more especially those giving such a finish and touch of beauty to the dormer windows. This building was erected some three hundred and fifty years ago—completed, we are told, in 1499. In it was held the Parliament of ancient Normandy.

A famous city clock, the chief works of its mechanism dating back almost five hundred years, is said to be still the reliable timepiece it was when its silver-toned bell tolled out the "Curfew signal" (Couvre-feu), cover the fire-signal, at the hour of eight—some one correcting me thinks nine o'clock was the hour. Duke William of Normandy, afterward William the Conqueror, originated the custom, I understand, and established the command to have it continued in the eleventh century.

Rouen is also the birthplace of several distinguished men, amongst whom the two brothers Corneille, leading literary men during the period of Louis XIV, the older brother specially famed because of his masterly dramatic writings.

We stood with pitying thought before the monument erected to the memory of Joan of Arc, commenting as we stood upon her unusual history, her pure life and patriotism, and the ineffaceable disgrace resting upon the memory of those responsible for the final unrighteous treatment of her and her death.

Although aware of the fact that the railroad from Paris to Havre was only completed to this point, we expected on reaching here, to go directly on per steamboat, but owing to the low stage of the water the boats are at present not running. We therefore resort once more to "Post," but were advised to wait until morning. Thus remaining over night gave us the opportunity, which naturally we had not expected, to see much of the city. We had a pleasant evening walk along the river bank and enjoyed a fine sunset. Our stay was truly pleasant and interesting.

The city of Rouen is located in a fine section of country, on the right bank of the Seine, which is much wider here than at Paris, and about forty miles southeast of Havre, the latter a leading seaport at the mouth of the river. Rouen, about the same distance from the ocean as London is from the mouth of the Thames, shared quite largely at one time with Havre the commerce of the ocean, but for many years, and as seems very natural, from its far better location and surpassing advantages, Havre chiefly engrosses it now.

Leaving Rouen about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 15th per two conveyances, we started on this the last bit of

our travel on European soil, and a most beautiful, charming bit of Europe it is, this Province of "Normandy, my Normandy," famed in history and song, extending to the northern boundary of France, and through which the Seine winds its course from Paris to the ocean. It is a leading and important portion of France, and is greatly favored by nature. Beautifully picturesque. The soil seemingly of excellent quality, and the thrifty farmers are not neglectful. Many industries are carried on, more especially those having farming as their basis—butter, cheese, apple cider and its variations, and so on. Apples are an abounding product. It is a healthy country—in the highest degree healthy, as every peasant we see strongly built and robust in appearance proves. "Yes, everything here that breathes is healthy," remarked one of our company. "The cattle and horses are the finest and most healthy known. The Norman horses are a leading product of the country, and are shipped to and readily disposed of in other countries."

The dress of the peasantry, as in all European countries, is peculiar. The sabot, or wooden shoe, is almost entirely worn here. They are evidently an industrious, contented, home-loving people; in this they compare with the Hollanders. Few of the French, I believe, emigrate. The Norman peasantry are possibly not an advanced people intellectually, and with but little general knowledge of and no intercourse with other peoples, they naturally, like most European peasantry, continue living and moving along in the same lines as their ancestors through many generations past. And they may or may not be versed, through reading, in the details of the vivid past history of their noted Province—of its archæological grandeur, but a mediæval Gothic cathedral of larger or smaller build, and in which some one or another of its noted dead lie mouldering, towering over many a town as we pass, and the striking remains of many a castle once the homes of those powerful Norman dukes, looking down from their isolated location, or peeping above some dense forest, revive to them continually the traditional knowledge received from their ancestors.

As the day advanced—it had been a pleasant day and we greatly enjoyed the ride—a change of weather seemed at

hand. At last we caught sight of Hâvre and westward, beyond, under a shadowy sky, of the ocean. Home seemed near. "Only the ocean to cross!" I mentally exclaimed, recalling the *calm* outward voyage in May, and making no note of the difference in the season. *Ah! only the ocean to cross!!*

ON BOARD SHIP "UTICA."

Owing to strong and continued adverse winds Captain Pearce decided not to sail on the 16th, but to wait for favorable weather. The compulsory stay gave us opportunity to see considerable of Hâvre. It is a fortified city, dating back to Louis XII, not impressing one as handsome, excepting where the fine residences give their impress to the suburban streets, but a city evidently of large business interests and population of about fifty thousand. Its location gives it wondrous advantages, and it is pronounced one of the greatest seaports, perhaps altogether the most advantageous in formation, as well as in location, along the European coast. It has a double harbor and tremendous docks, and carries on a large foreign commerce. Packet sailing ships leave for New York at regular intervals—twice a month, I think. One can scarcely define the influx of the Seine, its almost three miles of width so mingles river and ocean. There is a fine cathedral—Notre Dame—in the city, founded about the middle of the sixteenth century; besides, there are to be seen some of the usual noticeable buildings of the European cities. Hotel-de-Ville, the Hall of Justice, and so on, and the usual city adornments of statues, fountains and other.

On Saturday we drove to the so-called "heights," about two miles north of the city, a beautiful suburb, handsome residences abounding, from which point we enjoyed one of the widest, finest of views conceivable. Norman scenery from the far off eastern and southern horizon rolling upward to the edge of the Atlantic, whose wide stretch swept far away to the westward. A fine lighthouse was in near view as we stood upon the height.

Early on Monday, the 19th, under instruction, we hastened to the dock. Yielding to a bit of sensibility or mo-

mentary sensation of regret, I mentally called back, generalizing all the Continent,—Farewell Europe, and thank you; I have have enjoyed so much.

"A long farewell! Oft, while I live,
Shall I recall to mind
The scenes and occurrences I met with,
And thus wander in Elysium!"

With great gladness we stepped on board the "Utica," and soon we were waving farewells to the receding shores, as our vessel with stately movement sailed past the crowded docks and accumulated shipping, and slowly moved onward. Theo. and I remaining on deck still watching the fading outlines until the increased motion of the vessel from still higher rising wind and tossing waves brought to us a warning sensation, and soon seasickness claimed us its helpless victims.

The construction of the "Utica" differs somewhat from the "St. James" in that the passenger cabin is built on deck instead of in the "St. James," below. Besides deck room in front of entrance doors of the said "Passenger Cabin," for pleasant walking about, we have a fine promenade on the roof of the cabin. Whether, as on the "St. James," room is reserved for a cow to furnish milk for our tea and coffee and other uses, I have not yet learned.

Our "Cabin Passengers" number but nineteen—French, German and American. The only female passengers besides those of our own company, are three French ladies, not one of whom speaks a word of German or English. Over two hundred—two hundred and ten—"steerage passengers" are in the steerage, mostly or entirely Germans.

During the first night a severe gale arose, and continuing driving us so far northward, the captain decided to come to anchor, which he did soon after midnight on the morning of Wednesday, 21st, in the English Channel, and there, on going on deck the next morning, we found our ship quietly resting in front of the town of Cowes, on the Isle of Wight. During the day we observed other vessels coming in to escape the adverse high winds and wait the more certain prospect of a sure sailing away from coast dangers.

Also, during our first night out, the 19th, the night of the fierce rising of the gale, an infant in the steerage died,

and in the morning, a piece of sail cloth for its little winding sheet and a brief burial service read, it was gently lowered into the restless waters. Alas, the poor mother! All of our company very ill, we were unable to be on deck at the time, but were informed of the fact and the details of the burial by one of our fellow cabin passengers.

The wind continuing strong and steadily adverse, our vessel lay seven days at anchor in the Channel, some of the passengers diverting their time by crossing over to the shore every day in some one or other of the little row boats or heavy skiffs constantly swarming around us.

Captain Pearce, chafing under the enforced delay, and continually on the alert, was quick to observe the favorable breeze springing up on Wednesday, 28th, and soon the listless waiting of the sailors was changed to keen activity, the anchor heaved, sails spread and once again we set sail, and our real ocean life, with all its possibilities and uncertainties, began.

The vessels above referred to quite numerous indeed, which had come into the Channel to await more favorable sailing, some anchored near, others quite a distance away but seemingly all around us, showed equal activity, and as their spread sails like white clouds carried them slowly away, some in advance of us some quite by our side, were a fine sight. As we looked at them thus, their sails swelling to the wind, showing off to the full the wondrous beauty of a ship like which, in proportion and grace of structure and poise and grace of movement, we concluded there is nothing built by human hands. And then too, as we looked at them,—for a week familiar objects to us,—now moving and sailing away from our sight, wondering as to their destiny and fate, at what far off shores they would touch, or distant harbors they would rest, or when if ever they would return to their native places, a mystery enveloped them and brought to our minds a tinge of sadness, as again and again we glanced towards and sometimes lengthily watched them.

Completely over our attack of sea-sickness we could remain steadily on deck and greatly enjoyed it. Towards evening we passed the "Needles" which curious objects we again had favorable opportunity to observe. As night

came on the brilliant lights flashing from the numerous lighthouses on the rocky cliffs was a beautiful sight, the new moon, just past its first quarter not strong enough to weaken the effect.

On next morning we were fairly on the way of our voyage of three thousand miles of water. The shores we had left were many leagues behind us,—nothing in sight but sky and water. Twice during the forepart of the day, afar off against the horizon we saw, for a few moments, a vessel skimming along and then fade out of sight. Later in the day we passed and spoke the "St. Nicholas" a packet sailing vessel on her way from New York to Havre. The Captains using their trumpets, he of the "St. Nicholas" assured Captain Pearce he had never experienced rougher weather, nor more continued storms.

A few days of the voyage served to convince us that we would not experience much similar to our out bound voyage in the way of calm, clear skies and unruffled water. Theo. and I however, greatly enjoyed being on deck, thoroughly appreciating and enjoying to the full the sweeping, bracing air of which there can be none as pure over all the earth, and gazing out, always with a solemnity of feeling over the wide, wondrous spread of sun-lit, or cloud-shaded water. And again, looking over the ship's side at the broken waves with their white furred edges wildly disturbed by our brave "Utica" forcing her way along.

Naturally this return voyage differs very decidedly from our outbound one, in our feelings, our hopes and anticipations. Then,—full of keen, glad expectations of what I should see, and learn and enjoy. Now, with so much of it realized, with heart and memory richly freighted, and face turned westward, with a changed feeling and different interest, kingdoms with their splendor, their surpassing institutions, and their intense history, hourly further and further away, I am steadily thinking of our dearly loved, plain America, glad and proud of my citizenship there, and with an earnest, intense longing think of the dear home within its borders, and friends there waiting to receive the long absent one.

Time moves slowly and often wearily. A prolonged sea

voyage, after the novelty is worn away, becomes very monotonous, and, as one of our passengers, who had repeatedly crossed the ocean expresses it, shapes itself into a decided blank in one's life. We have but little diversion. We have passed many vessels,—some days six and seven in sight at one time, some within hailing distance, others far off, always a pleasant, suggestive sight, moving silently with a shade of mystery around them, over this great ocean highway. We have also seen several whales those "monsters of the deep," forever at home and at ease in calm or storm in this their tremendous dwelling place. It is always a new diversion to watch them. On damp evenings every eye turns again and again to that beautiful wonder the phosphorescent light which follows like a train of fire quivering and sparkling so beautifully and curiously in the wake of the vessel.

I do not regularly note the dates as I write the details of our voyage, but as I write this evening, 11th November, I would make note of the fact that the moon passed her full, past her last quarter in fact, the evenings darken early and soon are very, very dark. I specially recall last night,—and before we leave the deck,—we observe again and again the magnificent combination, the silent, glorious aspect of these dark nights of star-studded sky and ocean. I think nothing in the universe could be added to enhance the solemn grandeur of it.

On pleasant evenings the emigrants sometimes gather in groups on deck and unite in singing some of their fine German "Lieder," which always finds us agreeably entertained listeners. The same "Lieder" seem universal amongst the German people no matter from what distant provinces they may come together, those "Lieder" seem familiar to all, and as it were, establishes a bond between them.

We have had much cloudy, and often very windy weather, the wind sometimes in our favor, but more frequently adverse. With it in our favor a fairly brisk wind moves us along at the rate of six and eight miles an hour, I have understood. I have recently been corrected as to my previous understanding of the "knot," which understanding was that the "knot" and our mile of 5280 feet were the

same measure, the correction being a "knot" measured 6082 feet. Therefore when a sailor tells us "we are making ten knots an hour" we understand we are going or moving along at the rate of eleven and a half miles an hour. Squalls are of almost daily occurrence sometimes lasting but a few minutes. During these suddenly savage blows, to move about is an experience indeed, and every one is shy as to any voluntary attempt to do so. We quite envy our colored attendant Caroline, the stewardess, and admire the ease with which *she* moves about. And as we stand or sit,—in whatever position the "squall" may have caught us, holding with tight clutch to table or chair, or other stationary object within reach, we find it an interesting study to observe the varied angles made by the swaying of her tall figure as she accommodates herself to the rough jerking and rolling of the vessel. Everything for the time seems in motion. The chairs, such as have not been fastened, waltz about the floor. Trunks and boxes slide and bounce from their hiding place in our state rooms, and from under the dining-room table. If, as it sometimes happens, one of these squalls comes on while we are dining, we have amusing occurrences to contend with and laugh over. Knives, spoons, glasses and so on, skip to the floor, and while we give our exclusive attention to holding each his or her plate and whatever else we may make a spasmodic effort to secure, the sugar bowl, or cream mug or other, generously empty their contents as they roll off the table.

On a quiet, wind quiet late afternoon we were permitted to walk forward on deck to the forepart of the vessel, and look down the opening, hatch-way perhaps I can call it, into the emigrant apartment. A strange, pitiable picture we saw, or part of a picture, as the comparatively few sitting within view formed but a part of the large number of emigrants. Earnest looking, sad faced mothers holding little ones on their laps, little ones standing, leaning against the mothers or fathers near them. Other little ones sitting on the floor trying to amuse themselves in a subdued cheerless way. Men talking quietly together, all sitting on long benches fastened to the sides of the vessel. All alike, old and young betraying their past cheerless lives. Their help-

less yielding to the destiny of hard, sparsely remunerated toil, in itself so uninspiring, so dispiriting, and entire submission to authority in which they had no voice. Understanding all this we could clearly read the combined cause which led them to break their ties with the loved Fatherland, endure the long wearying journey to the seaboard and the cramped life in this emigrant division on ship board in their effort to reach that land of freedom of which they had heard, and of which they are hoping so much.

During the night between the 18th and 19th—November,—a man in the steerage died. He had, before leaving home been ill with consumption, but not accepting the fact of the advanced stage of the disease, he, desiring so strongly to take his wife and six children to America and establish them there, keenly risked the journey and voyage. In the morning shortly after sunrise the burial took place. The body was shrouded in canvass or sail cloth tightly and neatly sewed around it, covering every part of it from sight. It was a calm morning, a large proportion of the ship's people were present at the burial. The body, with a weight attached to the feet, was placed on a board supported by two sailors, the foot of the board resting on the ship's side. The gray light of the sun-clouded morning gave an additional touch of sadness to the solemn scene, and the faces of all present wore a sad, and sympathetic expression while the expressive burial service was being read, and as, at its close, the two sailors gently raised the board and the body softly glided into the pitiless deep. The widow and six little children standing near had the sincere sympathy of all. I can conceive of nothing quite as sad as this occurrence, pitiable in the extreme. A death and burial far out in mid ocean! It seems so hard and unnatural, one's very nature cries out against it.

About fifteen minutes after as we seated ourselves at breakfast we were alarmed by a sudden change in the weather which at once proved a hurricane, wild and terrible. The Captain, who had just taken his usual seat at the head of the table, hastily sprang from his chair and ran out. We also all immediately left the table, some rushing or trying to, to the door, others to the ladies' saloon. The wind

howled frightfully, the waves dashing and breaking against the vessel in the wildest rage,—the wind and spray forming a heavy mist completely obscuring everything three feet from the door at which we stood. Some of the emigrants screaming in terror came running to our end of the vessel. The hurricane lasted about five minutes, but during that time made sad havoc amongst the ship's rigging. The sails, there had been no time to furl them, were torn to shreds and hung as such from the spars. They were an odd sight. In less than an hour the storm had died away, the sun shone brightly and the waves rolled quite evenly and amiably, we had however entered the wide-spread Gulf Stream where the waters are noted as being naturally rougher at all times, than other parts of the ocean.

New sails under the speedy manipulation of the sailors were quickly put up and "The Utica" looked her beautiful self again. Our ocean experience was to enlarge still further. We had many squalls and rough seas yet no decided storm. But such had been in reserve for us. On the morning of the 24th (November) we observed very dark clouds or more properly a smooth sheet of unbroken cloud forming along the north-western horizon, slowly at first but still very noticeably increasing and spreading over the sky. Captain Pearce watched it with serious countenance as also did all, mates and crew, associated with him, though quiet and undemonstrative, each, evidently with equally clear conception as to the import of the threatening aspect, and eagerly ready to respond to expected orders.

About noon the storm commenced with rapidly rising wind growing more and more violent as evening came on. We had reached midocean and beyond, through many a rough sea and threatening sky, but each one of us seemed intuitively to understand there was immediately before us a much harder and truer experience of the rougher phase of ocean life. Our dinner was a mere form, partaken of with but little relish. After it several of us ventured out on deck. The sails had been tightly reefed. Much that could be moved had been displaced on deck, and others securely fastened. The waters grew wilder and wilder, and the vessel tossed roughly. We soon retired to the "Ladies'

Cabin," or saloon, remaining there exclusively through the afternoon and night. None ventured out to tea, nor caring to have any. Our meals, as on the "St. James," were served in the "Gentlemen's Cabin," or saloon, adjoining and communicating with ours, and in which the stationary dining table stood, and through which apartment our way led to the vestibule and out onto the deck. The staterooms, or little sleeping rooms, each with two, an upper and lower, berths, lining either side of the saloons, ours leading off directly from the "Ladies' Cabin."

As night deepened the storm seemed steadily to increase, filling us with helpless fear, as, sitting on the floor holding to the fastened chairs or the legs of the center table, we listened to the loud unbroken roar of the wind, and the swashing and pounding of the waves against the ship, causing her to toss, and plunge, and dash about as if she had become a thing of life, enraged with terror and wildly trying to resist or escape. Few words were spoken, each was engaged with his or her own anxious, troubled thoughts, earnestly, sadly questioning mentally as to the possibilities of this terrible storm. Could our brave ship live through it. Could Captain Pearce and assistants prove equal to the straining requirements! A sad, troubled beginning to a long, dark, dismal night. We realized it was fearfully dark, though none of our company had been out since early evening. The new moon having just reached its first quarter could afford comparatively little light on the most quiet evening, and on a night like this, with such a pall of blackness curtaining the sky, of what avail! The door connecting the two saloons—the ladies' and gentlemen's "Cabins"—being fastened open and in line with the doors leading into the vestibule and onto the deck, as one of the mates or a sailor suddenly opened the door and hurried in, lantern in hand, to consult the barometer, we caught a brief glimpse of the deck, the men, some with lanterns in hand, holding to the rigging, or whatever, all swaying strangely, and some with hatchets ready to cut loose the rigging from the masts should the latter, during the fierce blasts of the wind be broken and falling over the side of the vessel bend her down, and from which unable to right herself, the con-

sequence would be past help; the subdued, weird light of the lanterns they held gave a phantom-like look to it all. The lamp swung from our ceiling and kept burning every night, the whole night through, was true during this hard night in spite of its swinging about. Caroline had brought the pillows from our berths and we distributed ourselves on the floor, our pillows under our heads and our arms hooked around the leg of a fastened chair, or of the table, and held our places as best we could.

To relate in detail the passing of that night, as the time slowly moved along, is impossible. The same rocking, and tossing, and plunging of our faithful and fearfully tried vessel, momentarily lifted high on the waves, and then, with a shock that nearly jerked my arms away from their encircling hold around the leg of the chair, plunged forward, then settling back only to immediately repeat the exercise, the loud roar of the wind continuing throughout. And again, also repeated at intervals, a wave more powerful than others or of some characteristic difference, of position, or movement or other, would, after an apparent lull, dash suddenly against the ship, with the effect as if we had struck a solid rock, when, for a moment or two, she would stand perfectly still and then dash herself with a powerful plunge forward as if her prow were going into the very depths, raising our end of the vessel alarmingly. And again the ship would be thrown on, or nearly so, her side, and we, if not clinging with certainty of hold, would helplessly roll with it across the floor. Captain Pearce himself at one time coming in to look at the barometer, in reply to a question from some one said, "Yes, in my experience I *have* seen it blow as hard, but never harder, nor the sea wilder." And thus passed the night. The outside roar of noise, the frightful motion of the vessel, and our agony of thought made the effort to converse a distressing one. Hope and despair alternating in mind and heart, I lay quietly moaning in harmony with my distress of thought. The one recent, continuous thinking of the happy home-reaching seemed now thoroughly smothered in the present terrible possibilities steadily asserting themselves. Thinking, thinking! Thinking over the stern fact that nothing but this

trail structure was between us and the wild waters, and of their awfully solemn, mysterious depths, far, far down where the wildest storms never reach. Should my life now terminate! And my last resting place be there! Oh! infinitely rather the dear old burying ground at home! And again, was this to be the ending, the final cost of our so greatly enjoyed trip abroad! And the dear, patiently waiting home friends to be seen no more! Oh, Father of all, have pity! In very agony I sank into a doze of unconsciousness—through pure exhaustion—as the words voluntarily coming through memory to my mind, or in reality coming to my hearing from the lips of some of her company, “The arm of the Lord is not shortened.” “Thou rulest the raging of the sea.” I slept soundly for a time, I do not know how long, and woke quite refreshed, as it were, and with a more restful, comforted mind.

We felt relieved when morning came, although it brought no change, the storm continuing unabated until evening, when it lessened somewhat, and we hoped the worst was over. Caroline and the steward, Frederick, were at all times faithfully attentive to all our calls and needs. Also, our meals were spread regularly, and with not very keen appetites we tottered our way to the table. In the evening the storm again increased, growing rapidly more and more fierce, until fully equal to that of the night of the 24th, if possible worse. Another sleepless, sadly anxious night spent again chiefly on the cabin floor, not risking the berths, feeling convinced there was no surety against being rolled or tossed out of them. The night passed slowly. Minutes seemed lengthening into hours as we continually longed, in our distress, for the morning. About midnight, the wind for a moment ceasing, the ship resting for an instant, then giving a frightful bound, the oil in the lamp suspended from the ceiling drowned out the light, and the sperm candle burning in a candlestick fastened on the table, leaped from its socket to the floor. We were thus suddenly left in complete darkness for a short time. To add to the distressing experience several empty barrels in the hold having been loosened by the same wild plunge of the vessel, were

frantically rolled and tossed about and kept up a fearful racket beneath us. The sailor coming in to light our lamp explained as to the noise below, and that some one had been sent to replace and refasten the merry barrels. But, oh, the long, dreary night! There was no abatement of the storm. And it seemed as if the vessel could not hold out, and our agony of mind was renewing. Said one of our anxious, though quiet company, "We must not fail of our trust in Him who commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves." That one Psalm—the 107th—furnished many appropriate words and helpful, encouraging thoughts. And in this fearful strain, as never before, had we the so fully evident, surpassing need of turning to and trusting Him to whom all Power belonged and who alone could help, and with glad hearts we in the early morning realized also how "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." The storm was subsiding, and Captain Pearce coming in to look at the barometer, assured us the worst was over, and we would now soon have better weather. Although the waves were still rolling very high, we felt comforted indeed. Having had no sight at all of any of this frightful siege of storm, Theo. and I desiring a view, however brief, of the waves, encasing ourselves in our heaviest wraps and appealing to the captain, we, after a kind of gymnastic effort reached the vestibule door. The captain and one of the sailors helped us up the short flight of steps to the promenade deck over head. Getting up those steps was an experience indeed, but worthy of all effort! What a sight was there to behold! "Ah," we said, with a constant catching of breath, for the wind and the ship's motion were a trial, to our assistants, referring again to our 107th Psalm, "truly, to you we can say, 'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; *these* see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep!'" "Yes," quietly replied the captain, "that is our Psalm." What an amazing sight, as we held on to the railing of the skylight besides the aid of our assistants to keep us on our feet, and the mass of spray occasionally swept aside, giving us a surer view of those walls of water as the

ship lay in the hollow at the foot, first wildly dashing the spray over us, then somehow diminishing and rolling itself away, giving the ship a toss that fairly lifted us off our feet. But the sight of it all was wonderfully, frightfully grand. No one who has not seen it can form any true conception. Those walls of water! "About how high is that wave?" we asked. "Oh, that is rather a moderate one, about fifteen feet. Some are twenty feet, some twenty-five feet and higher. The very high waves rise, and fall, and rush along under a powerful wind at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour." "Oh, how wonderful, terrible it all is!" we said, as, saturated with spray, and really dreading to remain longer, we were helped down the steps, taking with us a picture in our minds than can never be obliterated.

Rapidly the storm was abating. On the afternoon of the 27th a ship also headed westward came in sight and towards us. The captain of the vessel said they were from St. Helena, and that they also had been in the storms of 24th and 26th. How capable, and skillful, and true these captains are! Of this we now felt assured of our own captain, and could conclude so of the other, and others, and still others who are abroad on this amazing ocean. The captain hailing us said they were so long on this, their home voyage, they were getting short of provisions, Captain Pearce replied to the request for some, if any could be spared, he could not possibly, as his own supplies were getting low, and having a large number of emigrants, whose supplies were being exhausted, he would have to give to them. A week later that was the case. The emigrants who in starting always take their provision with them appealed to Captain Pearce for aid, and received it. Also, I will state here that during the last week of our voyage the character of the cookery for us was changed. We no longer had any wheat bread, but corn bread and sea biscuit were abundant and served as substitutes. There was no longer the variety of rich eatables on our table and dainty deserts. But we still fared well, having potatoes and meats for several weeks. Also, during the last few evenings we had no candles, and the lamp swinging from the ceiling was kept burning very

low, as the supply of oil for general use on the ship was barely sufficient for another week, had it been needed.

We had been drifting southward during the storms and were informed on the afternoon of the 28th November that we were within less than a day's sailing of the Bermudas,—six hundred miles distant from the objective point of our expected landing, I conclude, according to the latitudinal location of the two points, New York and those islands. We realized the fact too, through the milder atmosphere,—the more balmy air, and it being so near the full of the moon we enjoyed a specially fine moonlit evening. Our experience in opportunities for the unobstructed watching and on fine evenings enjoying the moon and its charming lighting up of sky and ocean, and to observe its growth and its waning has been notable during this long voyage. The day after setting sail we had new moon—20th October—and which filled on 3rd November. New moon again on 18th November, and again full on December 2nd. Yes, many a charming effect of moonlight we have seen and enjoyed. And many a glorious aspect of the setting sun, edging and irradiating the enwrapping clouds and the wide-spread, quivering sheet of water from the horizon far up towards our vessel bravely pushing her prow forward as if to get right into the beauty of it. And then the shadows of later evening slowly creeping over the water contracting the widely extended circle of vision while they give an indescribable solemnity to the whole scene of sea and sky. Often have we quietly sat and looked with serious thought over this wondrous view, and as darkness set in watch with unvarying gaze the ever glorious aspect of the sky, locating and studying the familiar constellations, and with continually renewed admiration our eyes would wander over the great milky way with its broad sweep of soft light, an ever familiar yet always mysterious feature of the sublime canopy above us.

The report of a quarrel between two of the sailors on the morning of the 29th was quite alarming, the quarrel running high enough to excite them to use their knives always kept ready in their belts for ship work requirements.

One of them with his face pretty badly cut coming in to complain to Captain Pearce who was resting in the gentlemen's saloon. The Captain was seriously annoyed, and had the chief offender hand cuffed for a day or two.

This has indeed been a prolonged voyage, far beyond our expectations on setting sail. All are keenly anxious. Many of our "cabin passengers," as we learn from their conversation, have urgent business interests needing their personal attention. One, a Frenchman, a gentleman in middle life, having sent on his agent with a large stock of choice goods with the view of opening a bazaar in New York City in time for the holiday trade, himself following a few weeks later, leaving Paris in ample time, as he believed, to reach New York fully three weeks earlier than we evidently will. Yet all bear the delay without any demonstration of impatience, though you can readily imagine there was a general feeling of discouragement when, on the 1st of December with strong adverse winds, the prospect of soon reaching New York seemed no brighter than three weeks before. The decided uncertainty was indeed a trial, but there was no alternative, and we had such great reason to feel thankful for our safety, and for our still fairly comfortable daily life.

At last, in the afternoon of the 10th, the wind still adverse and our progress through constant "tacking" slow, there came down to us from high above, as high up on the middle mast as the sailor sent for the purpose, could get, the welcome, thrilling call "Land ahoy." A quiver of joy ran over the vessel. The few steerage passengers happening on deck at the time catching the import chiefly from its effect on the English speaking portion of us, transmitted the information to those below in response to which the emigrants hurriedly but quietly came up, fairly swarming, as it were, on deck. All restraint being removed, they appreciated the freedom accorded them and crowded the whole length of the deck along the side of the vessel with eager, anxious countenances and eyes straining to get their first glimpse of "Das freie Land," to them as it were—a new land of promise, the land for which they had so long

hoped, and so yearned through weary years to reach. It was interesting, to an extent pathetic to observe their various attitudes and actions. Some with hands clasped quietly looking out over the rough water. Others with arms extended and fingers pointing exclaiming, "Das freie Land,"—"Oh Amerika, das gelobte Land." "Gott sei dank," exclaimed one woman her hands crossed over her. Another with hands reverently folded, her eyes raised heavenward, and lips quietly moving as if in prayer, seemed specially impressive. It is in no light vein that I make note of these attitudes and exclamations. We appreciated the fact that they are a religious people,—a God-fearing, God-trusting people, and their heartfelt, open acknowledgments of gratitude redound to their credit. It was quiet on deck and any one standing as we did, and overlooking them from the upper deck, observing and listening, could hear and understand them. But also, there were numerous lively, amusing demonstrations. One man whose little dog, appreciating his situation in that closely packed crowd kept close to his master's feet felt himself suddenly snatched up by his said joyous master who, holding him high exclaimed "Siehe, das freie Land." Then coddling his pet in his arms, now and then withdrawing his eyes from their keen outlook, would pat and speak a word or two to his little friend, evidently his only traveling companion and intimate among the crowd,—and to which doggie, plainly familiar with the nature and temperament of his master, understood he was in a joyous mood, responded doggie-fashion with a brisk touch of his tongue to his master's cheek.

Slowly the outline came into slightly clearer view. The weather was very cold and the clouds scudding over the sky helped to darken early. We all retired however with the joyful, thankful feeling that home was near. *The Ocean Crossed*. Ah, since that cheery, light-hearted aspiration on the edge of that foreign shore of "only the ocean to cross!" What an enlightened additional experience as to ocean crossing I have had! A wonderful final page for memory.

The next morning, the 11th, we seemed comparatively little nearer, yet there truly had been a gain despite the

adverse winds and rough sea, towards the long desired haven. A pilot soon came on board and distributed some papers amongst the eager passengers. The weather was extremely cold, with the wind blowing strongly, fiercely against us. On the morning of the 12th we were sufficiently near the point of signalling, and the arrival of the brave "Utica" was telegraphed to the City—New York. We progressed very slowly, and after the unceasing labors of the crew during the bitter cold night that followed, we anchored in the lower bay about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 13th—Sunday. Two steamboats had been sent down by the owners on the 12th, to tow the "Utica" in through the "Narrows" and up to the City, but the wind blowing so strongly they did not venture outside the Narrows, remaining within the inner bay with the hope that the wind would modify, until evening, and then returned to the city without us.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of the 13th December, the wind having somewhat abated, we observed a steamboat, as if in apologetic haste, coming hurriedly towards us, and which being soon fastened to the vessel's side, we proceeded slowly, wearily through the "Narrows" and up the bay towards the city.

A singular and unlooked for experience came to me and thoroughly impressed me as we slowly moved up the bay. The great city, our greatest American city first seen by me in May, less than eight months ago, in all its grandeur of vast extent, magnificence of architecture, its great crowds of people and wondrous business activity, seemed so strangely changed, so mysteriously reduced. This was no conceit of a mind inflated with foreign travel, foreign views, but a true American, returning with a stronger, if possible, love for America and everything American, and feeling aggrieved as it were, over some cheat being perpetrated. Finally, referring this peculiar impression to Mr. and Mrs. Frueauff they were immediately amused and stated it as a common experience with Americans who, sailing away from New York impressed with its superiority as a city, and returning after a tour of some of the leading cities of Europe which

have so much of ancient greatness and grandeur in their vast make up, find New York, through unconscious comparison, at a disadvantage.

Slowly we approached nearer and nearer to the city, and soon were moored to the dock, where, in the late afternoon with a supremely thankful feeling we realized our wanderings ended, and ourselves within but a comparatively few hours from home.



